FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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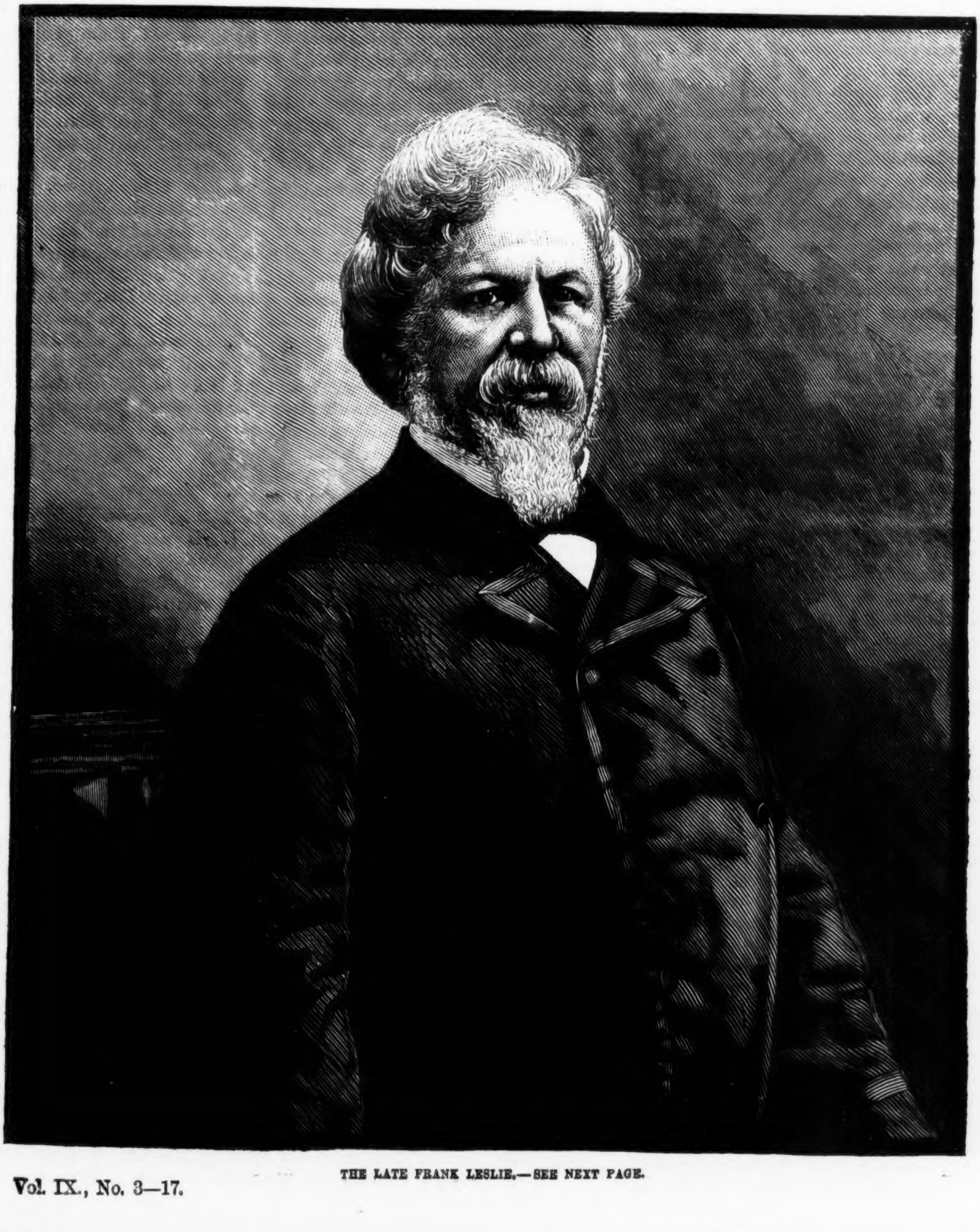

THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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FRANK LESLIE.

By Richard B. Kimball.

The intelligence of the death of Frank Leslie will have reached over the entire country before the notice of his life and genius can even be written.

There is an impersonality which surrounds individuals who fill a large space in current history, always difficult of access to the general public, and even if penetrated, mainly disappointing, because never well comprehended. It is because the remarkable qualities which belong to and which have made them prominent in the world are never on the surface, and are not, therefore, readily understood by the ordinary observer.

This is particularly true of eminent editors and publishers, and of distinguished artists and men of letters. For these do not occupy prominent positions in a material way. They do not command our armies and navies, nor help to administer the Government. They make no speeches in legislative halls nor before courts and juries. They have little time to be present on public occasions of any sort, or even to mix in society, outside a small coterie of intimate friends. To the world at large they are impersonal, intangible, inaccessible, and, in a sense, not known.

It is only when death intervenes, and robs us of one on whom we have depended for information and recreation and instruction, that we awake to an eager desire to learn all about the individual by the imprint of whose name we recognized our favorite newspaper or magazine, and who was in this way mysteriously connected with so much that we daily profited by and enjoyed.

Frank Leslie (christened Henry Carter) was born in Ipswich, Suffolk, England, March 29th, 1821. His father was Joseph Carter, an extensive and prosperous glove manufacturer, whose place of business was in Tavern Street, not far from the famous White Horse Inn, which every reader of "Pickwick" will recall. He received a good English education in his native place, entirely adequate to the requirements of the commercial life for which his father intended him. Nature had designed for the youth a very different career. He was born an artist, and the unrest of genius pursued and haunted him at school, at his father's store and in the London business establishment, till, at the age of twenty, he broke away. and thenceforth devoted himself to his artist life.

It all happened in this manner:

When he was a boy, on his way to and from school (we have no evidence that he played truant in the practice), he was in the habit daily of passing a turner's shop, and would watch with absorbing interest the various figures as the workmen carved them. On reaching home, he would quietly set himself to work with what implements he could command, to construct something in imitation of what he had seen. Whatever success he may have achieved in these attempts, they served to foster his insatiable love of art, which from that time seems never to have slumbered.

In due course he entered his father's manufactory, but his necessary occupations there did not in the least dampen his cherished passion. Other and more interesting objects served to attract him. These were the movements of the workmen in a silversmith's shop, and so fascinated did he become by what he saw, that he carefully noted their different tools and the manner of using them, until he obtained a sufficient number of engraver's instruments to commence with himself. Before this he had made an engraving of the arms of the City of Ipswich, which earned for him the highest eulogium of his schoolmaster, who predicted a brilliant future for the boy artist.

The youth's tastes received only discouragement from his father, who, in his mind, connected the life of an artist with improvidence and failure.

At length, at the age of seventeen, Henry Carter was sent to London to his uncle Elliston, who was the proprietor of a large and well-organized wholesale drygoods establishment, with a view to perfect him in mercantile pursuits. Of all places in the world, the father could not have sent his son to a spot better calculated to stimulate his love for art than the great metropolis. Here, while attending to his duties, he devoted every leisure moment to the study and practical details of what was to become his life-work.

A little before this, Mr. Ingram had, with his associates, launched the *Illustrated London News*, which was the pioneer publication of pictorial literature. What an opportunity for young Carter! With what eagerness did he scrutinize the sheets as they appeared! He saw nothing in the sketches better than he felt he could attain to, though he was thus unconsciously measuring himself with such men as Linton and Landells. It was not long before Mr. Ingram received some sketches from an unknown hand. These sketches were signed "Frank Leslie." It was the *nom de crayon* of Henry Carter, since become famous even beyond the confines of civilization. We will say in passing that he took the name from a favorite novel of his boyhood, a volume of the "Minerva" school, which class of romances was then in vogue. Under it appeared all his contributions for the *Illustrated London News*, and these were continued until "Frank Leslie," with the exception of the two veterans before mentioned, stood at the head of the London engravers.

At the age of twenty he quitted his uncle's establishment and launched into art life. He had no difficulty in forming a connection with the paper to which he had so long contributed, and was placed in charge of the engraving department.

It was during his relations with this eminent journal that he mastered the knowledge of every detail appertaining to the publication of an illustrated paper. It was here that he learned the operation known as overlaying (the system of regulating light and shade effects) in pictorial printing, a system which he was the first to introduce in this country, and which now forms so important an element in illustrated journalism.

During the whole time he remained on the London paper he had one single persistent object and aim in view. It was to come to New York and establish an illustrated journal which should correspond to the London one. How was this to be accomplished without capital? The young man did not seem to be in the least intimidated by such a thought, and in his twenty-seventh year to New York he came.

This was in 1848.

His fame as an artist had preceded him. Everybody in that connection knew "Frank Leslie." Naturally, nobody knew "Henry Carter." He found himself in the embarrassed position of many an author who has risen to fame on a *nom de plume*. He quickly relieved himself by obtaining an Act of the New York Legislature by which his name was legally changed to that of Frank Leslie. Thenceforth it was to be used in social and civil, as well as in artistic, life. It served ever after as a guarantee for the excellence and value of his various works, and survives as a trade-mark in the continuance of the business.

The first engagement Frank Leslie made on arriving in New York was with *Gleason's Pictorial*, and the immediate improvement in the appearance of the paper showed how efficient were his labors. We had at that time, strictly speaking, no illustrated journals. What was at-

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tempted were either copies from European sources or from paintings or engravings. Two or three years later Mr. Barnum, with the Beaches, brought out the *Illustrated News*, and Mr. Leslie was engaged to superintend the engraving department. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold and Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") were the editors, and the paper gave promise of success; but it lacked management and method in administration. Mr. Barnum, with his quick business faculty, saw this at once, and so high was his opinion of the young man's ability that he offered to add $20,000 to the amount already invested in the paper if the sole charge was given into Frank Leslie's hands. The proposition was not accepted, and the *Illustrated News* went down.

In 1854, Frank Leslie commenced publishing on his own account. His first periodical was the *Gazette of Fashion*, which was merged in, and is now extensively known as Frank Leslie's *Lady's Magazine*. He also published for a time the *New York Journal*, and by his energy and enterprise raised it from a petty circulation to the point of profit, and then sold out.

All this time he was in no sense satisfied or content. He came to New York to establish an illustrated newspaper after the fashion of its London prototype, and he gave himself no rest till he had devised a way to accomplish it. It was the lack of capital which stared him in the face. He possessed genius, ability, energy, and a proper confidence in what he could achieve. But how was he to impress others so far that they would risk their money in the new venture? His plan was to give exact illustrations of the current events of the day, and in this way to make them a prime agent in the instruction of the people. There seemed to be no one ready to share his confidence in the success of such an enterprise, at least sufficiently to invest money in it; so the young man determined to go on without money.

On the 14th day of December, 1855, the first number of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*, now in its twenty-fifth year, was issued. An inspection of this number, notwithstanding the extraordinary improvement since made in such publications, will disclose work of high merit and admirable arrangement. No sign of carelessness or haste was allowed to disfigure it. At last Frank Leslie was his own master at the head of his own illustrated paper, ready to carry out the darling thought and purpose of his life.

The *Newspaper* took the public by surprise. Many purchased—many were incredulous. Were the sketches real, or imaginative? It could scarcely be credited that these were *bona fide* representations of occurrences in so many different parts of the country.

For one long, weary year Mr. Leslie labored at his work against difficulties and discouragements which would have disheartened most men. It was soon known that he was without capital, and consequently it was difficult to obtain credit even in the purchase of the necessary paper for his weekly issue. Sometimes he would get a little ahead, then he would fall behind. On the latter occasions, the dreaded Saturday night, when his employés were to be paid, was looked forward to with almost agony of spirit.

In giving an account to the writer of this year of trial, Mr. Leslie remarked: "I had one friend on whom, when every other resource failed, I could rely for enough to make my weekly payment. It happened business had been particularly dull, and I was forced to call on him three times in succession. On the third visit he handed me the desired sum, saying, in a kind tone, 'Leslie, don't you think you had better give it up?' It was the severest shock I ever received. Had my friend declined further aid, or had he spoken brusquely, I should have been nerved to meet the emergency. It was the manner in which he asked the discouraging question that almost unmanned me. A few mornings after this incident," continued Mr. Leslie, "I awoke and heard the newsboys crying a shocking murder. It was that of Dr. Burdell, the Bond Street dentist, which, as you know, stirred all New York, and which, by the mystery surrounding it and the proceedings which followed, became a *cause célèbre*. So great was the excitement, that it required a force of policemen to keep the multitude from the house. I seized upon this incident. I caused exact illustrations to be made of the minutest detail, and to be published immediately. The sales of the *Newspaper* rose enormously, and when the excitement subsided, enough new purchasers stuck by it to put the paper beyond any fear of failure."

On the following March, Mr. Leslie gave the public striking pictures of the inauguration of President Buchanan, the first Presidential ceremonial ever illustrated in this country. The next event of importance in the history of the paper was the determined, persistent and vigorous exposure by Mr. Leslie of the infamous swill-milk horrors. This was in the Spring of 1858. Unmoved by threats, by legal prosecutions, and by attempts at actual violence, Mr. Leslie week after week gave such graphic illustrations of the revolting state of things at these swill-milk yards, that the public was aroused, and the nefarious business broken up for many years. For his action in this, he received a public testimonial.

Mr. Leslie had great fondness for animals. He was from the first an efficient supporter of Mr. Bergh, affording him at all times the advantage of his personal influence and of that of his publications.

It is unnecessary to follow the march of the *Illustrated Newspaper* from one point of success to another. The public know it already, and will recall the marvelous sketches of the execution of John Brown; of the great Lynn strike; the Japanese Commission; of the Atlantic Cable; and the faithful and life-like scenes of our four years' Civil War, and so forward.

In brief, Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* is the only national newspaper ever published in America, not limiting itself to the reproduction of European engravings, but illustrating the current history of American events, so that it supplies a pictorial record of the times we live in.

In 1865 Mr. Leslie started the *Chimney Corner*, a paper which deals with the literary events interesting to the household, and supplies information and instruction for every member of the family.

In rapid succession appeared the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lady's Journal*, the Popular Monthly, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget* and *Chatterbox*. In addition to the foregoing, he published the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, in German, a journal which is now a recognized organ of the German-speaking people on this continent. All of the above publications are in a flourishing condition, and yield a very large aggregate revenue.

Mr. Leslie has also published reprints of the novels that from time to time appeared in the columns of his various periodicals; books of travel, and other works which need not be recapitulated here. The superb *Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition* was regarded by its publisher with feelings of commendable pride, furnishing as it did a permanent, truthful and beautiful chronicle of the congress of nations assembled in friendly competition in Philadelphia in 1876, affording a complete history of

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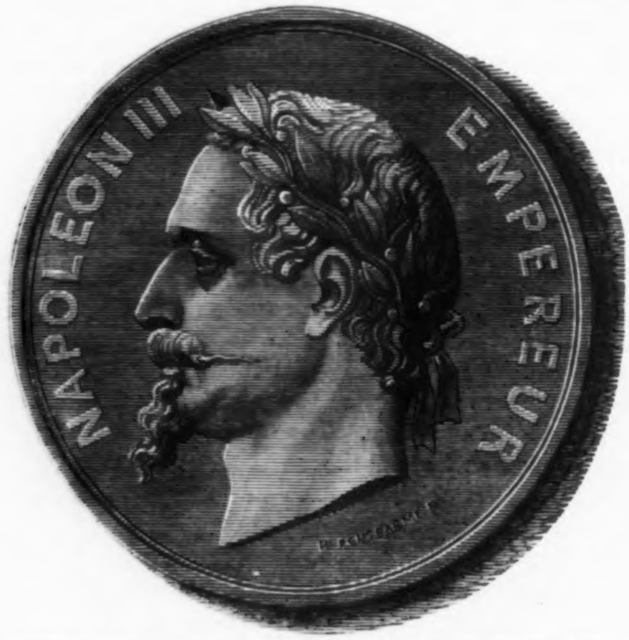
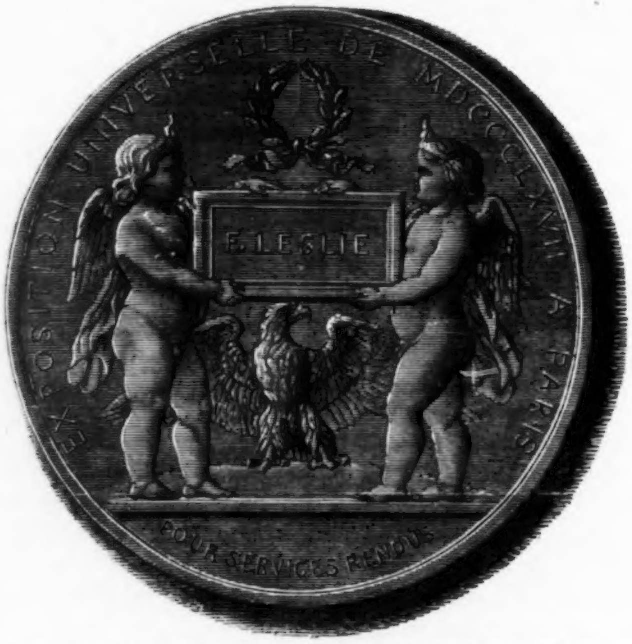


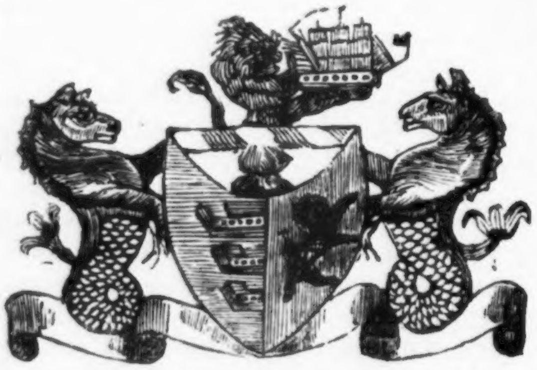
OBVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.


EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DE MDCCCLXVII A PARIS
F. LESLIE
POUR SERVICES RENDUS

REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

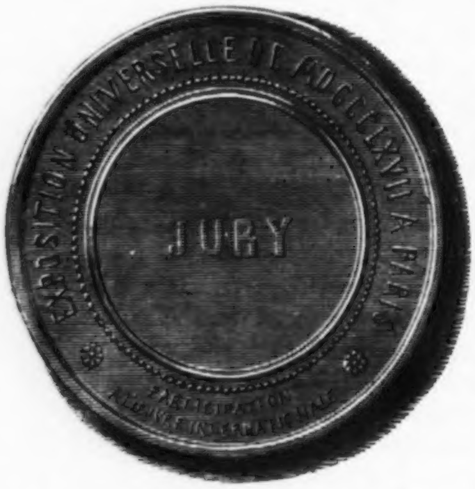
exhibitive effort in the past, and an artistic and discriminating record of the great Centennial, the entire work being illustrated in the highest style of art, and forming a magnificent memorial of the colossal Exhibition.

For range of enterprise, no publisher can compare with Mr. Leslie. While others have contented themselves with catering to one class only of the reading public, and narrowing their efforts to one periodical, Frank Leslie has provided mental *pabulum* for all classes of society, and with a directness of purpose and a success which have covered the entire field.



THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF IPSWICH, ENGLAND, THE FIRST WOOD-CUT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Certainly no man has done so much for the general artistic education of the American people as he. He seized upon every improvement in engraving, to apply it to the public want, with the result that now our illustrated literature is fully equal to that of the most advanced of the European nations. The rapidity with which he published elaborate engravings was also another triumph of skill. Large double-page engravings, which heretofore demanded two weeks at the hands of the most rapid and most skillful workmen, were, by Frank Leslie's invention, put upon the wood and engraved in a single night. By his system, the block is divided into thirty-two pieces to the page, by which means thirty-two engravers can work upon the same picture at the same time. A single instance of the value of the invention will suffice. A double-page illustration of the execution of John Brown was given in the *Illustrated Newspaper*. The artists arrived in New York with their sketches upon the evening subsequent to the execution. Shortly after midnight the engraving was on the press, and in the morning a vivid representation of the scene and its surroundings was in the hands of the public.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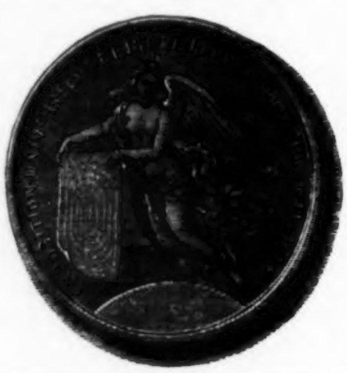
REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FOR SERVICES ON THE JURY OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION, 1867.

Mr. Leslie was the first publisher in America who maintained a full engraving establishment for his own publications alone. And yet, so large and so constant is the demand created by the various illustrated publications upon the engraving corps, that outside labor is almost continually employed.

In his immense establishment—the largest of its kind in the world—Frank Leslie was the sole originator, the sole mover, and the sole director. Unlike his great rivals, the Harpers, who were four brothers, strong in will, energetic in action, united in purpose and native to the country, he came alone, a young man, from a foreign soil, without means and without friends, and built up a business the like of which the world had never seen.

We may imagine some of the characteristics indispensable for the accomplishment of such an achievement—to wit, a thorough knowledge of his art, a quick and rapid insight into affairs, a judgment so unerring that it seemed to be intuitive, an exact appreciation of what was best suited to each of his publications, a remarkable discrimination in the choice of his editors, artists and employés, and above all an absolute and perfect method in the arrangement, order and conduct of his establishment. All these characteristics Frank Leslie possessed.

We come now to speak of the *man*. Individuals



REVERSE OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION MEDAL PRESENTED AS A SOUVENIR TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

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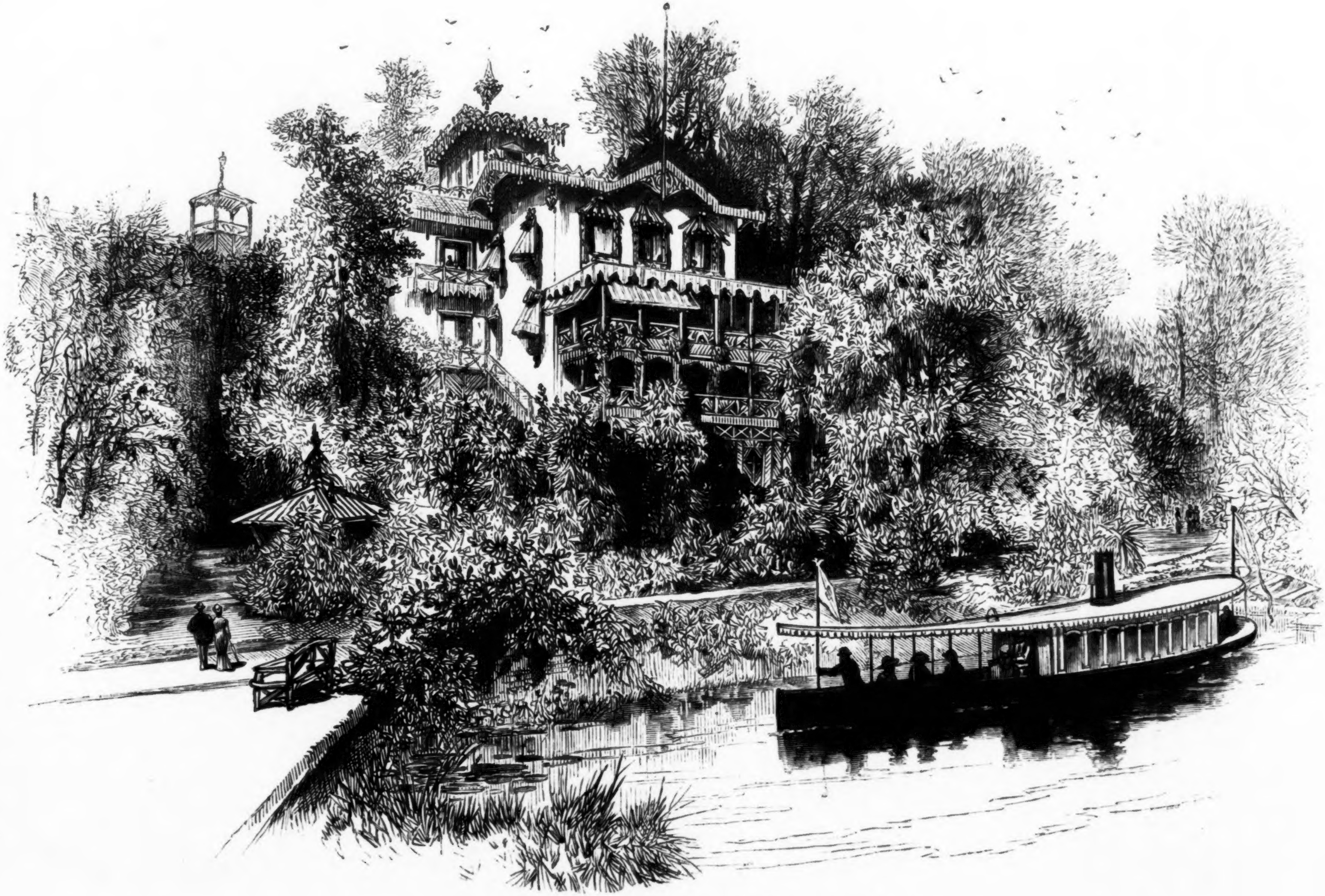

"INTERLAKEN," THE LATE MR. LESLIE'S SEAT AT SARATOGA.—SEE PAGE 258.

with absolutely different qualities of heart and soul achieve the highest success in the same *rôle* of life, so that we get no idea of the person by his works. As yet we have said nothing whatever of what FRANK LESLIE really was. Gratifying as it is to describe his career and the traits which carried him to the foremost place among his compeers, it is still more pleasing to refer to him with regard to other qualities which marked his life and gave him a pronounced individuality.

A gentleman who has been connected with the establishment since its organization said to me last week: "With the exception of his visits to Europe and his Summer vacations, I had an almost daily intercourse with Mr. LESLIE for twenty-five years. I have seen him in many positions of trouble and difficulty, and never saw him thrown off his mental balance. In all those years I never heard him utter a profane or coarse or intemperate expression. He was invariably the same courteous, consistent, well-balanced gentleman. While always gracious and genial to his employés, even to the very humblest of the boys, he ever conducted himself with a quiet dignity which rendered any approach to an undue familiarity impossible."

I cannot refrain from adding my own testimony to this statement. In the many years of our intimate personal intercourse, in the midst of pressing affairs, in the varied incidents of active life, at festive gatherings where gentlemen only were present, I never heard from FRANK LESLIE'S lips an expression which might not be uttered in presence of the most delicate and refined woman. With all this, he was remarkably liberal in his views, open-hearted and outspoken, and I think more truly natural in his life than almost any one I ever knew. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he attached his friends to him with "hooks of steel"—and what a friend FRANK LESLIE was! His time, his services, his influence, his purse, belonged, if need be, to those to whom he held that relation.

Mr. LESLIE'S hospitality was unbounded. His house in New York was the daily resort of those who were among the most cultured and refined of the city. The *fêtes* given at his picturesque and enchanting residence at Saratoga had a world-wide fame. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. LESLIE entertained the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, and hither, from time to time, have the celebrities of this and other countries made pleasant pilgrimages. The house was designed by Mr. LESLIE; he was his own architect, his own landscape-gardener, and his tender feeling for the beautiful was never more clearly evinced than in the delicate manner in which he contrived to blend the charms of nature with the attractions of art.

There probably never lived an employer more respected and loved by those in his service. Gentle, courteous, yet firm withal, his personal magnetism irresistibly drew his employés toward him, until a reproof, though ever so mild, came to be regarded as a veritable calamity. He dearly loved his art-department, and often after a rough skirmish in the great battle, he would repair to the artists' room, and there, pencil in hand, help the beginner, suggest to the experienced, and criticise the work of the expert. The testimonial presented to him by his art department was one which he greatly valued, and nothing ever caused him more pleasure than the triumphs of the "boys," who, having quitted the parent nest, had made name and fame in the world. He was generous to a fault, and valued money only for what it could produce. His charity was unostentatious. Many an employé has received his full salary for months while prostrated on the bed of sickness or disabled in the service through over-work or over-anxiety. One he sent to Europe to recruit, paying all expenses and continuing his full salary. He provided for the widow and children of a second, and made the condition of families left destitute his especial care. Whenever he repaired to Europe he would bring back a souvenir of his trip to every one of his artists, while the tact and delicacy with which he would bestow a favor rendered it doubly acceptable to the recipient. Any reverse he invariably met with courage, patience and dignity.

Mr. LESLIE, when at home, was in the habit of recreating himself at the easel. His rooms were adorned with fine paintings by his own hand. His "Mount Vesuvius," in particular, is a most effective work, and has commanded high encomiums from the best judges. It proves that had he devoted himself to the palette, he would have become one of our most eminent painters.

Mr. LESLIE in his time had many honors conferred upon him. Among the earliest was the Medal of the American Institute for wood-engraving in 1848, the year of his arrival in this country. He was appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1867, in the Department of Fine Arts, and was presented with the prize gold medal by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. Again, in 1876, he was selected as State Commissioner for the State of New York to the Centennial, and elected President of the Commission. He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Jockey Club, and was one of the earliest supporters of the Lotos. As a Mason he stood very high in the Order. He belonged to the Holland Lodge.

I have dwelt on the fact that Mr. LESLIE inaugurated and carried out unaided his design of founding an enterprise which should rival all others of its kind, and whose name and fame and business should survive him. In this I had reference to his own original conception of it, his lack of capital, and the absence of efficient, active and competent partners and of all outside influence.

It would be doing severe injustice to the honored lady who bears his name, and who survives him; who for so many years was his constant and assiduous coadjutor; should I fail to notice in this connection the part Mrs. Leslie filled in the conduct of her husband's colossal work. This lady, who is one of the most accomplished of women, familiar with nearly every modern language, cultivated to a degree attained by few of her sex, possessing a critical taste, a careful discrimination and thoroughly practical ideas, exercised for years the same influence in the literary department that her husband held over his art-world. Editing herself FRANK LESLIE'S *Lady's Magazine* and the *Lady's Journal*, she kept up a general and careful supervision over the contents of his other periodicals. Her husband was indebted to her extensive correspondence for constantly fresh additions of some of the leading names in our literature as contributors to the columns of his publications. His outspoken appreciation of her virtues did not confine itself to words. By his will he left to her his entire estate, including his trade-marks. He made her his sole executrix, charged with the duty of maintaining his life-work in its completeness and integrity.

Mr. LESLIE was endowed with a superb physique. His face was one that attracted at first sight. He had the brow of a poet and an artist, and perceptive organs so large that it left the observer in doubt as to which predominated. He enjoyed always the extreme of health, and time had made no inroad upon his vigor or his energy. In the very thick of human life there came the fiat that he was doomed. The seeds of a fibrous tumor in the neck suddenly developed. The skill of the ablest physicians, the care of assiduous nurses and the attentions of a devoted wife and anxious friends were all exercised in vain. After a few weeks' illness, **Frank Leslie** calmly sank to rest at six o'clock Saturday evening, January 10th, at his residence, 511 Fifth Avenue.

The funeral took place at the Church of the Holy Paternity, Dr. Chapin's, where Mr. **Leslie** was in the habit of attending service. The house was crowded. The remarks of the venerable clergyman on the occasion will not soon be forgotten by those present. "**Frank Leslie**," he said, "had devoted himself to the education of the people in the knowledge and appreciation of the refined, the beautiful and the true in art, in nature and in daily life."

A large number of personal friends, including three hundred of his employés, followed to the place of interment at Woodlawn. The day was tempestuous, but, as the ceremonies were concluded, the sun shone forth, gilding the hill-tops and glancing across the shafts and spires and monuments of this city of the dead.

It made a fitting scene for the last rites of **Frank Leslie**.

Non omnis moriar.

"AT MISS TWINKLEFIELD'S."

By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

I AM Miss Twinklefield, and I am an old maid. I have no hesitation in making this declaration—none whatever. I have arrived at an age when, if I did not announce my old maidhood myself, my face would announce it for me. I am at least sixty, and everybody is aware of the fact, and I do not find that I experience any inconvenience from the latter circumstance. What does it matter? I was not always a little thin maiden lady, with a multiplicity of crows'-feet. There was a time when Miss Rosamunda Twinklefield—but, dear me, I am actually forgetting that I did not intend to talk about myself at all, but simply to tell a little story about a young favorite of mine, Freddy Beverly.

I am fond of young people; I always was fond of them, and I think I may say without vanity that young people are fond of me. They like to come to my pretty villa at Bayswater, and stroll about my terraces in pairs, and play croquet on my lawns, and bagatelle in my little blue-and-gold parlors. They say I have the prettiest, coziest house in the world, and that the flowers in my conservatory and the birds in my tiny aviary bloom and sing just because I am near to tend and pet them. But, of course, that is nothing but a pleasant bit of flattery, still I must confess to being very proud of it, in a small way.

I have a great number of young friends and visitors, and among the many, of course, I have some favorites; and the greatest of all these favorites is Freddy Beverly, who is not a little boy, as you may imagine, but a tall young gentleman, at least six feet high. Sometimes I have wished they would not call him Freddy, it sounds so boyish, and then again I have thought that no other name would suit him so well, simply because it does sound so. Tall and lithe-limbed as he is, there is a positive boyhood about Freddy Beverly. His fair Saxon face has a fresh, untried look, and his handsome blue-gray eyes are naturally so clear and honest, I never could understand how it would be possible for any one to willingly deceive Freddy Beverly. But some one did, and this is how it came about that I have a story to tell.

It is a little more than three years ago that I first placed upon my visiting-list the name of Miss Ethel Kirke, the daughter of a retired naval officer, who lived not very far from me. She was a pretty girl—a very pretty girl, I must say in justice to her—a supple creature with a lovely figure, and great lovely eyes, and a skin like a pearl shell. Then she always looked elegantly dressed, somehow, poor as her father was—a single flower in her abundant pale blonde hair was more striking than a diamond spray in other girls', and it was the same with her dress—when she came to my little garden parties in a sheer white muslin, she always made other people look over-dressed and hot by contrast with her vaporous coolness and purity, and, indeed, whatever she wore had the same effect.

It was at one of these little garden parties that Freddy first met her, and it was her first notice of Freddy that roused in my mind a faint dislike to her—despite her beauty.

They had been idling through some graceful Summer pastime or other, I forget what, and at last the majority had seated themselves to rest and chatter in the unceremonious way I always encourage, while they trifled with their ices and lemon sherbet, and in passing from one place to the other, I chanced to come upon Ethel Kirke and a friend of hers, who were under a tree, talking.

Ethel was seated on a rustic bench playing with a vanilla ice, but not eating it, for she was looking across the lawn at Freddy Beverly, who had just arrived; and really, I cannot forget how pretty she was, in a thin black dress with lone stars of pale amber silk worked all over it—a dress, I believe, her father had brought from India. She was just the style of girl who is lovely in black, and she was more than lovely with her rare blonde face, and her great eyes, and the sleepy white rose in her pale blonde hair. The stars in her dress were just the shade of her hair.

"Who is that?" she was saying—"the tall gentleman with the handsome boyish face."

"That?" answered her companion. "Oh, that is Freddy Beverly."

"Freddy," repeated Miss Ethel Kirke, in a languid, satirical way. "How ridiculous! Does every one call him that?"

"I believe so," was the laughing answer. "It suits him, you see. No one calls him Frederic, at least that I know. Did you never meet him before? He is very nice, Ethel."

"Is he?" returned Miss Kirke. "I am glad to hear it. Is he rich?"

"Yes."

She took a spoonful of ice, and then turned her eyes on him again.

"Is he engaged?" she asked, placidly—"or going to be?"

"Freddy Beverly?" laughing again. "Oh, dear, no! Why, Ethel?"

Miss Kirke opened her eyes as if in a faint surprise.

"Why?" she echoed. "How should I know why?"

And she went back to her ice again.

But a few minutes later I saw her bending her fair blonde head lowly in graceful recognition of an introduction to my favorite, and the minute I saw Freddy's face I knew that his fate was sealed. He was at her side the whole of the evening, and it was plain enough, to me, at least, that she did not discourage him at all.

When everybody was gone home, Freddy managed to snatch a few words with me, and I had never seen his beautiful eyes as bright and eager as they were when he shook my hand.

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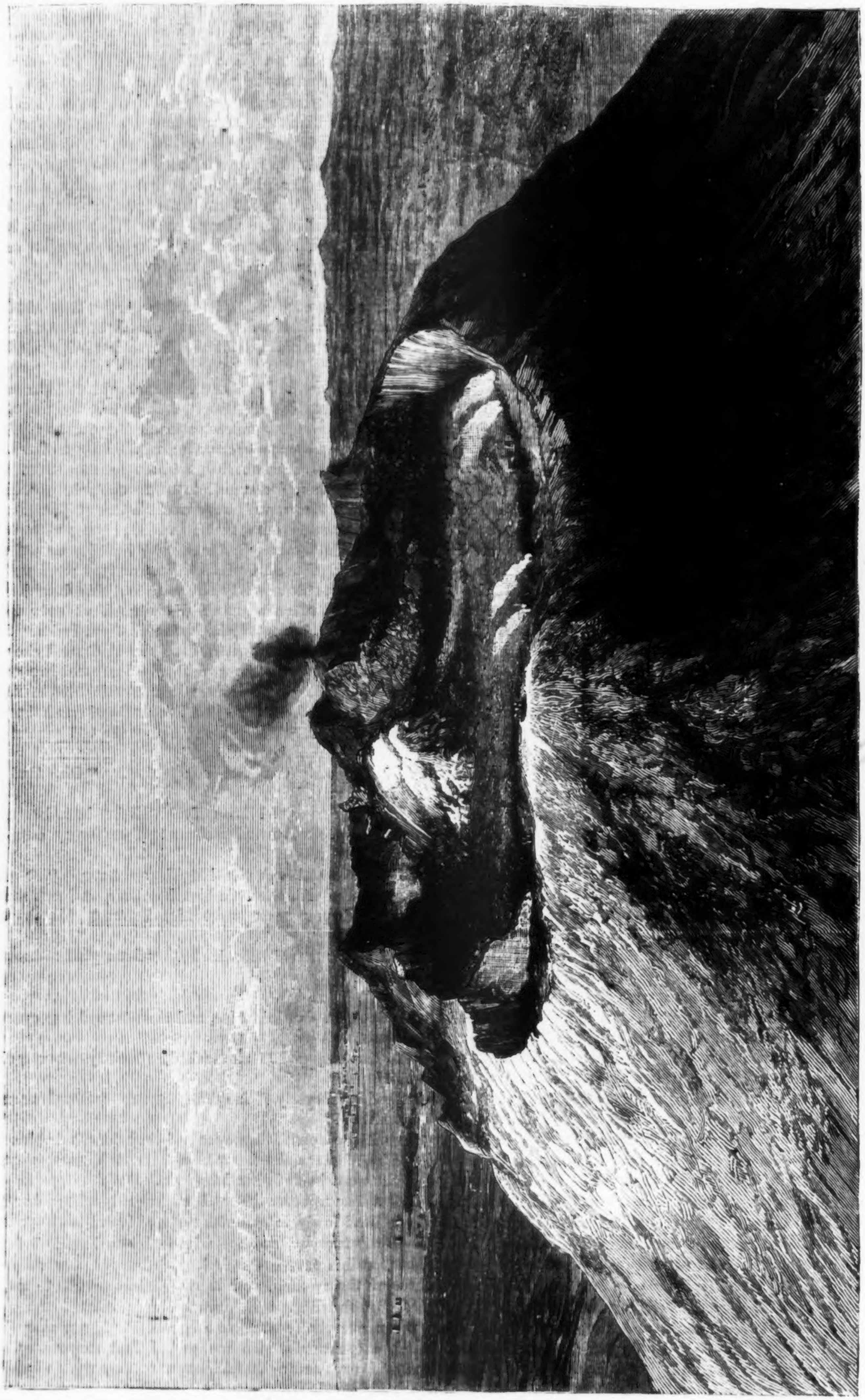
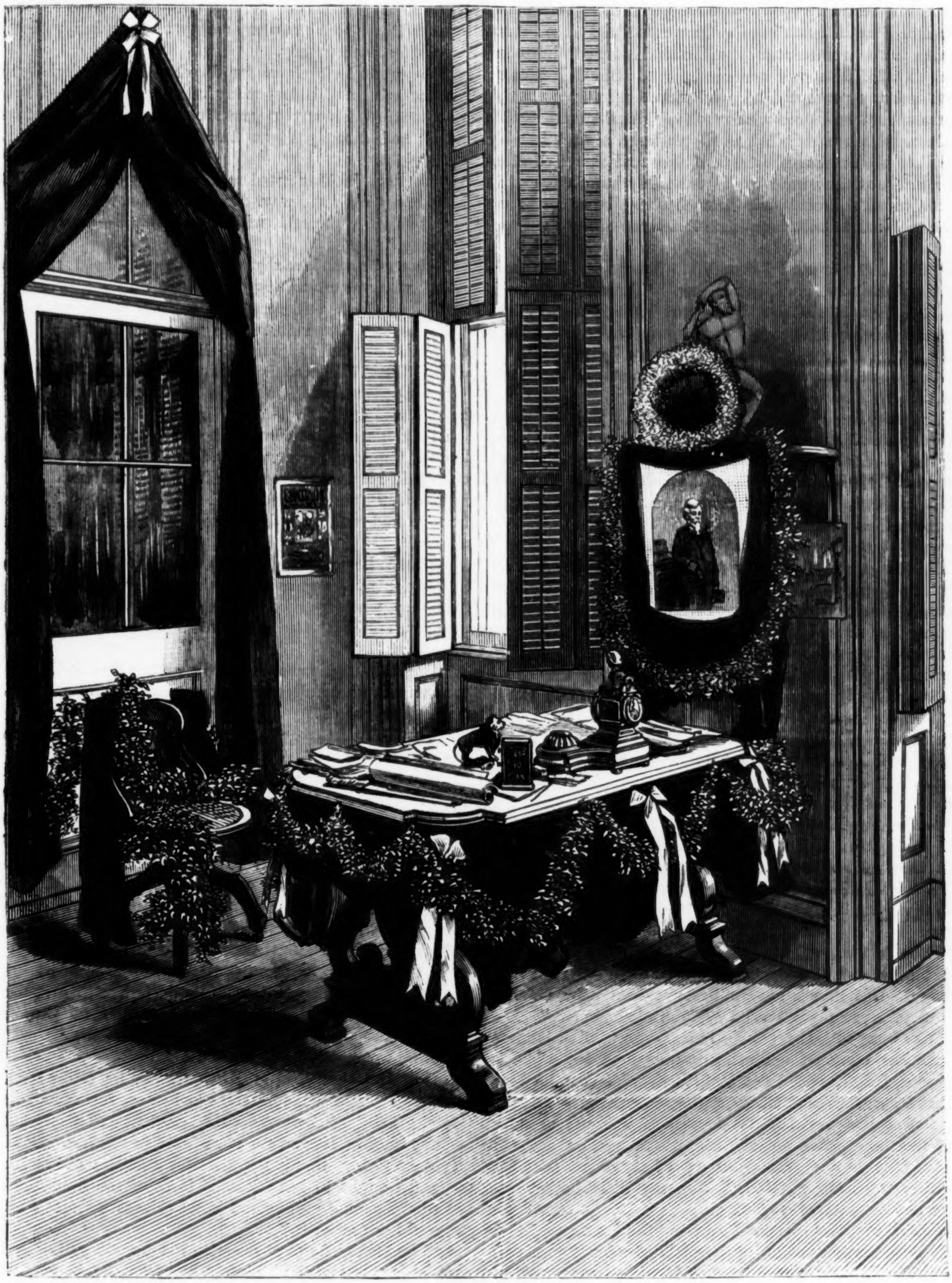


VIEW OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—FROM A DRAWING ON WOOD BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FROM HIS OWN SKETCHES AND PAINTING.—SEE PAGE 258.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life, Miss Rosamunda," he said. "Pleasure is always more pleasant here than it is anywhere else. You know how to manage people so well. Oh, Miss Rosamunda!" the happy, straightforward boy broke out, "isn't she beautiful?"

I shook my head, laughing at him. I knew so well who *she* was, and it was so like him to tell the truth in spite of himself; but she was beautiful, I acknowledged to him, trying to conquer a tiny feeling of foreboding.



THE VACANT CHAIR — MR. LESLIE'S DESK IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM. — SEE PAGE 258.

Of course, in a very short time the poor fellow was so deeply entangled in the old-fashioned net that he could not extricate himself, and would not have done so if he could. He loved Ethel Kirke so passionately that he could not live away from her, and followed her everywhere. He was subservient to her slightest whim, and ready to lay down his life for a smile or a word from her. From the first I always thought it would have been better for him if he had not been quite so faithful and self-sacrificing. Some women cannot understand utter unselfishness, and Ethel Kirke was such a woman. She led him on just as fancy prompted her, and played a pretty womanish game of fast- and-loose without the slightest regard for his pain or pleasure. Still he was tenderly, almost humbly blind to all but her sweetness of face and charm of manner, until, as time went by, he was fairly her slave, and in three months from their first meeting he came to me almost delirious with happiness to tell me of their engagement.

"I don't know what I ever did to deserve it, Miss Rosamunda," he said, glowing all over. "Indeed, I know I don't deserve it, but she, Ethel, you know, has promised to marry me, and I am just on my way to the jeweler's to buy the most beautiful engagement-ring I can find."

And when I congratulated him he actually kissed me on both cheeks.

I must give him my advice about that ring—nothing was beautiful enough for his darling's hand—so I gave him my advice, and he kissed me again, delightedly; and the next time I saw Miss Ethel Kirke she wore the result on her forefinger—a lovely, heavy, rich affair, all large pearls and sapphires.

Well, this is just the beginning of the story. For a while things went on pretty smoothly. Freddy was wonderfully happy and proud of his betrothed, and Ethel treated him as usual, in a pretty, serene, half-languid style. She never blushed when he spoke to her, even in his most impassioned words, and she never lighted up particularly for him, nor put herself out of the way at all for the sake of pleasing him. I have seen him talk to her with all his fervent soul in voice and face, in a style which would have set any sensitive girl's heart beating fast and softly, but there never was a flutter of emotion in Ethel Kirke. She would listen gracefully enough, it is true, but her fair face was as placid as ever, and the light in her calm, beautiful eyes as steady.

I think it was this which first shook Freddy's faith in his bliss—he was too true and earnest himself not to be troubled a little by it. But he never owned to his misgivings quite openly, and always tried to laugh them down.

"She is too good for me—that is all," he would say, laughingly, sometimes; "too little of earth—too much of heaven. But that is always the way—we poor mortals never quite grasp you serene, white-souled women."

So he bore with the pebble in the path until it became something more. Soon after the engagement was announced, I had a slight attack of illness, which confined me to the house for a short time, and consequently prevented my seeing how my favorite love-affair was progressing. But the week after my recovery there was an archery party given in the grounds of one of my oldest friends; so, after my usual fashion, I took my little basket-carriage and drove over, to look on.

Almost the first person I saw on the lawn was Ethel Kirke. I caught sight of her tall, slender figure and heavy blonde braids as soon as I left the house, and, of course, recognized them at once.

No one else had such a figure, nor such fair, shining coils. But Freddy was not with her. She was standing near the target, the hand wearing the pearls and sapphires resting on her already strung bow, as she talked to a gentleman in naval uniform, who stood by her. I could not have complained then that she was too tranquil. There was a soft pink spot on either cheek, and her misty, purplish eyes were warmed and all alight. It really was very incomprehensible to me that she should lift such eyes as those to a stranger, and yet smile her betrothed lover down so serenely.

I began to look about for Freddy, feeling slightly uncomfortable, and, before many minutes had elapsed, I saw him making his way to me from the other end of the lawn; and directly I saw him I knew that all was not quite right.

"You are looking tired and pale, my dear," I said to him, in my old-maid way. "You are not well."

"Headache," he said, with a little laugh—"and love, I dare say."

I glanced up at him shyly, and then glanced round at Ethel, who was only a few yards from us.

"Who is that gentleman with her?" I asked, quietly.

He looked round too. . She was still talking, with her face uplifted, and the warmth in her eyes; and when he did so, I saw him turn even paler than he had been.

"Suppose we stroll round to the hothouse together," he said, suddenly. "Take my arm, Miss Rosamunda."

I took his arm at once, without another word. I had known him too long not to understand exactly what the change in his manner meant. He would tell me all about it in a few minutes, poor fellow! And so he did. Before we had walked half across the lawn he broke the silence.

"That is her cousin, Miss Rosamunda," he said, almost humbly, his voice was so quiet and sad. "I heard to-day that they were engaged to each other when they were children, and that the engagement was only broken two years ago."

"Childish engagements nearly always are broken," I commented, cheerfully; "they are scarcely to be counted engagements at all."

"But"—he answered me unsteadily—"but they were engaged five years."

For a moment or so I really felt that I had nothing to say in reply. Taken in connection with Miss Kirke's change of manner, all this sounded very bad; but I managed to rally at last. I did not know the whole truth then, and could not bear to discourage him. He had been so happy only two months ago.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" I said, patting his strong young arm with a pretense of gayety, "surely you're not jealous, my dear. You must not be too exacting; you know she is too young and pretty not to be admired, and even engaged young ladies do not quite like to give that sort of thing up altogether. We mustn't be jealous, Freddy."

But he was not to be comforted.

"It isn't jealousy, Miss Rosamunda," he said; "it is something worse. She never looked at me as she looks at Captain Blake. She never blushed even when I kissed her, and she blushes like a rose if he only passes her. But it serves me right. She is too good for a foolish fellow like me, and I ought to have known it from the first, but—but what I cannot understand is, why she said 'Yes' when she could not mean it."

And he looked down at me with his honest young eyes questioning, but still absolutely free from doubt of her. I do not think I am a very worldly, or even a very experienced woman, but I inwardly felt that I could have told him why, and the reason would have been a very commonplace one, too—a reason which might truthfully be given in nine such cases out of ten in these days.

Being a beauty, Ethel Kirke was practical enough to feel the disadvantage of poverty and determine to play her cards as advantageously as possible. Her faultless attire cost pounds, shillings and pence, and she must barter the charming result for as many pounds, shillings and pence as she could obtain. Quiet little old maid as I was, I had read this much, or something like it, long ago, in her cool, lovely eyes; and that was why Miss Ethel Kirke had never been one of my favorites. This was also why I had not felt quite content to hear Freddy's rhapsody about her loveliness. I had more than fancied that if it had not been for his eight thousand pounds a year she would not have worn his beautiful ring so readily. There was one thing, however, which puzzled me somewhat, as time progressed.

I began to notice that, though Captain Hector Blake was very attentive to her, he did not conduct himself exactly like a man who was deeply in love. He was too quiet and self-possessed, and too prone to divide his attentions among other young ladies. He did not seem to trouble himself at all about Freddy Beverly, and always gave way to him as if he understood his rights and respected them. I saw, too, that this very thing made Ethel angry sometimes. I saw it more than once in her coolness when her betrothed approached them, and her studied neglect of him when chance threw them together to the outbarring of Captain Blake.

I believe that there were times when she actually hated Freddy. But Freddy behaved himself very well indeed —so well that I was quite surprised at his manliness, often. He had always seemed so like a boy before that I was afraid the pain of his position might make him a little undignified. But it did not. He was wonderfully patient, and wonderfully tender. I know that he never reproached Ethel openly, and I scarcely think that he ever reproached her even in thought.

Any other man on earth would have seen her as she was —a designing, selfish, beautiful creature, who would have been ready to have walked over his very heart, if by so doing she could have gained any trivial wish. But Freddy was too honest and generous himself to understand, so he was faithful and chivalrously attentive in his manner toward her even when she neglected him most openly.

The rumor of her past engagement to Captain Blake was quite a true one. They had been affianced when both were mere children, and just as every one was expecting their marriage to be announced, the affair was broken off —none could explain why.

If it had been the girl's fault, she was certainly punished during those three months. Captain Hector was gallant and cool and debonair, and never committed himself in the slightest degree, however attentive he was, in a good-humored way. He flirted enjoyably with other girls, too, and was anything but as downcast as a jilted lover ought to have been.

I used to watch Ethel Kirke's face often, when she thought she was unnoticed, in the gay rush of our little gatherings, and I saw oftener than not that she was indescribably wretched and uncertain about herself. I was of the opinion that if her quondam lover had been more tender and less at ease, she would scarcely have thought of breaking her promise to Freddy Beverly; but when she began to discover that her power was lost, or at least only shared equally with twenty other pretty girls, I believe that she awakened suddenly to a full consciousness of the fact that it would be easier to risk losing all—even the high stakes she had played for—than to lose the man she loved with all the strength of her smooth, shallow, selfish nature. She put forth all her energies to enthrall him; she was gay, and sad, and rarely sweet, by turns; she even descended to court his attention by little graceful efforts; but, though she never seemed to lose ground, it was plain enough that she never gained any. Now and then she looked so desperately eager, despite her fine, fair mask of tranquility, that I was absolutely sorry for her.

Toward the end of the Summer I sent out cards for a final croquet-party. Croquet was just becoming fashionable in those days, and all my young friends were croquet enthusiasts; so that the whole of the season the grounds of all the adjoining villas had rung with the click of mallet and balls, and the gay chatter of players. Accordingly, as the weather was beginning to grow cool, I made up my mind to send out my invitations before it was too late.

My little blue-and-gold parlors were quite filled when the day arrived, and the players almost crowded my small lawn. All my favorites were there, and among the rest, of course, came Freddy Beverly. But the poor fellow was not himself at all, it was evident. He was listless and disturbed, and when he came, he made his way straight to me instead of joining in the game. Captain Blake had made his appearance early, with a graceful American beauty who was creating quite a sensation in society at the time. Miss Kirke had not yet arrived.

"Where *is* Ethel?" I asked of my favorite, when he had seated himself at my side, on the rustic bench I occupied.

"I have not seen her for several days," he answered; "we have had a little quarrel, Miss Rosamunda."

I had not the time to ask him how it had arisen or how it had terminated, for just at that moment I caught sight of the thin black dress with the pale amber stars on it, in the passage across the lawn. The dress in question had stopped for an instant near Captain Hector Blake, as Ethel Kirke spoke to him.

I had never in the course of all our acquaintance seen her in such a mood as she was this day. The one slight defect in her almost perfect loveliness was the faint languor or coldness of her manner; but no one could have complained of such a languor then. Her sometimes too fair cheeks caught a soft, misty glow of scarlet; her serene eyes were brilliant beyond measure; her low laugh rang out clear and frequently. There was always a group about her, but on this occasion the group was quite a little crowd, who listened, half spellbound, to her light *badinage* and gay *bons mots.* She outshone every woman on the grounds, and held her own against the fairest of her rivals as I had never seen her do before, popular as her fair face necessarily made her.

Still Freddy Beverly kept away. Bravely miserable as he was, he was yet man enough to restrain himself and hide his pain in his deep, true young heart. He knocked the balls about with the rest of them, winning golden opinions through his skill. He talked to the numerous pretty girls cheerfully, and let them flirt *at* him, as pretty girls are apt to flirt, in a happy, innocent way, at or with handsome, good-natured, eligible or even ineligible young men.

But toward the close of the afternoon he drifted back to me again, and after some desultory rambling we found ourselves together in the conservatory, quietly ensconced behind a wall of flowers and the giant cactus—the giant cactus is my gardener's botanical lion, and he gives it a corner to itself—and half unintentionally we had slipped into talking about his engagement to Ethel.

"I have found out my mistake at last," he said to me, sadly. "She only deceived herself in imagining that she loved me, so you see that the only thing for me to do is to

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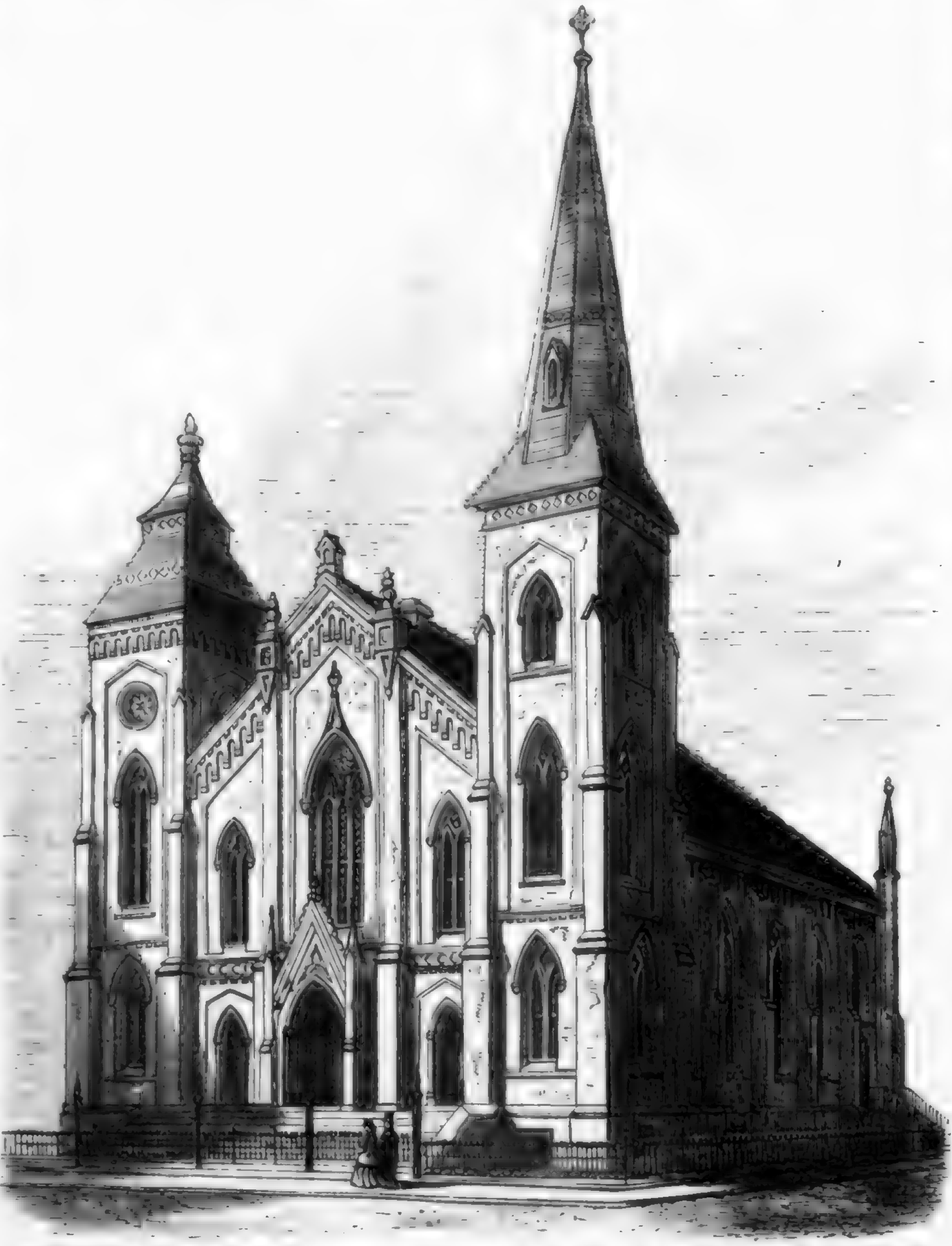
wait until the time comes when she can find courage to tell me so, and then to free her and let her be happy. My poor darling! It is not too late to make that reparation, at least."

If I had not been so very fond of him, I should have felt half angry at his blindness. He believed in her yet, simply because he was too true to comprehend that a woman who has not lived half a lifetime may yet be deliberately worldly and unscrupulous and calculating.

We were talking so earnestly—he was so full of his generous, sorrowful penitence, and I so full of sympathy for him—that we did not hear what we could not have failed to hear otherwise, namely, the sound of some one entering; for some one did enter, and suddenly our low conversation was broken in upon by the voice of a woman speaking hurriedly and almost pleadingly, a few feet from us.

"Don't say that; it sounds like blame from your lips, and—and," in a softly dropped tone that was fairly thrilling, "I have not so far outlived the old days that I can bear blame from *you*."

It broke upon us so abruptly that the sweet, lingering voice might have been a thunderbolt, it so startled us.



THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY, FORTY-FIFTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF FRANK LESLIE WERE HELD.—SEE PAGE 258.

I looked up at Freddy, and saw that his Saxon face was deathly pale—had grown so all at once—for the voice was Ethel Kirke's, and we both knew, as if by instinct, that she was talking to Captain Blake.

"I don't mean to blame you," said Blake's cool, gallant voice. "I never exactly blamed you, even in those long-past old days you speak of. I never like to blame women. They have reasons for their actions which we men cannot understand."

I never was so troubled and astonished in my life as I was by what came next. I thought I had understood Ethel Kirke, but I knew then that I had not—that there lay beneath her tranquil serenity a strength of passion and desperateness of which I had never dreamed.

She broke in upon him with actual wildness, her voice all broken and tremulous.

"Hush!" she said; "for pity's sake don't speak in that tone! It seems as if—as if everything was so far away—as if we could never bring it back."

Her last word was a sob. She loved this man, and was ready to lose all, to humiliate herself even, to win him back, now that she feared she had forfeited his esteem for ever. Though I could not see her, I knew that she had ended by dropping her burning face in her hands, and so hiding it. There was a slight pause, and then Captain Blake spoke again, and his tone was a half pitying one, unrelenting as his words were.

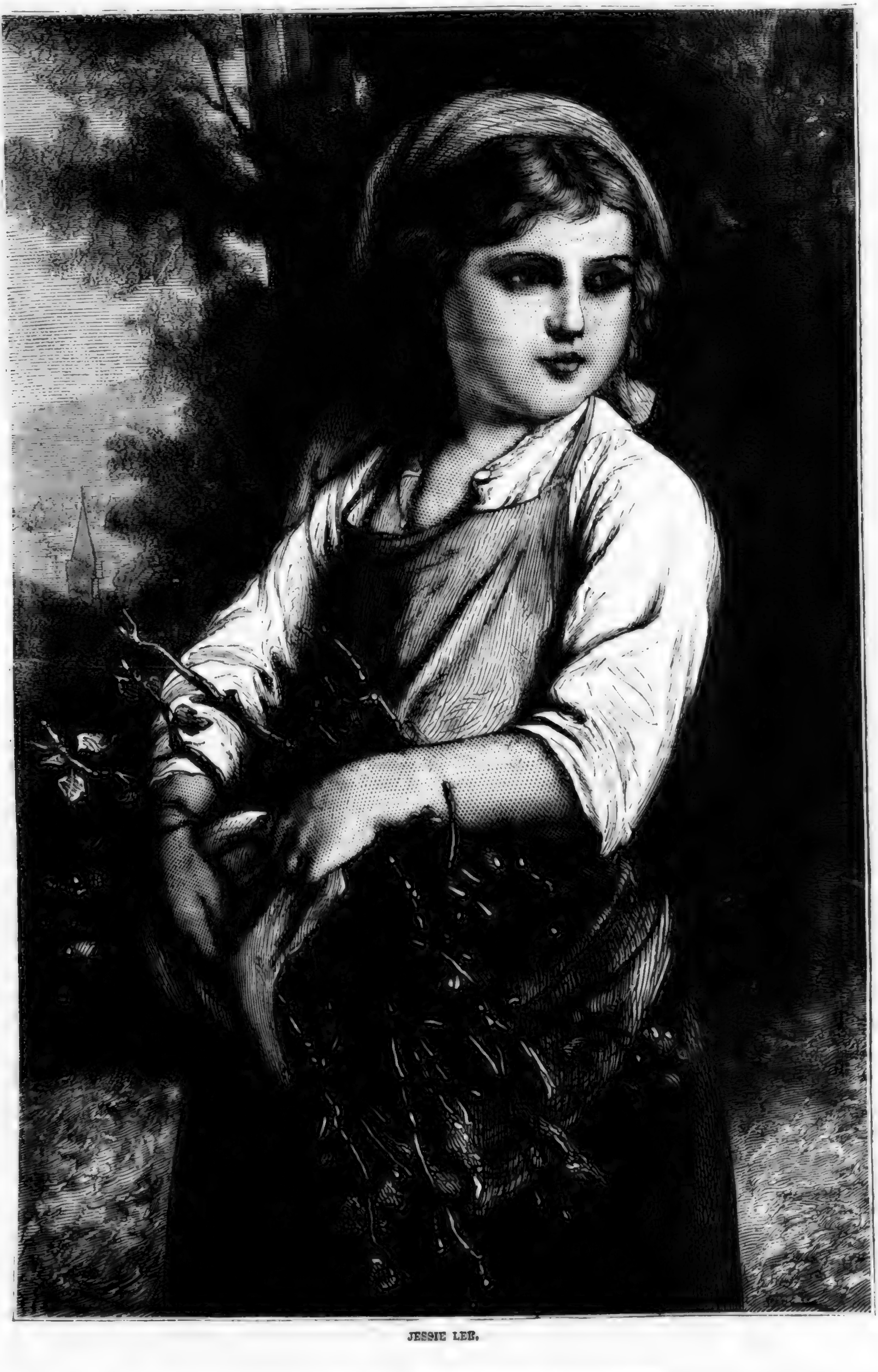
"Ethel," he said, "it is too late."

I looked round for a mode of escape, but there was none. We could not leave the place without passing them, and that would have been worse than staying, so we were obliged to remain silent. We could at least keep their secret sacred.

"This has come too late," Blake repeated, "and I was not to blame, Ethel. If—even if it were possible to bring the old days back again, these people tell me there is some one else in my old place, a lover who is more fortunate than I was. That is true, is it not?"

Another breathless little pause, and then I heard a strange sound, a wild, sudden sob, and then a rustle of her sweeping dress. In her despair and misery, the wretched, humbled creature had slipped down upon her knees.

"Hector," she panted, with her beautiful shamed face hidden still, "only bring them back to me, only say those days can come back to us, and I will send him away. I never loved him; you know that, you must know it. Oh,



JESSIE LEE.

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my God! how I am humbling myself! But it is you I love; it is you whom I cannot lose and live. I have found out now that money cannot buy what I once threw away for money's sake."

He stopped her here, sadly, it seemed, almost tenderly, but without a touch of anything like passionate warmth.

"Hush!" he said, kindly. "You must not say this, Ethel; honor will not let me listen. I thought you loved this man, and were happy. I never dreamed of this. We could not bring back the old days if we would, and—forgive me for saying it, Ethel—you would only tire of it again, as you did then. I know you too well to be vain enough to think that I could satisfy you entirely. I did not blame you—I say again—I did not blame you when you told me that we had better forget the childish dream and be worldly-wise, and I do not blame you for it now. Perhaps it is better as it is for us both—I know it is better for you."

Surely her punishment was bitter enough then—surely it was bitter enough to bear. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and it had come back to her after many days—salt with tears—salt with burning, bitter self-humiliation and reproach. She had dragged her woman's pride in the dust; she had abased herself in the utter wretchedness of despair, clinging to the one wild, desperate straw of hope, and the end was this.

But it was all over at last, and the two were going away to join the rest of the guests together; and just before they went I heard her stop at the door, with a soft, bitter laugh.

"Look at my face," she said; "does it look like the face of a woman who has humiliated herself for nothing? Do you think I can act out the lie of my life with *éclat?*"

I think he must have been somewhat tired of his position, for he answered her coldly enough.

"I think you can act any part you choose," he said.

It was not until they were gone that I began to understand exactly how my fellow-hearer must have suffered; but when I met his once sunny blue eyes, I felt keenly that in this brief quarter of an hour a great shock had come to him. The light had gone out of his face somehow, and there was a new expression in its fine lines. But he did not utter a word of comment upon what had passed. His dream was over quite, and its end had been one bitter enough, God knows!

"Let us go back to the rest," he said, simply. And, seeing it would be best, I took his proffered arm, and we went.

* * * * * * *

Two days after my little party, he called on me, and we had one of our long, friendly talks together, but, until he was going away, he did not recur at all to his love-affair. But, just before he bade me good-morning, he drew a small box from his pocket, and handed it to me.

"Miss Rosamunda," he said, his dear young face looking a trifle pale, "when I bought this, I bought it for a woman I loved, to wear. She gave it back to me last night, and now, if you please, I should like a woman whom I love to wear it still. Will you take it?"

And he held out to me the ring I had helped him to choose for Ethel Kirke—the ring that was all large, pure pearls and sapphires.

My poor, altered Freddy! I held out my withered old hand to him, and let him put it on, while the tears were running down his face.

"Yes, my dear," I said, "I will wear it for you until you find a woman who is worthy of it; only till then, my dear, because, indeed—indeed, that time will come some day."

He tried to smile, and did smile, in a half-sad fashion.

"I thank you," he answered, "I hope it will. Perhaps it may, but I cannot think about that just yet, you know; and in the meantime I like to think the woman I honor cares for me enough to wear the ring I once gave to the woman I loved."

And so I wore it, and in wearing it, I think, comforted him a little; and, though all this happened two or three years ago, and I wear it still, I do not despair of the time coming when I may take it off my old withered forefinger and place it upon the fair young hand which is to hold my favorite's all through the long journey of life.

THE SECOND WIFE.

By Arthur Matthison.

She lightly trips o'er the garden path,
Her young heart quickly beats;
And the soft, fresh bloom of youthful life
From her rosy cheek retreats.

His children, not hers, await her there;
His mother, not hers, she sees:
Will they smile a welcome, or coldly greet?
Shall her young heart glow, or freeze?

The husband, silent, stands at the gate,
And with eager eyes looks on;
Shall the fair young girl be loved, as once
They loved the dear one, gone?

Yes; the children run with flow'rets fair—
Ah, happy day of her life!—
And the mother's love-smile sweetly beams
On the welcomed second wife!

BLUE-BEARD.

It has more than once been asked what truth there is in the story of Blue-Beard. More than once, also, the strange and loathsome story of Gilles de Laval, Sire de Raiz, Marshal of France, and Lieutenant-General of Brittany, the companion in arms of Joan of Arc, has been quoted with the view of showing that his evil doings gave rise to the Blue-Beard legend. True enough, the chroniclers of the time report that his long beard of swallow-tail form was bluish-black in tint, and that the surname of Blue-Beard was given him by the Bretons among whom he lived; still, not a single particular of his career tallies with the popular nursery story. He might be more rightfully compared to the fabulous French Croquemitaine, for his victims were not his wives—he had but one, Catherine de Thouars, from whom he lived apart—but the children of the peasantry and townsfolk, who dwelt around his many castles, whither the poor little innocents were attracted by promises of presents. Once the drawbridge raised behind them, they disappeared for ever from the outside world.

When Gilles was eventually brought to justice, after having carried on his atrocious practices with impunity for eight years, it was found impossible to compute the number of his victims, for, after having strangled or decapitated them, he caused the bodies to be burnt. On the 26th of October, 1440, the miscreant was hanged on the pré de Biesse, just outside Nantes, and when his body had been slightly scorched by a fire lighted under the gibbet, it was placed in a coffin and conveyed to the church of the Carmelites, where, with great pomp, were celebrated "the obsequies and funeral of most high, most powerful and most redoubtable lord, Gilles de Laval, Sire of Raiz, in his

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lifetime chamberlain of King Charles VII., and Marshal of France."

In the story of Gilles's career, we look in vain for some mention of the mysterious room where he kept the corpses of his murdered wives, of the magic key with the stain which would not wash off, or of the charming and popular dialogue between the poor wife and Sister Anne whilst Blue-Beard is sharpening his formidable sword. There is, however, a far more ancient Breton tradition which tallies in some remarkable particulars with Perrault's famous story. Indeed, it seems evident that the favorite nursery romance was founded upon this half-forgotten legend, which dates as far back as the sixth century of our era.

Taking its source in the Côtes du Nord, near the squalid little hamlet of Querien, in a wild country, literally up hill and down dale, with stretches of marshland intervening between lofty hills decked with flowering gorse and littered all over with great blocks of granite, the trout-abounding River Blavet flows southward into the department of Morbihan. Here, on the one side, rise rocky, barren hills, with just an occasional tuft of furze or broom growing among the granite boulders, whilst on the other bank extend furrowed slopes planted with buckwheat and colza, and with many an intervening patch of underwood, crowned by a clump of beech-trees or fringed with pines. At the foot of the slopes lie verdant pasture-lands, through which, with poplars, pollards and bushes clustering on its margin, the river flows, now slowly and now swiftly, forming miniature whirlpools with leaping foam as it escapes through the frequent locks. Behind the apple-trees which dot a neighboring hill, the thatch-roof of some homestead may be descried; beyond, in the midst of the shady woods, rise quaint gray rocks, now overgrown with moss or creeping plants, and now decked round about with rosy eglantine or holly-bushes rich in coral berries. The rushes bend to the breeze around the pools of deep-blue water, in which a sunbeam dances; whilst, after coursing through the meadows, the rivulets gleam for awhile amid ferns, heather and trailing periwinkles, and then leap onward in tiny cascades, in which the passing birds quench their thirst and dip their wings. There is no dearth of melody in the surrounding groves and thickets, where linnet, thrush and nightingale pour forth their joyous song.

Beyond the abbey of Bon-Repos, devastated by the Revolution, the river flows through the romantic forest of Quénécan, with vast overhanging rocks that threaten to topple over and impede its progress, dominating either bank. Here, as in the neighboring dolmen of Cléguérec, and in the tangled underwood around, once lived the Poulpiquets, Cornandons, or Cornicanets—tribes of elves and gnomes. And if, indeed, we have reached the fairy realm of fantasy, why not look around and try to discover Blue-Beard's famous castle?

The quest need not be long. At the point where the Blavet changes its eastern for a southern course, nigh to the lock of Guerlédan, it washes the base of a conspicuous barren promontory, the summit of which, girt round with the ruins of a stone fortification, is bright with pink and purple heather, offering a lively contrast to the green foliage of the trees at the margin of the stream. This steep height bears the name of Castel-Finans, and tradition tells us that in the sixth century Blue-Beard's stronghold crowned its summit.

According to traditions handed down to us, the Breton kingdom of Cornouaille was founded by Grallon the Great, a prince of Britain, who, emigrating from his island home to Armorica, founded on the jutting headland the famous city of Is. It was protected from the fury of the ocean by a formidable dike, and provided with locks, regulating the passage of the waters, and opened by means of a silver key, which King Grallon invariably wore around his neck. The Princess Ahés, his daughter, having deprived him of his authority, and of the silver key, its symbol, opened the locks and allowed the waters to sweep over the splendid city.

Grallon, warned in time, mounted on horseback, and, still desirous of saving his daughter, took her up behind him and fled. The waters were gaining upon them, when a mysterious voice exclaimed, "Grallon, if thou dost not wish to perish, cast off the demon behind thee;" whereupon the hands of Ahés suddenly becoming numbed, loosed their hold around her father's waist, and she fell backward into the surging waves and was drowned. The King reached Quimper in safety, and made it the capital of his dominions, and to-day they show you his statue between the twin towers of the cathedral of St. Corentin, —the crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the mantle of royalty cast around his shoulders.

Now, in A.D. 520, we are told that Carhaix was wrested from the kingdom of Cornouaille by a certain Finans or Comorre, a bandit of the worst description, as his deeds will suffice to show. His times were times of strife and turmoil. In Britain, King Arthur's knights bravely resisted the progress of the Saxon invaders. In Gaul, each day the Franks extended their dominion; and whilst in every direction some chieftain or another was carving out for himself a kingdom with his sword, no wonder that Comorre should seek to do the same.

One of his earliest conquests was Carhaix. Here lived his son, one Tremeur by name, who was canonized after his death, and the chief incidents in whose life are depicted in a series of sculptured groups adorning the church door of the locality. In one of these he is shown holding his head on his hands; for Comorre, the Cursed, our Breton Blue-Beard, not merely put his wives to death, but decapitated his sons as well.

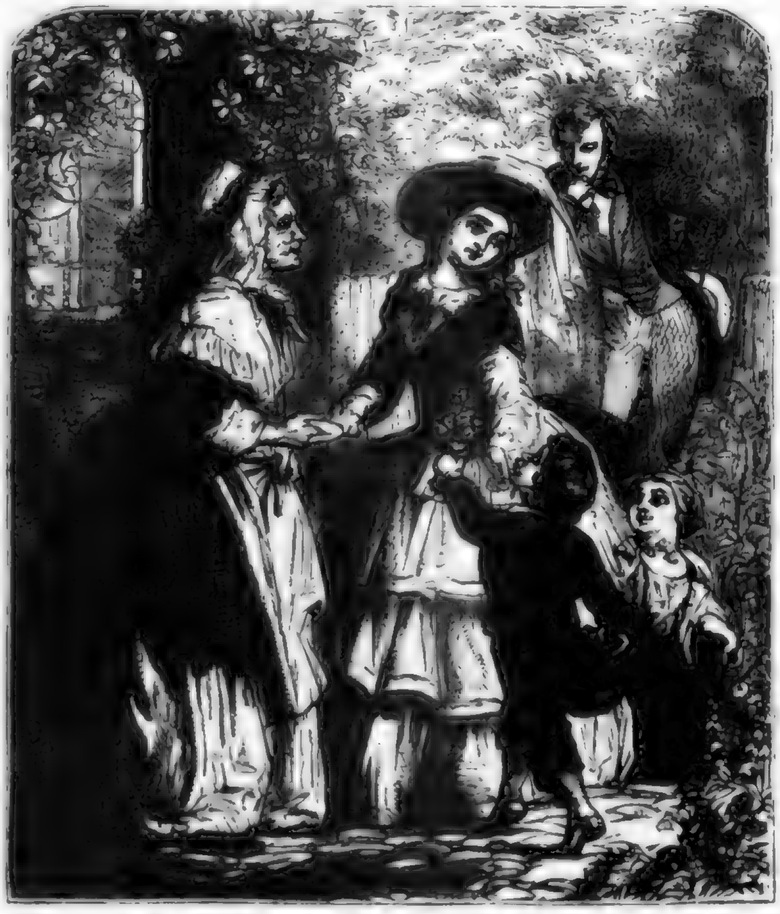
On the death of King Riwal, Comorre dispossessed Prince Judual, Riwal's son, and compelled him to take refuge at the court of King Childebert of Paris. The territory of Domnonée was ravaged far and wide, and throughout the length and breadth of Brittany the name of Comorre sufficed to inspire fright and horror.

He had married four wives, and each of them had mysteriously disappeared (it being rumored that they had been murdered on becoming pregnant), when his fancy led him to ask the hand of Triphyne, daughter of Count Guérok of Vannes. Comorre knew well enough that his vices and cruelty inspired more horror than affection, and to gain the hand of Triphyne he resorted to an artful stratagem. He called to his court Gildas the Wise.

This Gildas plays so important a part in our story, that I must tell you who he was. He was the son of Caw, prince of the Strathclyd Britons, died in 570 and was buried at Glastonbury. St. Gildas has been styled the Jeremiah of Britain. He is remarkably bitter against his fellow-countrymen, whose depravity he deplores, and he regards the Saxon invasion as the retributive vengeance of heaven. It is uncertain in what precise year he landed in Brittany and built the abbey bearing his name, but at the epoch when Comorre flourished, his reputation for holiness was well established.

St. Gildas repaired to Comorre's court in hopes of converting this ravenous wolf into a meek lamb. The prince received him courteously, and commissioned him to propose to the Court of Vannes on his behalf a durable peace and friendly alliance, on condition that the latter should give him the hand of his daughter, whom he promised to treat with kindness, honor and cordial affection. The abbot, being desirous to put an end to the disastrous wars which desolated Brittany, pleaded the cause of Comorre to Count Guérok and his daughter so successfully that, in spite of their repugnance, they accepted the Count of Cornouaille's propositions, on the express condition, however, that if one day he lost his affection for Triphyne, he should send her back to her parents without ill-treating her.

The marriage took place at Vannes with great pomp; but shortly afterward Triphyne perceived a change in her husband's manner. She became seized with a sudden fright, and early one morning, mounting her palfrey, fled from Castel-Finans, to her father's home. Comorre followed in hot pursuit. Perceiving his coming, Triphyne dismounted from her horse and sought a retreat in a neighboring thicket, where her husband seized hold of her, and, dragging her out upon the road, cut off her head with a single stroke of his great sword.



BRINGING HOME THE SECOND WIFE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 270.

Whilst the murderer was quietly riding home again, a servant who had accompanied Triphyne without daring to defend her, arrived at Count Guérok's castle at Vannes. The father, with his guards, started off to his daughter's assistance, but arrived too late. Still, the head and body of the countess were recovered and placed upon a funeral couch in the great hall of the Château de la Motte, where, sending for St. Gildas, at whose instigation he had given Triphyne's hand to Comorre, Guérok asked him if that was how it had been agreed he should receive his cherished daughter, the child of his heart, back from the hands of her husband? The reproach filled Gildas with emotion. Kneeling beside the decapitated body, he prayed with all the people present to Him who restored Lazarus to life, and then rising, he placed Triphyne's head upon her neck, and exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Triphyne, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command thee to rise and to tell me where thou hast been!"

The countess rose, and, before all the crowd of people, she declared that the angels were carrying her to paradise, to place her among the saints, when the words of St. Gildas had called her soul back to earth.

This is the story as told by the monkish chronicler of Morlaix.

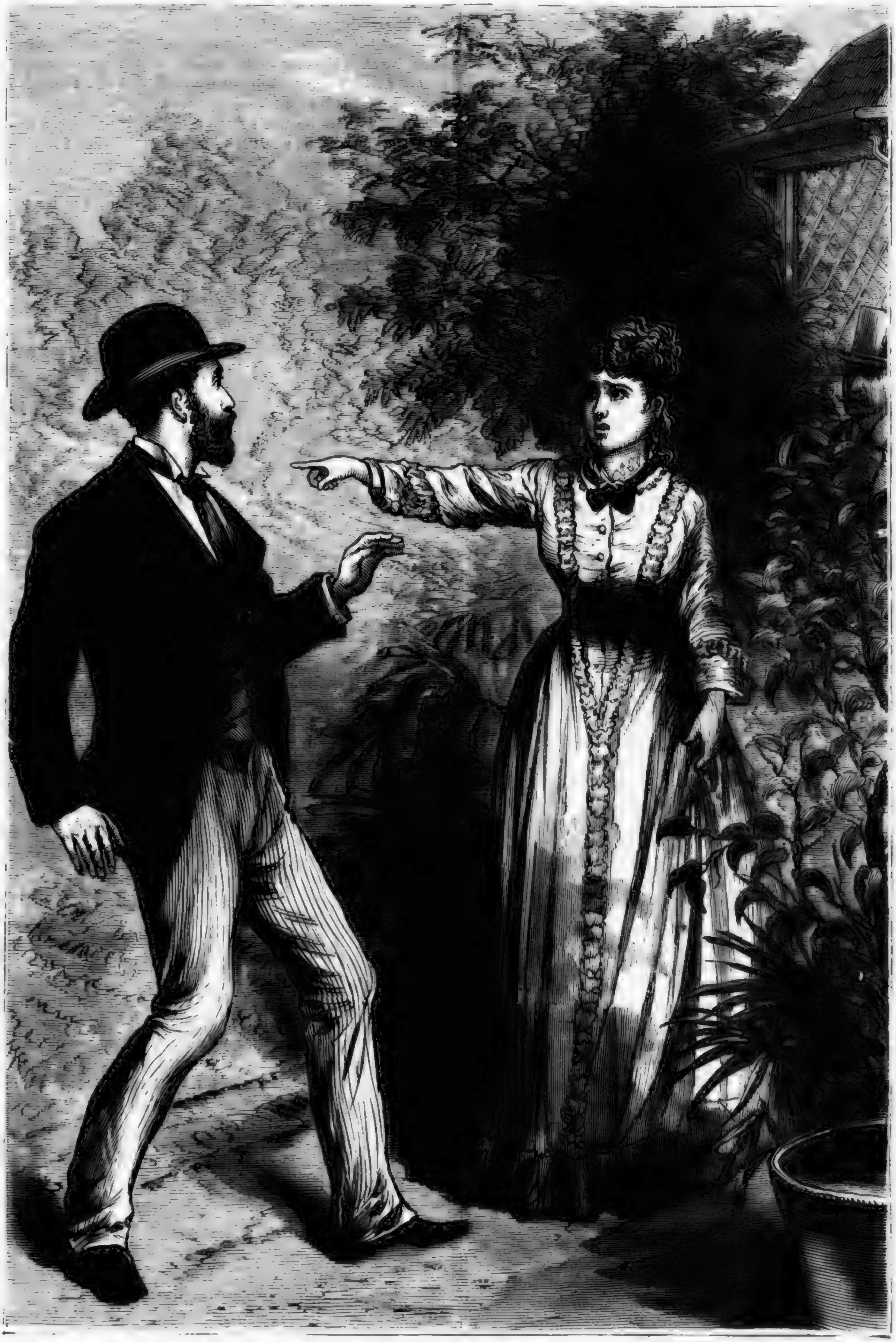
Not many years ago, the workmen repairing the vault of the chapel of St. Nicholas de Bieuzy discovered a series of quaint frescoes, which date from the thirteenth century. These picture the legend of Sainte Triphyne far more in accordance with Perrault's famous story. The first subject is the marriage of Comorre, whose beard is of a bluish black, with Triphyne at Vannes. Next the husband is shown starting on some warlike expedition, and handing to his wife a little key. Then comes the mysterious chamber, the door of which is open, whilst against the wall hang the bodies of Comorre's murdered wives, who in this instance are seven in number. The terrible interrogatory follows: Triphyne is on her knees, and sister Anne, looking out of the window down the road, declares that there is nothing in view. In the last subject, however, whilst Comorre is passing a rope round Triphyne's neck, her brothers are seen approaching, accompanied by St. Gildas in his abbot's dress, and ready to run their swords through the body of the would-be murderer.

The holy Abbot of Rhuys, says the legend, having vainly demanded admission into Castel-Finans, the drawbridge of which was raised at his approach, took up a handful of dust and threw it against the walls, which suddenly crumbled to pieces. Comorre, though badly wounded, succeeded in making good his escape to Pédernec, where, undaunted by the warning of heaven, he continued his career of crime.

A solemn council of bishops accordingly assembled on the Menez-Bré. St. Hervé presided over the gathering of bishops convened to punish the tyrant, who, having been solemnly anathematized, was seized with a terrible malady, and died; his soul, it is said, being borne to hell in a stream of blood!

Probably because St. Hervé is the patron of shepherds, and the guardian of sheepfolds against the attacks of wolves, some say that Comorre still wanders at night-time in the form of a giant wolf, who can only be overcome by a stab with a knife in the centre of the forehead. I should mention, however, that there is a totally different account of our hero's death.

With the assistance of St. Samson of Dol, Judual, the Prince of Domnonée, whom he had dispossessed of his dominions, raised a large army, and in a pitched battle fought in 554, near the Abbaye du Relecq, some six or seven miles from Morlaix, Comorre the Tyrant and the Cursed lost both his life and his throne. They still show you between the abbey and the heights of Arez a spot known as Branc-Hallec, or the Willow-bough, where he is said to have expired; and not many years ago, a large schistous stone was pointed out as covering the remains of the miscreant, who, if the medieval frescoes of St. Nicholas de Bieuzy are to be trusted, was undoubtedly the original Blue-Beard whose deeds are recorded in the story of the same name.



AN ANACHRONISM.—"'YES!' SHE CRIED, TRIUMPHANTLY; 'YOU MAY WELL THROW ME OFF LIKE A VIPER! FOR, ALTHOUGH I DID THE DEED, YOU ALSO ARE GUILTY OF IT!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN ANACHRONISM.

By John Gilbert.

WE were four of us in the supper-room that night—Elsie and Marian, Cornell and myself. The last bottle of Lafitte stood half-emptied on the buffet; the servants, tired of waiting for our ceaseless round of talk to be over, had betaken themselves below; the wax-lights in the sconces were beginning to flare wildly in the breeze that floated the thin, gauzy curtains at the windows back and fro; far off, the dull monotone of the surf, breaking on the shore, made an accompaniment to our conversation. Was it conversation? Scarcely. Cornell, with his restless artist, half-Bohemian nature, kept breaking into fitful snatches of talk, now serious, now comic, half sense, and tinged with a mellow transcendentalism born in him with his New England blood, and nourished and fed by his Arab-like education and listless wanderings in foreign lands. Elsie Garth watched him curiously, weirdly, under half-closed lashes, the while, with what seemed to me a sinister smile occasionally wreathing the red curves of her mouth.

She dropped a word every now and then, I, meanwhile, watching her as one would a strange animal, which, apparently harmless, might give a spring and wound in an unguarded moment. I remembered she had loved the man she was now eying so strangely, a few years back, so madly, so passionately, she would have committed a crime for him, I think, had he told her to, and now—was love dead, or had it changed to the hate La Rochefoucauld tells us is more possible to it, as a metamorphosis, than indifference?

As to Marian, she played with her rings and laughed at any sally that called for laughter, and took sly glances at her blue ribbons and fair hair, over her shoulders, in the mirrored sconces, where the candles flickered.

Now, in Winter evenings, when the sleet and storm are raging outside, and I cower over the fire, I often think of that scene and its strange concomitants; I seem to smell again the faint perfume of the Parma violets Elsie wore in her bosom, to hear the far-off sound of breakers, to see the flower-wreathed dishes, the glitter of glass and silver on the table, the old china on the walls of the room, the odd mixture of *bric-à-brac*, pictures, bronze and porcelain that made it half a boudoir and half a dining-room.

We had met to celebrate Cornell's return to his native land, whence he had willfully expatriated himself five years before—gone recklessly into the arms of Fame and Fortune, which, often so perverse when perseveringly wooed, had showered their favors profusely on the man who cared nothing for his success—valued it lightly because he had turned his back on his native land, dear to him because it contained one woman whom he could not marry.

Had he ever spoken his love to her? I fear me, knowing his impetuous nature, that he had; but the words once out of his mouth, he had exiled himself, for she was another man's wife then; and now five years had gone, and she was sitting opposite to him, free—a widow—and rich. And he—well, he had learned not to spurn the gods' good gifts perhaps even to thank them for having denied him the boon he had so madly craved, to see many faces as fair elsewhere, to look into eyes which had a calmer and more soothing light than those which had flashed their farewell into his own five years ago.

But Cornell was a man and a gentleman, in spite of his lazy indolence, and his artistic *laisser aller*, and when he first saw the danger, and found his friend's wife a very siren, he shut his ears to her melody—once over the wild impulse that induced him to acknowledge her charms—and steered his boat clear of the rocks.

And now, here he was again, bronzed, bearded, yet unchanged—the same cheery, boyish *abandon* that added a charm to his wonderful physical attractions, and I, his chum, friend, correspondent and Pythias, had come to meet him in response to Mrs. Garth's invitation to both.

It was a picking up of scattered threads, to be sure. No one knew how they would knit together. Each measured the other curiously, to note Time's changes—all except Marian Allen, Mrs. Garth's eighteen-year-old cousin and companion, whose innocent eyes saw nothing in the scene before her but a meeting of old friends.

If I mistrusted Elsie Garth, it was because I knew too well the raging volcanoes the woman's icy calmness was capable of covering. In her life I knew there had been no peace. She carried tempests within her; but it was in their fierce, tropical fury, prefaced so often by a deadly stillness.

Cornell saw nothing of this, for, if he had ever seen it, he had forgotten it. His was a nature where impressions, vivid at the time, succeeded each other rapidly. He judged others by himself, and because his own lazy, lotos-eating temperament loved and unloved and forgot, it did not occur to him the old landmarks were not equally effaced in others.

His eye rested, with a pleased persistency, on Marian; her fresh, childlike beauty refreshed his fancy, I could see. It was a delicious contrast after the glare and glitter of foreign climes and Bohemian wanderings. His glance took her in lovingly. She had grown from a rosy-cheeked child, during his absence, into lovely womanhood.

When she dropped the jasmine out of her hair he picked it up tenderly, and, without offering to return it to her, put it in his inner vest-pocket with a light jest that hid more earnest thought. I caught a flash from Elsie's eye that had all the lurid heat of Summer lightning in it. It embraced the scene, then died out into dull blackness under her lashes. The serpent round her throat coiled with a quick, spasmodic movement, as if in pain.

This was the third day we had all been together, and matters were getting worse, from hour to hour, I could see. Should I warn Cornell? What use? He would laugh at me. I could hear him calling me melodramatic, absurd. Elsie and he were good friends; she was a sensible woman, with no nonsense about her. He quite ignored, I knew, the old brief romance which had left no traces on his mecurial nature, and quite failed to comprehend that of the woman he had once loved and left. Besides, I think, he scarcely realized himself the influence the fresh, sweet face of Marian was gaining on him, coming, as it did, after years of tempestuous struggles with the world and restless wanderings in foreign parts. It was like the music that welcomes the storm-tossed mariner into port at last, and he turned from the more beautiful, the cleverer of the two women—from the one, perhaps, who could the better understand and appreciate him—to the gentler influence, the milder atmosphere of the other.

I could scarcely blame him. Men loved Elsie Garth with a quick, fiery blaze of passion, born of a strong magnetism she possessed. It flamed to strange heights in her presence; but absence often extinguished it. Whereas, a power like her cousin's sometimes stays by a man like a better genius in the sterner scenes of life.

As we sat sipping our wine, a cooler draught of air came rushing in, a heavier boom of the waves on the shore announced a coming storm. Soon drifts of fierce, beating rain dashed against the window-sashes. I have often noticed with awe how the elements come to lend their own fierce combat to the play of the human passions, sometimes, like the stage-thunder and lightning we see at the theatre when the tragedy approaches a climax.

The servants were called to shut the blinds. We all rose, almost with relief, as if the storm had broken a spell under which we had labored without daring to escape from it, and wandered into the drawing-room. Even there its influence seemed upon us; Marian warbled a little ditty to herself at the piano, whither Cornell soon strayed. Elsie Garth stood, half-hidden by the window-drapery, looking out at the blackness and the storm, unmindful that the rain, as it beat in, was drenching her muslin dress and the heavy coils of her hair. Every now and then I saw her clinch the hand that was hidden in the folds of the curtain. I felt that the tempest without was nothing to that beating and surging within her. I could see that, at the moment, she gloried in the war of the elements outside that found an echo in the fierce tumult of her own breast.

I felt my own powerlessness in the scene I was watching. I dreaded that any motion of mine to avert the disaster I saw impending might only precipitate it. I went to the other window, and peered out into the veranda.

The rain, which was only a Summer's shower, was slackening, but the plants in the hanging baskets were dripping still profusely, and the air was heavy with the perfumes of the flowers in the garden, which the power of the storm had beaten the fragrance out of.

Elsie's shadow in the other window was darkly defined on the streak of light that flooded out from the drawing-room. I saw the sudden turn and the clinched hands, photographed in shadow, as the two voices, Cornell's and Marian's, glided melodiously together into the passionate accents of Gounod's "Medje."

It was as if they had each found a tongue in which to tell each other their love. I glanced toward the piano; they were looking into each other's eyes as though drawn by some magnetic power toward one another. When they finished, Cornell's hand sought that of the young girl in a firm, significant embrace. There was a crash from the other side of the room. We all started. Elsie had overturned a small table standing near the window, covered with odd bits of porcelain and glass, and we all united in picking up the fragments, as if glad of the mask for our feelings.

After we had bemoaned the destruction of china, and had exhausted the accident as a topic of conversation, Mrs. Garth rang for lights, and as each, candle in hand, bade the others good-night, and vanished up the broad oak staircase into the gloom beyond, a certain stillness seemed to be hovering in the air, heavy with those premonitory whispers of fate which we all occasionally feel, and which science has, up to this time, failed, with all its researches, to give us the key of.

I almost dreaded to leave Elsie to her grief. I felt for the stricken heart, of which I could almost hear the throbs, the more because I knew it to be an undisciplined and ill-regulated one. I had known, myself, something of what it was to suffer and be alone, to wildly ask of the gods a gift they would not give, to exhaust oneself in fierce conflict after the unattainable, to writhe madly in the throes of an agony so bitter that all physical pain is heaven to it.

And yet I was a man, with man's power to resist and endure, without the quicker sensibilities born with the needs and weaknesses of a woman's nature. Should I go to her? I was already in my own room, and I heard the door next mine, which I knew to be hers, shut with a quick, sharp motion, like the sound of a blow. Then I heard a fall as of a heavy body on the floor, and one dull groan, then dead silence. No! I could not intrude on such misery as this. I should be powerless. Were I only another woman, with the gift of consolation possessed by some, I might; but I knew Elsie Garth enough to fear her pride might revolt against having a witness to her abasement; that she might have a sort of "Earl-Percy-sees-my-fall" feeling; so I took my seat in the darkness, at my window, and let the cool breeze blow on my brow, with a sense of relief from the heat of the evening.

The night was again clear; the rain had left only a dewy freshness behind it as a trace of its presence. The stars were shining clearly out from the blue vault; I could almost see the gleam of the white lilies and azaleas in the garden-paths. Off the coast the twin lighthouses on one of the islands were blinking at me like the human eyes of some sea-monster hid in the darkness; the long, fish-like shape of the land they were built on helped the illusion

Down toward the neighboring town (itself possessing a weird colonial history of witch-burning and wild tradition), were the lights of a bevy of fishing-smacks waiting for the first streak of dawn to put out to sea; the occasional bells from them tolled the hour, and were followed by the watchman's cry, "All's well!" So it was in nature—all was well, beautiful, calm and peaceful. Man's passions were the only unrestful things in the night—all else was the serene stillness of the eternal, unchangeable Deity.

I sat silent and abstracted for I know not how long, until a small spot of light moving in the garden caught my eye. I could see it was the end of a cigar, and following its quick, impetuous zigzag motion up and down, I instantly guessed it to be Cornell's, whose invariable habit I knew to be to take a constitutional before going to bed. It cleared his brain, he said, for morning, and helped him to unravel the knotty points of the day's experience.

That I was not the only one watching him I soon discovered from a slight motion of the blind of the next window, and a few minutes afterward, I heard a movement across the adjacent room, and the door softly open and close, and a quick step down the stairs.

I resumed my post at the window, but now with the same uneasy sensation of the early evening, for I saw a white figure glide through the shrubbery toward the spot where Cornell had last vanished, and, by listening breathlessly, I could hear voices speaking in the distance.

I could not go eavesdropping, yet should I stay where I was with a potent voice telling me I might be needed out in the dewy darkness of the garden? I walked restlessly up and down the room several times, then opened the door into the entry and looked out, as if seeking inspiration to go or stay.

On the floor at the head of the stairs lay some bright object, faintly visible through the gloom of the corridor. I stooped and picked it up. I recognized it instantly. It was the silver sheath of a small dagger of Damascus steel which Elsie had worn, the Winter before, with an Eastern dress to a fancy ball. She had shown it to me at the time, made me feel its sharp edges, and laughingly boasted it was no play-dagger, "but one to keep people friends with me for fear I should ever throw away its sheath," she had said, and the jest had a bitter significance to me at the moment I found it had really been unsheathed.

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Then I laughed at my own fears. What was the matter with me that, in the midst of a quiet New England neighborhood, I was doing melodrama to myself, and finding tragic elements in the ordinary life of a pleasant country-house? I really tried to remember if I had drunk too much wine at dinner. Women and men were women and men all the world over, I murmured, as if exculpating myself from the charge of melodrama. The play of the passions may be the same under the Puritan's stoic mantle as in the tropics, and Elsie Garth had a queer streak in her which comes from a Spanish, half-gypsy mother. If I followed her into the garden I laid myself open to the suspicion of vulgar curiosity, and should I try to put Cornell on his guard, the chances were he would think I was either demented or had been drinking.

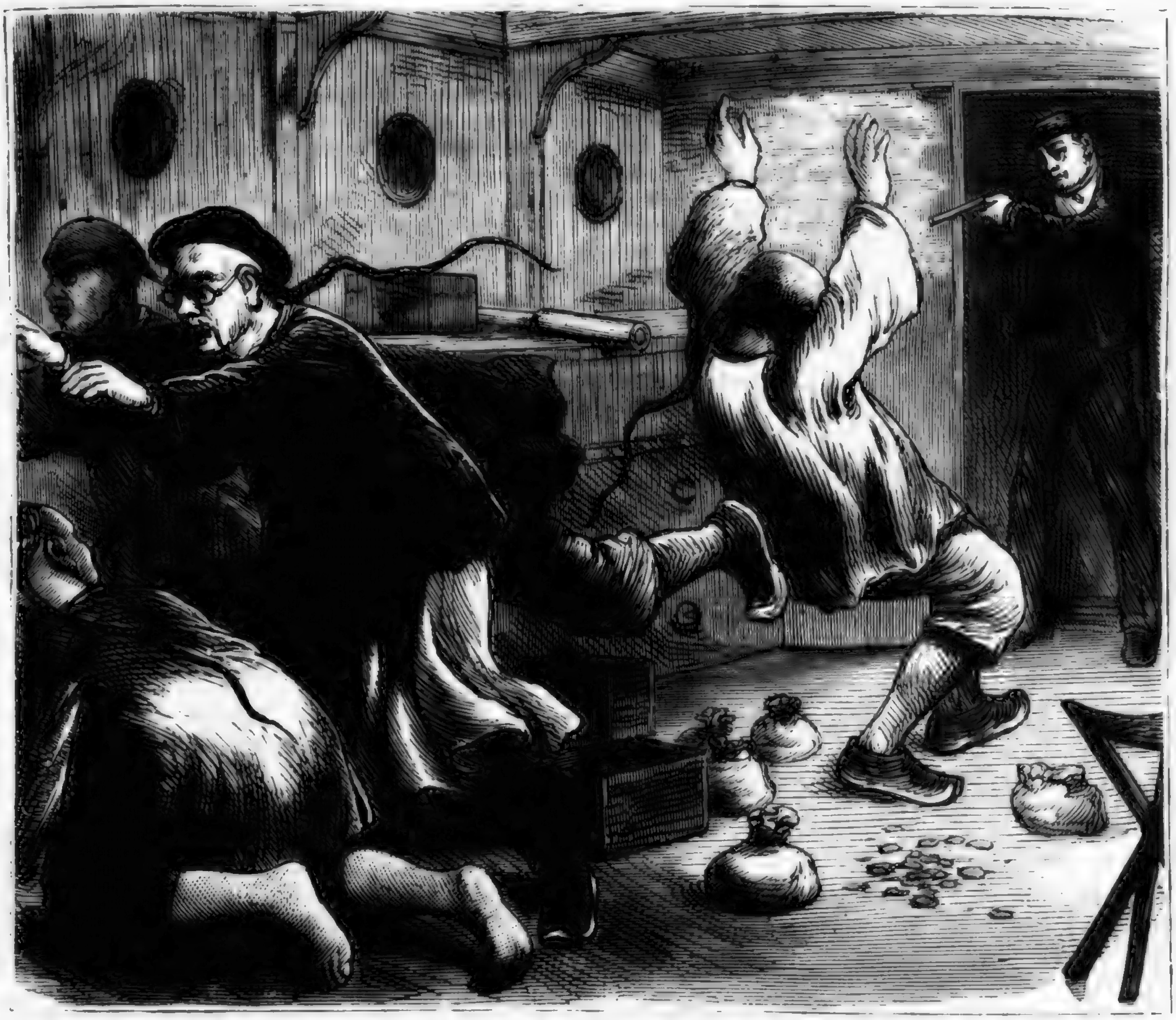
To put an end to irresolution, however, I stole down the stairs, went through the open house-door and out into the grounds. At least I might saunter there until satisfied my suspicions were only a sort of mid-summer madness, and, to make my position unassailable, I lit a cigar and strolled on through the hedges of closely clipped box.

For about ten minutes I took my walk in peace, seeing no one, hearing nothing, even, to lead me to suppose I was not alone in the garden. Then, as I passed a summer-house that overlooked a miniature lake at the foot of one of the avenues, human voices suddenly burst on me—human voices, not speaking everyday commonplaces, but thick with agitation, which the very muffled undertones which they were taking to hide it made more palpable.

Escape was impossible. Either way I should have been seen; besides, I wanted to be *there* on the spot, for the first words I heard told me this was just what I had most feared. What did I hear? Heaven is my witness that, if required, in dread of death, to write here what I heard, I could not remember the words. I only have an indistinct consciousness of pleadings, upbraidings, reproaches and piteous adjuration on the part of the woman—wild ravings and denunciations—and, on Cornell's, the commiserating, miserable tone a man takes when he finds himself not only in a false position, but engaged in that horror of the Anglo-Saxon mind, a scene, and that with a woman he is conscious of not having behaved very well to. Elsie charged him with his love for Marian—he could not deny it. He tried to keep her from exposing, even to him, the wild, desperate depths of her nature. She showered maledictions upon him, then begged on her knees for his pity and his love. And he, I think, suffered almost as much as she did, for he was of a kindly, chivalrous nature, that disliked giving pain to any human creature, much more to a woman he had once loved, or thought he did.

A PRETTY LITTLE SINNER.

But when the full consciousness 'came over her of her position—when she finally realized, as she could not help



AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"THE LOWDER MADE A MOVEMENT TO REACH HIS WEAPONS, BUT A SHARP CRACK RESOUNDED THROUGH THE CABIN, AND THE TREACHEROUS LOWDER FELL, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

doing, that her influence on him was even more a thing of the past than she had dreamed—the effect was fearful. She rose in her wrath, like a tragedy-queen, and denounced him. She withered him with scorn; she jeered and laughed at him as only a woman dare, and showered on him every reproach an outraged woman can command. Her hate fairly withered him; he shrank and cowered as though he had been caught doing something mean and pitiful, unworthy of his manhood; for the bravest man is a coward in such a scene.

But again her mood changed, and this time there was more madness in it, for she sprang on him with the bright glitter of steel in her hand, and, through the darkness, he caught the motion just quickly enough to wrest the weapon from her and toss it into the water near by.

I think this brought him to himself, as it was something more tangible to cope with than a woman's tongue, and he held her hands while she struggled like a mad creature at bay.

"I cannot kill you, then!" she cried. "I am sorry I attempted it; but I can hurt you more than the loss of life would!"

She leaned forward and whispered something low in his ear, which made him loose her hands and stagger like a drunken man, with a face of ashy paleness.

"Yes!" she cried, triumphantly, "you may well throw me off like a viper! For, although I did the deed, you also are guilty of it! Do you think, after you had once told me that you loved me, I was going to let any man living stand between us, even though he was my husband and your friend? Now, with that sin between us, will you take the pure heart of Marian into your keeping?"

I shall never forget the disgust and horror with which Cornell cast the woman from him. It seems like a frightful nightmare even at this remote distance. When once he thoroughly understood her words he fairly spurned her with his foot. He cursed her out loud, then buried his head in his hands and groaned until the drops of perspiration rolled in torrents from his brow with the horror of the moment.

But it was only for a few minutes he could give way to this, for it was soon evident that Elsie Garth was in the first stages of a delirium which knew no restraint, and, in spite of the loathing she inspired in him, common humanity made him turn to her assistance.

His strength would have been inadequate to the occasion had I not come to his aid. He did not ask any explanation of my presence; he seemed to divine that, in some way, I knew all, and wrung my hand in his agony.

"Thank God you were there!" he said; "for, at least, I shall not have to go through life without any one to share with me this frightful secret!"

Then we took the struggling, frantic creature, who, by this time, was groveling on the ground, a piteous

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spectacle of ruin and abasement, between us, bore her to the house, and to her own room, as quietly as we could.

It was soon evident, however, that her reason was gone, if only temporarily, and I went for physicians and help to the neighboring town.

Of the horror of the succeeding weeks I need not speak. The next morning Cornell was gone. He had fled to hide himself like a criminal. I could not blame him. I sent Marian Allen away; the atmosphere of such a house would prematurely poison her young life, its hopes and feelings—all still far distant from such a wreck of the passions as poor Elsie Garth's delirium-haunted soul.

When, at last, the fever passed, it left a shattered, weak, nerveless creature, prematurely aged, whom one could only pity, and I was not surprised one morning, after she had sufficiently recovered, to find that she had fled in the night, leaving no traces behind her, and taking with her only an old woman who had been her nurse in the days of her youth and innocence, and who was devotedly and faithfully attached to her.

That was the last we ever heard of or from her, except, years afterward, as I was lingering under the Gothic shadows of a northern-Italy cathedral, and a long line of dark-robed nuns passed me in mournful procession, chanting a *miserere* over the corpse of a sister recluse, I thought I recognized, from under the close-drawn hood of one of their number, a pair of flashing eyes that were strangely like those of Elsie Garth.

Cornell has never married. His name and fame are the pride of the city he comes from, but he himself still leads the erratic life of early manhood. He rather avoids society and its duties, and his pictures, wonderful as they are, have occasionally in them so tragic an element that a countryman of his remarked, in looking at one, that "it was odd so jolly a fellow as Cornell was should have such nightmares sometimes."

To me it is the trace of a great horror at times over him, which leaves its misery in their conception, as if he were haunted by the shadow of a crime he did not commit.

Marian Allen married, and is a happy wife and mother. She never suspected how near her skirts touched to a frightful wretchedness. She looks back, no doubt, to her feeling for Cornell as a girl's romance, without body or reason; but I know that, had it not been for the chasm that separated them, she would have made the happiness of Cornell's life.

I have tried to tell the story of my friends' lives as it really occurred, and as I remember it. If it seems too tragic for an episode of New England life, I can only say that it is, as Elsie Garth always struck me as being, with her fierce moods and outspoken passions, more like a relic of the uncontrolled medieval Florentine existence than of to-day, and, consequently, in our self-contained nineteenth century, nothing more nor less than "An Anachronism."

AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

Jack Manly had originally left New York as chief mate of a fine American clipper, bound to China. The country or empire was but little known in those days, and the bold heart of Jack throbbed with strange emotions as his eyes rested for the first time on the almost unknown barbarous coast. He had heard of large fortunes having been made by certain adventurers, who had nothing but their courage and shrewdness to depend upon. He had a mother and sister living in some quaint New England village, who were dependent upon him, and he resolved to leave the ship as soon as practicable, strike out in the golden land of promise, and wrest a fortune from the clime of the sun, thereby enabling his mother to pass the remainder of her days in peace and comfort.

He experienced but little difficulty in carrying out a portion of his cherished plan, viz., obtaining his discharge and walking the streets of Shanghai his own man.

With considerable curiosity he gazed about him; everything in that remote empire was strange, in direct opposition to what he had been in the habit of seeing. The compass pointed south instead of north; the men were rigged in petticoats, while the women wore trousers; a brush answered the place of a pen; and evil spirits were worshiped instead of the good.

His means were limited, but he found a congenial spirit at the Hong-Que Hotel, who was looking for a partner, and a bargain was quickly struck.

Tom Williams was also an American, a young man possessing some means and a good business education, who had been induced to visit China by the superior opportunities that were held forth. He was no sailor, Jack was well aware of that, but it made no difference in their compact.

Jack's idea was to purchase a lorcha, and trade up and down the coast, a business which at that time yielded an immense profit, but was also attended with danger and difficulties in a like ratio.

Williams had fallen into the idea with avidity; a light, handy craft was purchased, and the two embarked their all in the enterprise.

Jack sailed the lorcha, while Williams, who invariably accompanied him, transacted the business. They prospered finely, dividing upward of ten thousand dollars between them at the end of the first year.

At the time this sketch opens, the lorcha was lying off the City of Shanghai, riding quietly at her anchor, sheering to and fro as the rapid current of the Yang-Tse-Kiang (Son of the Sea) swept by.

The great river had lately been opened by the close, jealous policy of the Government, but few foreigners cared to avail themselves of the new field of enterprise. Although the profits would be enormous, it was a well-known fact that the broad, placid river abounded with pirates, who lurked in sundry hiding-places, like wild beasts in the jungle, for favorable opportunities to spring on their prey.

There had been a famine up-country, rice was in great demand, bringing fabulous prices, while opium was worth its weight in gold. The temptation was too strong for the two friends, and, despite the many dangers that would have to be encountered, they resolved to load up the lorcha with the much-needed rice, while a number of strong boxes containing the cherished but forbidden drug were quietly stowed away in the cabin.

The lorcha was well armed, carrying four twelve-pounders for broadside guns, with a good assortment of ammunition and small-arms. The crew consisted of twelve long-tailed Celestials, headed by a middle-aged, brow-beat fellow, commonly called a lowder. Between him and Jack existed a warm feeling of friendship, that had found its birth in rather a romantic incident.

XUM

It was when the lorcha had first been purchased. The craft was lying in the stream, with the strong Spring tides running swiftly toward the ocean. Jack and his partner were busy examining the vessel, preparatory to making a number of improvements.

A little sampan that had pushed out from amid the myriad of boats lining the river's bank had gained the centre of the stream, where the current ran the strongest. A stout Celestial stood in the stern-sheets propelling the boat, while the slender form of a native girl occupied the single seat appropriated to the use of passengers. Their passage was unexpectedly brought to a close by the sampan striking a sunken log, which instantly capsized the frail craft. A scream from the girl was the first apprisement Jack had of the catastrophe. He saw her, struggling wildly for life, sweep by the lorcha, while the Chinaman, paying no attention to the fate of his late passenger, busied himself in righting his boat.

Without a moment's hesitation Jack divested himself of his coat and boots, leaped over the rail and struck out for the girl, whom he eventually succeeded in saving from a watery grave.

She was really beautiful, not over seventeen years of age, with a soft, fair complexion, large, languishing eyes and raven tresses; an array of charms that was not lost upon the appreciative heart of Jack.

Dripping wet as he was, he had insisted upon accompanying her home, where he was introduced to her only living relative, an uncle, and that uncle now filled the position of lowder on board the lorcha.

The lowder had been profuse in his gratitude for the deed Jack had done, but his face, dark and swarthy, was sometimes clouded with a frown when Jack called to chat for an hour or so in the society of Lu Sha, who seemed to be perfectly happy with him near her. She was a native of the northern portion of China, where the females are noted for their beauty, discarding the misshapen feet and almond-shaped eyes that are typical of the great mass of Chinese women.

The above explanation has been necessary to enable the reader to fully understand the exciting incidents that followed the cruise of the lorcha up the Yang-Tse-Kiang.

Everything was in readiness for getting under way. The wind was fair, and the crew were all on board. The lowder stood in the waist, gazing with an abstracted air ashore, as if he was thinking deeply upon some subject near his heart.

Jack, in his bluff, hearty manner, approached the Chinaman, saying:

"Well, Tah Sing, what are you dreaming about? Is it Lu Sha that troubles you? I have not seen the girl for three months and upward. What have you done to her? I intended to have made her a cum-shaw (present) before going up river."

The lowder's face flushed slightly as he listened to Jack, and his dark eyes flashed with a strange expression as he replied:

"What ting wantchee cum-shaw. Lu Sha catchee piecee half bamboo. Hab gone up riber."

"Ah, indeed! I am glad to hear it. Perhaps we may see her. But no more dreaming. Yet, hark ye, Tah Sing, can we trust all these fellows? I have relied on you in obeying to the letter the instructions I gave you, and in case of emergency can you depend upon them?"

"Can do, first ship piecee man."

"Very well; remember our lives may depend upon them."

The lorcha was soon under way, skimming lightly over the bright blue waters of the river; Jack and his partner were in the best of humor, a feeling that seemed fully shared by the dark-skinned crew, whose spirits rose in proportion as the distance increased between them and Shanghai. Perhaps it was the anticipation of danger that excited their feelings and enlivened their movements as they glided quickly about the deck of the little craft.

A bright lookout was kept on all sides, and the numerous branches, creeks and lakes were closely scanned as the lorcha sped on her course. A wide berth was given to the Imperial war-junks that patrolled the river, as but little difference existed between them and the river pirates. It would have been rather an awkward position for Jack and his friend to have been caught three hundred miles inland with opium on board. No mercy could have been expected from the jealous barbarians, when the penalty for dealing in the article was death.

Cut off from all communication, they were thrown upon their own resources for defense, but, having gone unscathed through many a danger, the two friends felt but little misgiving as to the ultimate success of their bold venture.

Numerous villages were met with on either bank of the river, and the trading was as brisk as could be desired. The natives had an ample supply of money, but food of all kinds was scarce, and their cargo of rice brought in a constant stream of specie.

The lorcha did not remain many hours at any one place. Both Jack and Williams realized the danger that constantly hovered about them, and the treachery of the Chinamen is only exceeded by their cowardice.

They had penetrated the mountainous part of the river, where the scenery was grand, wild and picturesque, fully five hundred miles from the sea.

Fortune had favored them in all their undertakings; not a piratical junk had been seen, but few war-junks had been sighted, and they had proved by no means inquisitive, while the weather, clear and beautiful, was all that could be desired.

It was dusk when the lorcha dropped her anchor off the large, flourishing town of Kiva-chow, and Jack prepared to go ashore and see what the chances were of disposing of the five boxes of opium, the last articles on board composing the cargo with which they had left Shanghai.

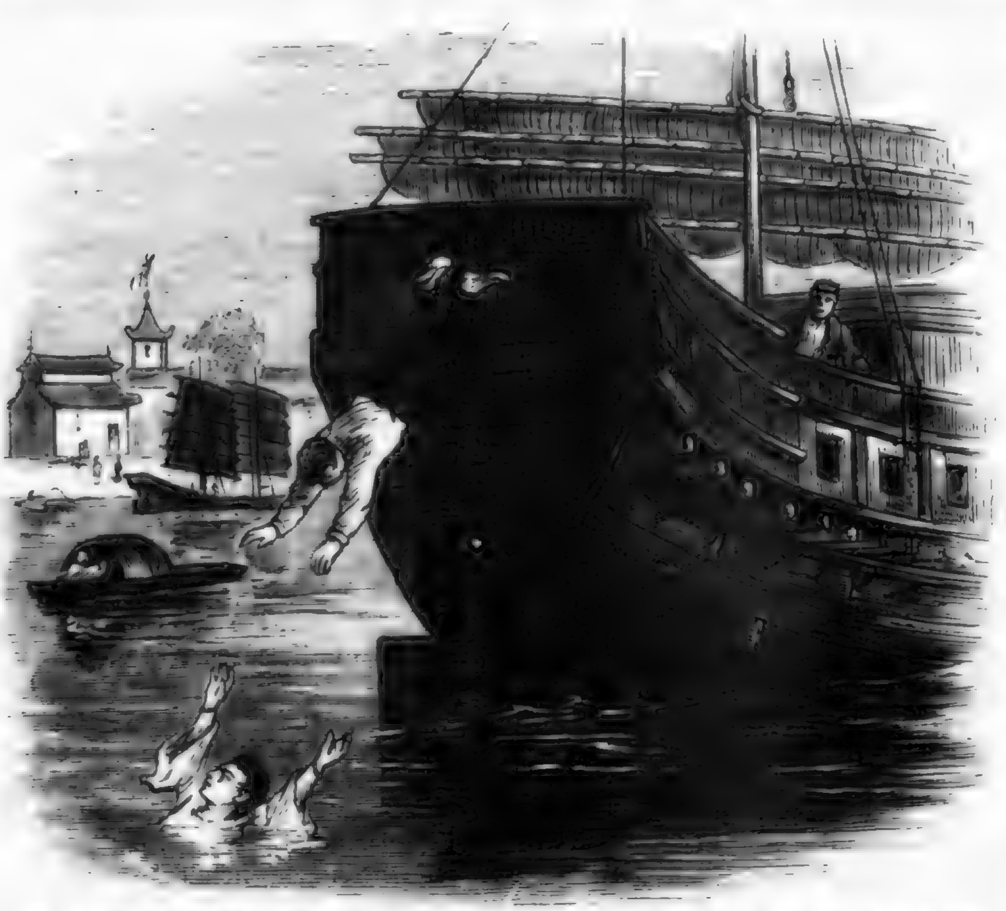
Williams's last word of caution echoed with a strange earnestness in Jack's ear as he shoved off from the side of the little vessel. The lights twinkled merrily ashore, the stars gleamed kindly above him, but long, dusky shadows crept tremulously across the river, causing a chill to run through his frame. But the lowder, with an impatient exclamation to the boat's crew, hurried them on, and Jack was soon landed on a small bamboo wharf, with naught but his brave heart and a pair of revolvers to depend upon.

The lowder had asked permission to keep the boat waiting for a short time, while he called on a former acquaintance, which request was granted, and they separated, each intent upon his own particular business.

Jack lost no time in calling upon the principal storekeepers of the place, informing them cautiously that he had a small quantity of the precious drug for sale. All were eager to purchase; so much so, that no surprise was manifested at the somewhat unusual sight of a *yang-quitzo* (foreign devil) being among them.

Full arrangements were made for the sale and delivery, to take place at an early hour on the following day, and, overjoyed at the result of his trip, Jack hurried back to the wharf, with the intention of hailing the vessel and returning aboard.

XUM



AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"JACK LEAPED OVER THE RAIL AND STRUCK OUT FOR THE GIRL, WHOM HE EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN SAVING."—SEE PAGE 278.

Picking his way carefully over the many obstacles that lay scattered about, he succeeded finally in reaching the wharf. It was intensely dark, several tall buildings casting deep, impenetrable shadows that added much to Jack's perplexity.

Out of a dark, secluded corner a light, graceful figure suddenly darted forth, confronting Jack, who, considerably startled, drew hastily back, while his right hand sought the trusty butt of his Remington. His heart beat a trifle quicker, but his nerves were steady as a die.

"Who are you, and what do you want of me?" he exclaimed, in a short, sharp, concise tone, at the same time advancing a step nearer to the strange figure, which had remained motionless.

"'Tis he—'tis he! and I savee your life!" was the strange response, followed by an impulsive movement, as the speaker wound a soft pair of arms about Jack's neck.

"Lu Sha! Good heavens, my brave girl! how came you here? What is the matter?"

For the girl was sobbing as if her heart would break. As soon as her voice would permit, the girl imparted to Jack the cause of her excitement and grief, clinging to him during the entire recital, as if fearful some unknown power would rob her of him who had so unconsciously won her young heart.

Jack had previously given her lessons in English during their stay in Shanghai; and, although she was by no means perfect, still she did remarkably well. Divested of the strange accent, the story she told was substantially as follows:

"As soon as my uncle became assured that you would surely proceed up the river, he hurried me off to this place with a letter directed to the petty mandarin, with strict orders to deliver it only into his hands. I obeyed his orders, never dreaming of danger, and it was only yesterday that I discovered the contents of that terrible letter."

"Well, Lu Sha, what was it? Tell me quick, good girl; this suspense is awful!" and Jack wiped the cold moisture from his brow.

"My uncle had bargained, with the assistance and connivance of the mandarin, to take the lorcha, murder you all, and divide the spoils. It was the mandarin he went to see this very night, and at this moment they are in full possession of your vessel, probably waiting for you to return."

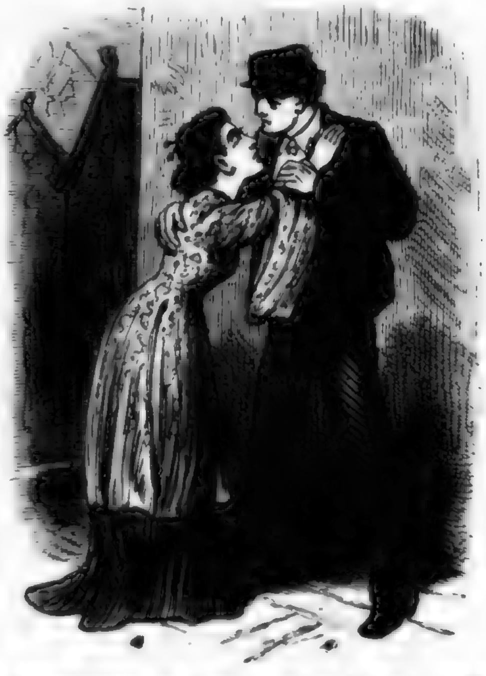
And the sobs welled up from her heart again as she thought of the danger that threatened him she loved.

Jack was in a fearful dilemma, with death staring him in the face; but, despite the fate that threatened to overwhelm him, he found time to think of Williams, and groaned as he imagined the poor fellow's fate.

Peering through the almost impenetrable gloom, Jack was barely able to descry the dim outline of the lorcha (now in the hands of bloodthirsty mutineers), which he must retake by some means, or forfeit his own life. It was the only resource left; and desperate as were the chances, Jack accepted the situation, quietly arranging his plan of action as he glanced toward the little craft that contained nearly the whole of his worldly goods. His face might have been a trifle paler, and his teeth somewhat firmer set than was usual with him, but otherwise there was no trace of emotion about him that betrayed the fierce excitement actuating his heart.

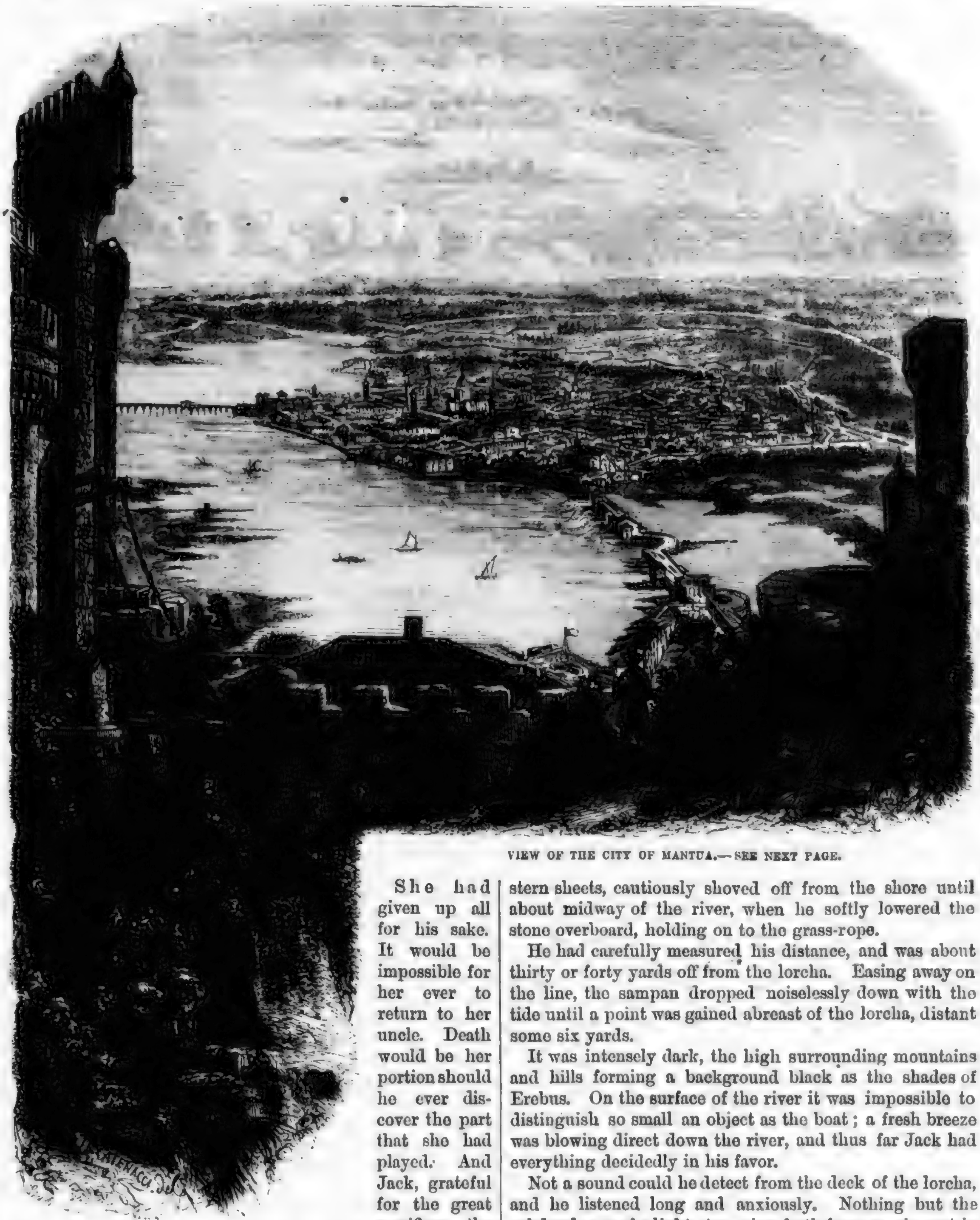
Thank heaven! he had his two trusty revolvers. They answered for the lives of twelve men, and each shot properly expended would be a strong blow for life and liberty. Once more aboard, with a good foothold on the lorcha's deck, and he would fight the long-tailed rascals as long as he could use a weapon and command the strength.

Such were the thoughts that darted through his brain as he stood on that dark, deserted wharf, with an arm about the brave, devoted woman who risked her life to save his.



AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"SHE WOUND A SOFT PAIR OF ARMS AROUND JACK'S NECK."

XUM



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MANTUA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She had given up all for his sake. It would be impossible for her ever to return to her uncle. Death would be her portion should he ever discover the part that she had played. And Jack, grateful for the great sacrifices the girl had made, bade her follow him—link her fortunes to him, be it for weal or woe.

Searching along the river-bank, floundering through the mud and rushes, a small sampan was finally discovered. A further search brought to light some thirty fathoms of light grass-rope, with a heavy stone attached, probably belonging to some fishermen, but which now stood Jack in good store.

The rope and stone were carefully placed in the boat. Lu Sha crouched in the bottom, while Jack, standing in the stern sheets, cautiously shoved off from the shore until about midway of the river, when he softly lowered the stone overboard, holding on to the grass-rope.

He had carefully measured his distance, and was about thirty or forty yards off from the lorcha. Easing away on the line, the sampan dropped noiselessly down with the tide until a point was gained abreast of the lorcha, distant some six yards.

It was intensely dark, the high surrounding mountains and hills forming a background black as the shades of Erebus. On the surface of the river it was impossible to distinguish so small an object as the boat; a fresh breeze was blowing direct down the river, and thus far Jack had everything decidedly in his favor.

Not a sound could he detect from the deck of the lorcha, and he listened long and anxiously. Nothing but the subdued rays of a light streaming forth from an air-port in the cabin was apparent, and Jack determined to take a nearer look before venturing to measure strength with the enemy.

By a slight effort he succeeded in sheering the sampan alongside, close under the counter of the lorcha, directly beneath the air-port, which was open. The sharp, metallic ring of gold was the first sound that struck on Jack's ears, followed by a low, monotonous hum, as if some one was counting. Slowly raising his head on a level with the air-port, he peered into the cabin.

There were his enemies gloating over the rich plunder that lay in profusion about the cabin floor—bags of gold and silver, boxes and packages of opium, together with cases of wine that had formerly formed a portion of the cabin small stores.

The mandarin was counting the money, coin by coin, while the lowder, his black eyes sparkling like diamonds from beneath his deep, shaggy eyebrows, watched every motion, followed every dollar with an avaricious, fiendish expression, that made Jack shudder in spite of himself.

"The villain!" he murmured, inaudibly; "this is the return I receive for my kindness. But you shall not enjoy your ill-gotten gains without receiving a gentle reminder that your humble servant is still able to pull a trigger."

A number of Chinamen sailors stood in the background, but Jack never stopped to count their number. He could discover no signs of Williams, but he had little hope of finding him alive.

Dropping the sampan under the stern, he peered into the cabin windows, two of which opened into his stateroom. The door of the cabin was partially closed, and the way was clear.

Whispering to Lu Sha to hold fast to the grass-rope, Jack bade her await there until fate had decided who were to be the victors. Pressing one warm, earnest kiss on her cold, trembling lips, the light, agile seaman swung himself up on the port-sill, passing quietly through the aperture.

Once in his stateroom, Jack was not at a loss how to proceed; he felt as if he had the battle in his own hands. Taking down a repeating-rifle which he had always kept loaded, he quietly allowed the stateroom door to swing back. The jar caused the mandarin to glance up from his absorbing work; he was directly opposite the stateroom door, and his eyes rested at once upon Jack, who stood like an avenging angel ready to shower death upon them. The coin dropped from his dirty, yellow fingers, his eyes opened wide with terror and amazement, while the lowder, surprised at the interruption, raised his glaring orbs to those of his superior's. Like a flash they darted across the cabin—glared for a single instant upon Jack, who had brought his rifle to his shoulder.

The lowder made a movement to reach his weapons, but a sharp crack resounded through the cabin, followed by a dull, heavy thud, as the treacherous lowder fell to the cabin floor, shot through the heart.

In an instant the scene was changed; a panic seemed to strike the cowardly hearts of the Chinamen, as in a body they rushed toward the companionway. Impeding each other's movements from their very eagerness, they afforded Jack the opportunity he most desired. With a quick, ready aim, he poured in his fire, sending a Chinaman to his long account at every report.

The gangway was finally cleared, and the survivors, with yells of terror, leaped over the rail, diving deep beneath the surface of the river, and were immediately lost in the gloom and obscurity of the night.

Jack had won an easy victory, and was by no means backward in reaping the fruits of his prowess. It was no time to hesitate. The Chinamen would soon be back in full force to wreak upon him a bloody vengeance.

Lu Sha was called on board; with her assistance he made sail on the lorcha, the cable was slipped, and, running before the wind, Jack soon had the intense satisfaction of seeing the lights of Kiva-chow disappearing astern.

All sail was crowded upon the little craft, Jack never leaving the helm until daylight had dawned. Then he resigned it to Lu Sha, while he busied himself in seeking for some trace of poor Williams. But beyond spots of blood that stained the deck, no trace of his partner could be found, and the manner of his death was for ever buried in mystery.

Fair winds and fine weather continued to favor the lorcha. Pirates and war-junks were successfully eluded, and all thoughts of danger vanished when the welcome lights of Shanghai loomed up through the still night-air.

Jack lost no time in making the devoted Chinese maiden his lawful wife, and, satisfied with the money he had made, and the experience gained in Chinese waters, he made no delay in taking his departure for his native land, where he was enabled to pass the remainder of his days in comparative luxury and ease, never regretting that he had a Chinese wife whom he had gained on that eventful night.

MANTUA.

Mantua stands on the "smooth-sliding Mincius," and is surrounded by lakes and marshes, which add at once to its strength and its insalubrity. The city is situated on two lands, between which flows the River Mincio. The communication between the island and the mainland is by several bridges, the longest of which, the Ponte di San Giorgio, forms the principal approach to the city. The latter is entered by five gates, one of which, the Porta Mulina, presents a curious specimen of ancient engineering.

It is not by any means a handsome city, although it contains many fine buildings and the remains of works of art called into existence by former sovereigns.

Mantua struck me as having a desolate appearance, except in the central parts, where there is commercial activity; but it contains many fine streets, the Via Larga being the widest avenue. Among the handsomest squares are the Piazza di Virgilio, surrounded by elegant houses; the Piazza del Erbe, where the market is held; and the Piazza del Argine, with a marble pillar crowned by a bust of Virgil.

In the sixteenth century, "Mantua la Gloriosa" was one of the most rich and gay of the courts and cities of Italy. The Gonzagas, who first obtained the ducal dignity, were magnificent patrons and promoters of the arts and of literature. Mantua has seen sack, and fire, and pillage. During the "Thirty Years' War" the city was taken by storm, and during three days was given up to plunder. The Germans on this occasion executed their work of devastation with great system and regularity. They got exceedingly drunk; they neither killed a man, nor insulted a woman, nor burned a house; but they stripped the town of everything it contained. The plunder was valued at 8,000,000 ducats. The city capitulated to Napoleon in 1796, after enduring the most ghastly extremities.

Some of the buildings in Mantua have remarkable histories attached to them. One of the first that I visited was the ancient Castello di Corte, the palace and fortress of the Gonzagas, built in 1393. It is flanked by deeply machicolated and noble towers, but now battered and decayed. It was used by the Austrians partly as a prison, chiefly for political offenders, and partly as public offices. The interior was richly decorated with frescoes, which were perfect till the conquest of Lombardy by the French; now only a few vestiges can be traced in some of the rooms occupied by the public offices.

Adjoining the Castello di Corte is the ominous edifice begun in 1302 by Guido Buonacolsi, now containing 500 rooms. Giulio Romano, Raphael's favorite and most distinguished pupil, was engaged upon the building, where he exhibited new proofs of his inexhaustible powers, and of his genius.

This palace was the favorite residence of the later members of the Ducal House. The Emperor Joseph bestowed much care upon it; several of the rooms were furnished anew during the French occupation, and by the Austrians to receive the Emperor Francis. Many of the apartments retain much of their former splendor, but a great proportion have been converted into storehouses and barracks.

Opposite this edifice, with its gothic windows, stands the palace of Castiglione, in one side of which is the Bishop's residence, and in the other that of the Guerrieri family. Close to the latter is an ancient tower annexed to the palace, built in 1302. About half-way up projects an iron cage, from whence this building derives its name of *Torre del Gabia.* According to the traditions of the city, when any criminal deserved to be put to shame, he was exposed in this cage for three successive days, and for three hours each day.

The Palazzo della Ragione, begun in 1250, is a superb specimen of the architecture of the time. A large archway of brick and stone forms a prominent feature in this building. Inserted in the wall is a Gothic throne and canopy in terra cotta, supported by twisted and facetted columns. Beneath the canopy, in a niche, is a mutilated sitting statue of Virgil. It is in the neighborhood of this palazzo that the city is most unchanged. The principal churches are the Cathedral of St. Peter, San Andrea and Santa Barbara, all more or less rich in paintings, particularly the last, which also contains in its sacristy a golden vase attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. San Maurigio contains the "Martyrdom of St. Margaret," one of the finest works of Ludovico Carracci. The Church of San Andrea is 310 feet in length. In a crypt beneath the high altar is a shrine where are preserved the blood of our Lord, collected by the Centurion Longinus, and the remains of the latter.

A curious specimen of ancient engineering is the Argine del Mulino, the bridge, or, rather, dam, constructed in 1188. It stands between two of the pieces of water which surround Mantua, one of which being of a higher level than the other, serves as a great milldam, and turns the wheels of the twelve mills which flank the bridge, which are severally dedicated to the twelve Apostles. Each mill has the statue of an Apostle. The bridge itself is covered, and is entered by a fortified tower or gateway. Near the Porta Mulino is a sawmill, which is, perhaps, the earliest example of such machinery. It was built in 1400, and on the occasion of my visit was in active operation.

The Beccheria, and the Pescheria, the shambles and the fish-market, stand upon the Mincio, so that they are always clean. They were built by Giulio Romano, and, whilst the plan is exceedingly simple, he has given them, and more especially the Beccheria, no inconsiderable degree of architectural beauty. The Palazzo Colloredo, in the Via Larga, the widest thoroughfare in Mantua, repays a visit, the frescoes by the pupils of Giulio Romano being especially remarkable, introducing as they do portraits of sovereigns and princes.

I visited Giulio Romano's house, also the Palazzo del Diavolo, or Palace of the Devil, which wears a dreary, deserted and haunted look. It is said to have been built by the foul fiend in the course of one night, he having been constrained thereto by the divining-rod of Hazel, which in Germany used to be employed for the discovery of treasures. Near the Devil's Palace is the Teatro Sociale. The Academy of Fine Arts, founded in 1775, contains some splendid pictures from suppressed churches and convents. The Scuole Pubbliche contains 80,000 printed books, a few very curious MSS., and some beautiful missals. The Museo Antiquario formerly held the finest collection of antiquities in Italy.

The Ponte San Giorgio crosses over the lake, and is upward of 2,500 feet long. It was on a lovely Summer's eve that I strolled along this quaint old bridge—it dates from 1401—and obtained my first prolonged view of the towers and castles and cupolas of Mantua.

Outside the walls, and a few hundred yards from the Porta Pustula, is the Palazzo del Tè. The palazzo consisted originally of stables, but Giulio Romano having received a *carte blanche* from Gonzaga, he erected this magnificent pile in the space of five years—one apartment in which, the Hall of the Giants, is remarkable for its wondrous paintings by Romano and his pupils.

Mantua is a bishop's see, erected in 808, and contains a number of educational and charitable institutions. It also boasts a botanic garden, a Chamber of Commerce, a house of correction and a military arsenal.

Mantua is supposed to have been founded by the Etruscans, 400 years before the building of Rome, and it came under Roman power 197 B.C. It derives its chief classical associations from Virgil, who has celebrated it as the place of his birth in several particular passages in his works. Charlemagne gave it its first fortifications, which, in modern times, were completed in their present form by the Austrians. The population of Mantua is 290,000.

ISAURA.

IN his cozy study the Rev. Paul Gilford was writing his sermon, and his subject was "Charity." He was young, he was ardent, and full of religious fervor, and his pen passed rapidly from one side of his snowy paper to the other, while his eyes burned with enthusiasm. He was alone in the parsonage, his sister being away at a teaparty, and having given the servant an "afternoon out." There was nothing to interrupt the clergyman in the discharge of his duty, and he worked patiently till the sermon was finished, and he turned again to the first pages to revise it.

The little mantel clock struck nine, and before the last stroke died away, a feeble knock sounded at the outer door of the house. Mr. Gilford listened. The sound was so very faint that he almost doubted if he had heard it at all. He sat motionless for some seconds, and then put aside his pen, and opened the study-door. The hall light burned brightly, and a pleasant warmth crept out from the sitting-room grate and the dining-room stove, Miss Gilford having left the doors of both rooms open. But without, the cold was very bitter, though it was a calm, clear night in January.

The clergyman opened the outside door, and there fell across his feet a figure that had evidently leaned against the panels for support—a senseless figure, pallid and rigid as a corpse.

The good man, after the first start of horror, stooped and looked into the white, senseless face, and even in the first surprise and consternation he noted how extremely beautiful it was.

Lifting her very tenderly, Paul Gilford carried her to the sitting-room, and placed her upon the wide lounge,

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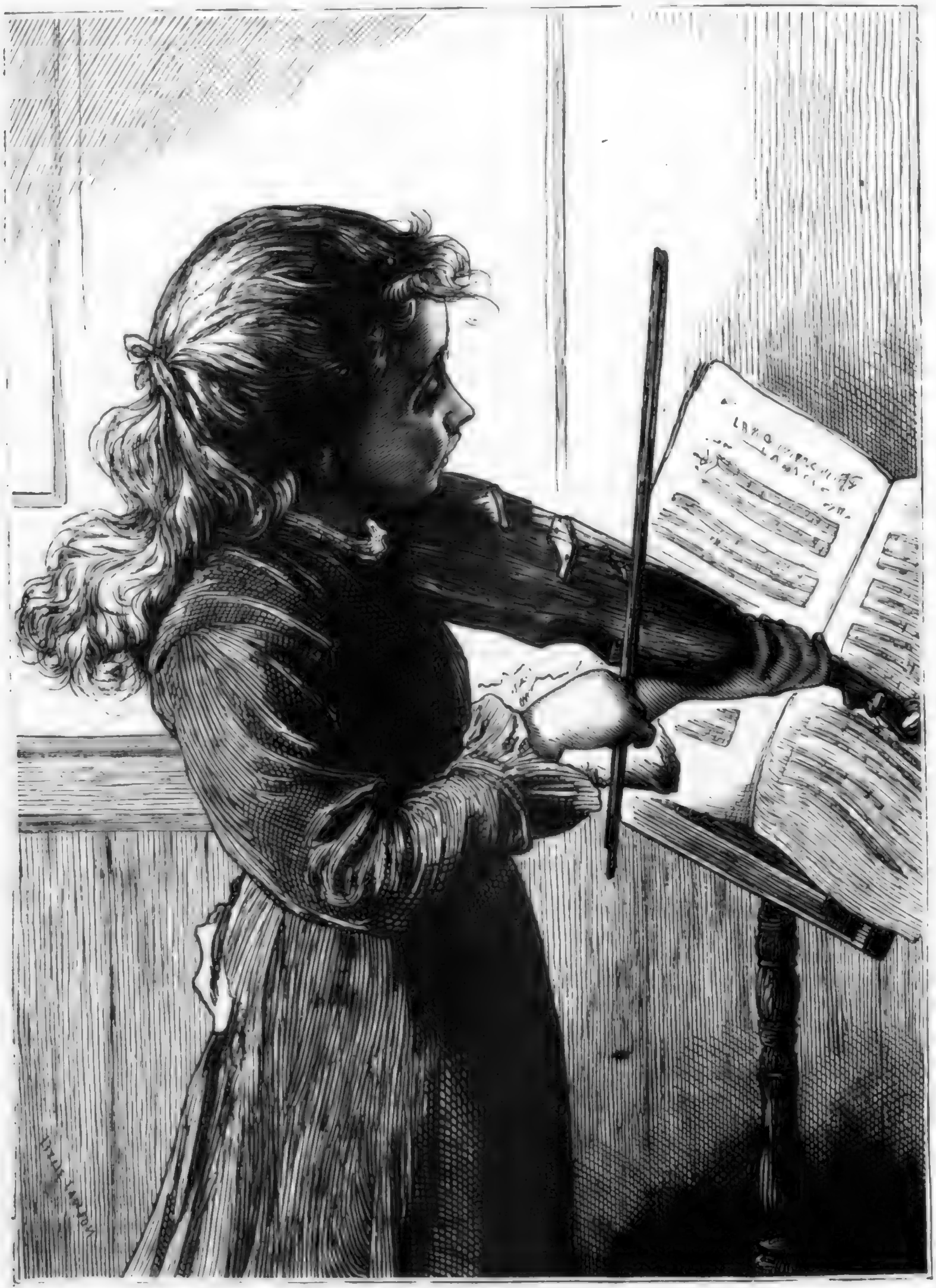


THE LESSON ON THE VIOLIN.

where he loosened the heavy cloak and hat, and chafed her temples and hands. Failing to revive her, he went for wine, and moistened the pale lips, still without producing any consciousness. He was still trying to force some of the stimulant into the mouth of his unbidden guest when the door opened again, and Miss Ruth Gilford, a spinster, twenty years older than her half-brother, came into the room.

"Well, if ever!" cried Miss Ruth, dropping the basket containing her Sunday cap, in her consternation.

"I am glad you have come, Ruth," her brother said. "This poor creature fell senseless upon our steps. cannot revive her."

"Go to your study!" snapped Miss Ruth. "I'll bring her round. All the sense a man's got," she continued, as her brother obediently departed, "trying to bring a woman out of her faint with her corsets laced! Poor creature, indeed! Well, I guess not! Velvet cloak, French merino dress, kid—*kid slippers!* real lace on her underclothes. There, she's coming round!"

A pair of large blue eyes looked into Miss Ruth's face, as the woman sighed heavily and tried to rise.

"Lie still," said the spinster, abruptly. "Are you sick?"

"Starving and freezing!" was the reply, in a low, faint voice.

"Humph! I'll get you something to eat," said Miss Ruth. "Starving with a diamond ring on her finger, and such clothes on her back! Looks odd! Well, I s'pose we can't turn her out to starve," she muttered, as she bustled about the kitchen, making tea and cutting bread for toast. "Gracious, Paul, what a start you gave me!"

For her brother entered noiselessly, and faced her as she turned from the cupboard.

"Is she better, Ruth?" he asked, with an eagerness in his voice scarcely natural under the circumstances.

"Yes, she's better. Says she's starving and freezing! Paul, do you know who she is?"

"I? Certainly not. What put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Nothing. You've written too long. You are as white as a ghost. Go to bed. I'll take care of the girl."

"You—you—will not turn her out again?" he faltered.

"Do you think I am a brute?" cried the spinster, indignantly. "Whatever she may be, I'll feed her and let her rest to-night."

Paul was forced to be content with this assurance, and returned to his study. He took up the pages of his sermon to revise, but he could not give his thoughts to his work. Ever between the paper and his eyes he saw the beautiful face of the senseless woman, death-like in its pallid stillness, and yet far surpassing in beauty any he had ever seen.

He was a dreamy, sensitive man, under twenty-five, and he had been far too much of a student and enthusiast in his profession to know much of millinery, yet even his inexperience could not blind him to the fact that the wanderer who had fallen across his feet wore no beggar's dress, and was no pauper.

In the meantime, Miss Gilford, having given her patient some warm tea, had prepared the spare room leading from the sitting-room for her reception, and assisted her in undressing.

But a little after midnight, while Paul Gilford was still in his study, his sister entered hurriedly.

"Thank goodness, you are up," she said. "Go for a doctor as quick as you can. I believe the woman is dying!"

"Dying!—dying, Ruth?"

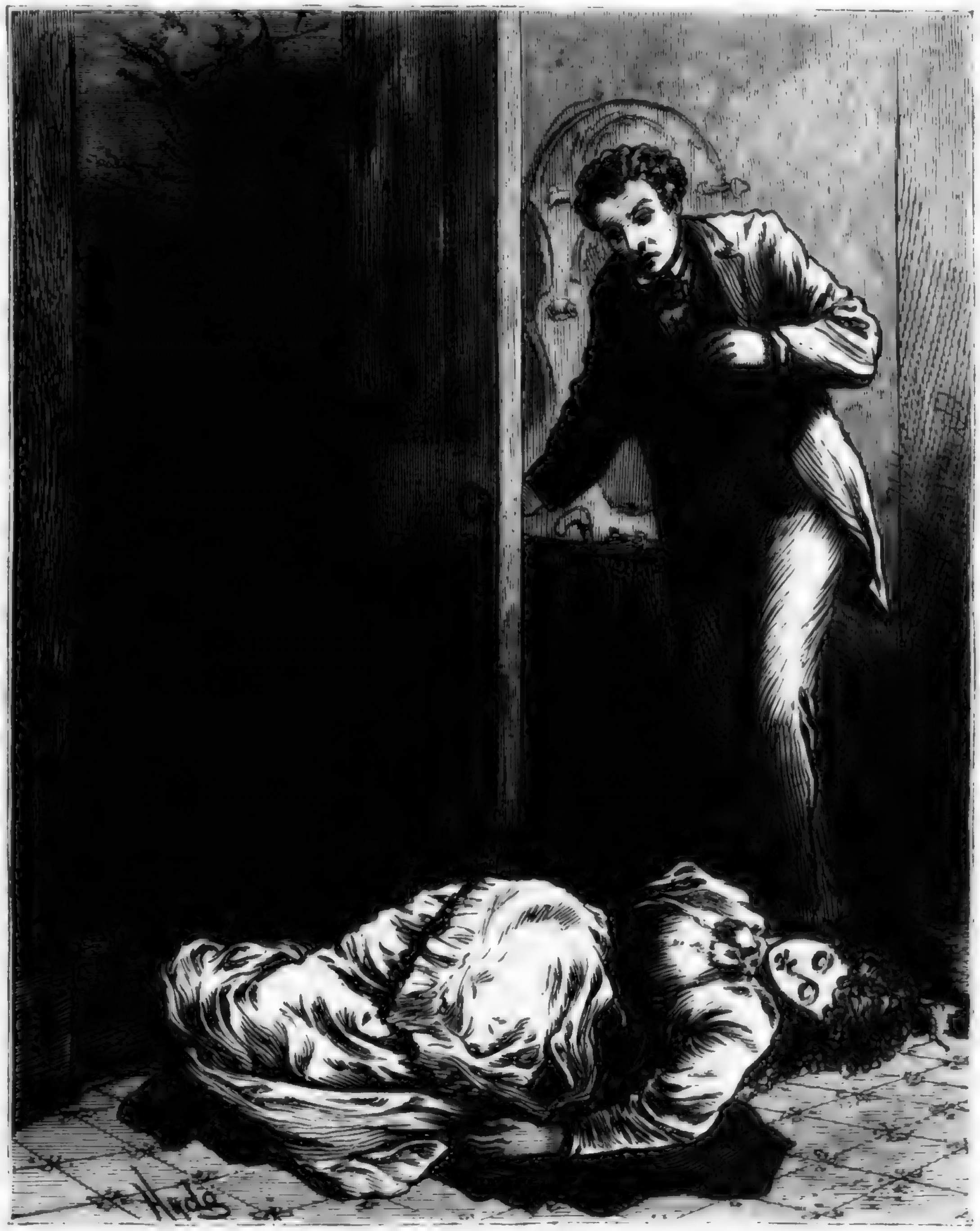
"Yes. Don't lose any time. I have done all I can."

She bustled back again, and her brother started at once for the only physician in Norland, an old gentleman, slow of speech, deliberate in action, yet of experience and skill.

And after that, for many long days, Paul lived upon news from the spare room where the stranger battled for her life with typhus fever, brought on, the doctor decided, by exposure and exhaustion.

Ruth brought bulletins and information to the study, and Jane Ann, the domestic, attended to the Reverend Paul's creature comforts. Ruth told him the stranger raved of one Godfrey, in piteous, loving tones, entreating him to take pity on her and leave her, and Paul Gilford felt his heart contract with a mad jealousy of the unknown man.

For he loved her! He knew it from the moment he



ISAURA.—"HE OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR, AND THERE FELL ACROSS HIS FEET A FIGURE THAT HAD EVIDENTLY LEANED AGAINST THE PANEL FOR SUPPORT: A SENSELESS FIGURE, RIGID AS A CORPSE." SEE PAGE 283.

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pushed the heavy hair back from the marble brow, and tried to revive life in the still form. Insane as the love must be, knowing nothing of the woman, he knew that never had he felt his heart stir for living woman as it did for this pale, senseless one. She might be an idiot, he told himself, scorning his own mad folly, a maniac, an outcast; but when she passed from his life, she would take away a portion of his future hope he could never replace.

When Ruth told him the danger was over, and the patient would recover, he felt a wild joy that was a new experience in his quiet, uneventful life. He did not yield without effort to this strange interest and love. He lashed his conscience severely, blaming himself for letting any earthly hope take his mind from his holy calling, and yet, when he prayed for guidance, his lips formed words of petition for the life of the stranger, and that living she might love him.

The day came when the patient could sit up, and asked to see the clergyman, and Paul was admitted to the sick-room.

"I am glad to see you are better." Paul said, taking a seat beside her.

"I can never thank you and your sister," was the reply, in a low, sweet voice. "But for your kindness I must have died. I had not tasted food for three days when I saw you through your window. I knew this must be the parsonage of the church beyond, and I felt sure a clergyman would not refuse me a mouthful of bread."

"We are glad you came to us," Paul replied; "and now that you are better, I will write to your friends to come to you."

"I have no friends," she answered, mournfully. "When I am strong enough to walk again, I must go from here and seek work by which I may live. I cannot tell you who I am, nor where I came from. You may think the worst of me, and I must bear it; and yet, sir, though I am one of the most unhappy of living women, I am free from the sin of breaking any law of God or man."

"I am quite sure of that," was the reply.

"Thank you," she answered, simply. "Will you tell me where I am?"

"You are in Norland, a village but little known, I fancy, in the great world."

"You wonder how I come to be ignorant of my own wanderings," she said, sadly. "I left my home to escape a great peril—a peril to my soul. Oh!" and she broke into sobbing, "I was forced to fly away from fierce temptation, and I knew I must go far away. I left too suddenly to secure money, or even to change my dress, and I took a train, buying a ticket with all the money I had. I rode two days and one night, then I left the train, and walked on and on till I came here. Oh, if I had only died! If I had only died! I cannot tell you even my name. You will think——"

"I think you will be ill again if you agitate yourself in this way," said Paul, very gently. "Do not sob so. You must trust us. My sister and myself will try to find you work, when you are strong enough. In the meantime rest and get well."

He left her then, fearing for her if she talked longer, and went into his study, puzzled by her winning face and voice, and her strange story.

"Paul," Ruth said to him, putting her head in at the study-door, "I must speak to you."

"Come in, then."

"Mrs. Marvin has just been here, and all Norland is talking about her," and she jerked her finger over her shoulder in the direction of the spare room. "I told her it was a friend of ours come on a visit, and took sick on the way. I said her name was Mrs. Godfrey, though, goodness knows, the only name she gave me was Isaura, as outlandssh a name for a girl as ever I heard. So, if you are asked about her, we might as well both tell the same story. It will sound better."

"I will remember. But Ruth, you said *Mrs.* Godfrey. Did—did she tell you she was married?"

"She wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand."

And Ruth, considering her errand performed, left her brother to his meditations.

As the patient gained strength, Ruth told her the story she had started for the benefit of the villagers, and won her consent to the fraud, if fraud it was.

"Isaura Godfrey!" murmured the stranger, when she heard the name bestowed upon her; "Isaura Godfrey."

"You know you told me your name was Isaura," Ruth said, "and you talked about Godfrey when you were out of your head. I thought he might be your husband."

Very, very pale lips whispered: "Yes, he was my husband."

"You know 'tain't none of my business to interfere," said Ruth very gently for her, "but if you have quarreled, hadn't you better make up?"

"You mean to be kind," the white lips answered, "but I cannot go back. There was no quarrel, and I never loved my husband as I loved him the day I left him for ever. I cannot return to him, Miss Gilford."

There was an earnestness in the fair face, a solemnity in the sweet voice, that silenced Ruth Gilford.

When she thought Mrs. Godfrey was sufficiently recovered to work, she provided her with sewing, and paid her for it.

"You know, Paul," she told her brother, "that she will not be happy if she fancies she is dependent upon us, though, goodness knows, she don't eat more'n a sparrow. I can get your sewing done up for a spell, and mine, too, and we'll never miss the money."

"Miss the money!" said Paul, smiling. "How much of the income our father left us do we spend, Ruth?"

"Well, charity and all, about half," was the reply, "but you'll be getting married some day, Paul, and that'll make money fly."

The smile was gone now from Paul Gilford's face. Since Ruth had told him that Isaura Godfrey was a married woman, hiding away from her husband, the young clergyman had lived in a martyrdom none suspected. Day after day he saw the beautiful face he loved, now bending over some of Ruth's sewing, now moving about in some domestic duty, or still and sad, seeming to be living again in some painful past. Day after day the sweet, clear voice won him all unconsciously to deeper adoration, as the words spoken revealed the pure heart, the rare, cultivated intellect, the refined, gentle nature. And the dream of delight lived in her presence must be atoned for by fierce pangs of remorse when Paul was alone.

When she spoke, when he looked into her soft blue eyes, he forgot she was a wife, removed from his love by her misfortunes, whatever they might be. But when he was alone, he scourged his conscience with the keenest self-reproach. He called himself a traitor to the trust Isaura reposed in him, a sinner that he dared think of love, knowing his love was a crime. And in the mental conflict he grew pale and thin, while his face, always calm and dignified, became haggard, with feverish flushes, and wild, restless eyes.

Spring came to Norland, and Isaura was still an inmate of the parsonage. The organist of the church had died, and Isaura, taking his place for a Sunday or two, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The glorious voice that led the choir was never heard in song outside the church, but there it soared heavenward in wondrous power and sweetness.

Isaura had become part of the Gilford family, and Norland accepted her as the parson's friend, when one morning, going into the sitting-room, Paul found her stretched upon the floor in a deep swoon. In her hand was the newspaper from the city, sent every day to the parsonage, and which she always perused with interest.

A little water revived Isaura, and after a long fit of hysterical weeping, she gave the paper to Paul.

"Read here," she said, pointing to a long article, headed, "Melancholy Suicide of a Prominent Citizen," and Paul read aloud, while Isaura lay shuddering and weeping upon Ruth's bosom.

The article gave a long, minute description of the suicide of one Godfrey Welborn, who had taken laudanum, leaving a letter declaring his death caused by his own act. There was a little note found with this letter, and it contained only these words:

> "If my wife returns home, tell her I died loving her. She was right to leave me, but I cannot live without her."

There was silence in the room for some moments after Paul's voice ceased to read. Then Isaura, in a low, choking voice, said:

"I was that wife! I have killed him for whom I would have given my life; and yet, heaven help me, if I could live the sad story over again, I could only act as I acted then. You have been my kind friends while I kept my secret. Judge me now, when I tell you my story:

"I cannot tell you who I am. I was a street-beggar at four years old, and was adopted by a lady who kept me for thirteen years. She was very kind to me, sending me to the best schools, providing masters in music and languages for me, giving me every luxury her great wealth allowed, and introducing me to her friends as her adopted daughter. But she died suddenly without a will, and her brother's children claimed her property. They had always hated me, believing their aunt would leave her money to me, and they were positively cruel in their haste to turn me away from the only home I had ever known. Still, I was not friendless. Some of the friends of my adopted mother procured me pupils in music and German, and a room in a respectable boarding-house. Here I met Godfrey Welborn. I cannot now, in the face of his terrible death—I cannot tell you all I would like to tell. It chokes me! I loved him, and he loved me. There is the whole happiness and misery of my life. He was older by many years than I—nearly forty—a man of great intellect, of noble presence, of winning tongue, and a heart corrupted by years of pleasure-seeking. He won my love, and he satisfied his conscience, I cannot tell you how, to marry me. We were married in the church where I had been confirmed, and there were very many of my girlhood's friends present, for Godfrey was a wealthy man, and held a prominent position amongst his fellow-men. He took a splendid house, engaged a housekeeper and servants, and gave me every luxury immense wealth could command. I never doubted his goodness any more than I doubted his generosity or his love, and yet—oh, how can I tell it!"

Isaura paused, gasping and sobbing, while the listeners waited in painful silence till she spoke.

"Two years I lived with Godfrey Welborn as his wife, when, one evening while we were together singing, a gentleman came in—a grave, rather elderly man. As Godfrey's eyes fell upon him, he reeled back, white as death, crying:

"'Louis! you here?'

"'I am here,' the stranger said, in a grave voice, 'to see if what I heard is true.'

"'Hush! wait!' my husband said. 'She does not know,' and he pointed to me.

"'I am glad to think she is ignorant,' said the stranger, still in the same grave, even voice; 'but it is time she did know.'

"'Louis, spare her!' Godfrey cried.

"'*You* should have spared her,' he answered. 'Madam,' he said, addressing me, 'you do not know, then, that this man was married ten years ago, to my sister, who still lives?'

"'Lives in a madhouse in Paris!' cried Godfrey; 'a madwoman! I have hidden it well, for I do not consider her my wife. They lied to me, Isaura. They never told me she was insane till we were married, when I found out she had had insane spells from a child. I left her. I came home. No one here has ever heard of her. You are my wife, you alone. Go!' he cried to the stranger. 'You have told your story; leave me to tell mine.'

"He left us then as suddenly as he had come, and Godfrey folded me in his arms, and told me his love again and again. I was stunned, bewildered, and I could not resist him then. He told of the intrigues of the mother of the wretched woman in Paris to secure his wealth for her child. He was young, and believed himself in love, and he consented to a hurried wedding. In six months he was worse than widowed, finding his wife a maniac and an opium-eater. He put her in safe-keeping, and returned to New York. No one knew of the foreign marriage, and he might have married again any time in the years that passed, unsuspected. But he did not love again until he met me. Then, satisfying his conscience by the thought of my poverty and loneliness, and the life of happiness he could give me, he committed bigamy to win me.

"'You are my true wife,' he told me, 'and I will never give you up. We will go away from here if you wish, though I believe I can buy the silence of Louis Legrave. Wait for me here while I talk to him. He went into the library when he left the room.'

"Then he kissed me and left me. I had been too much dazed with the misery and wretchedness of the sudden revelation even to speak, but when I was alone I knew that I must act, and at once. Godfrey said truly that he would never give me up. I felt that I had no strength to resist him if he came back to me. I loved him so deeply, I dared not trust my own resolution when he pleaded lovingly. I crept up to my own room, found a cloak and hat, took my purse, with what money was in it, and fled. But for you the story of my life would have ended on the January night when you took me in."

Ruth drew the trembling, sobbing woman into a close embrace, her own tears falling fast on the raven curls. Paul raised one of Isaura's hands to his lips, whispering:

"You have been sorely tried, but there will come comfort in the future—the comfort of a pure heart and clear conscience."

There was no claim made on Godfrey Welborn's property by the woman who had been introduced to his New York friends as his wife, and in time it was divided among the heirs-at-law.

But a year after the suicide there was a quiet wedding in the parsonage at Norland, and Paul Gilford found love for love in the heart he sought to win, while in his tender devotion Isaura forgets the sorrows of her younger days.

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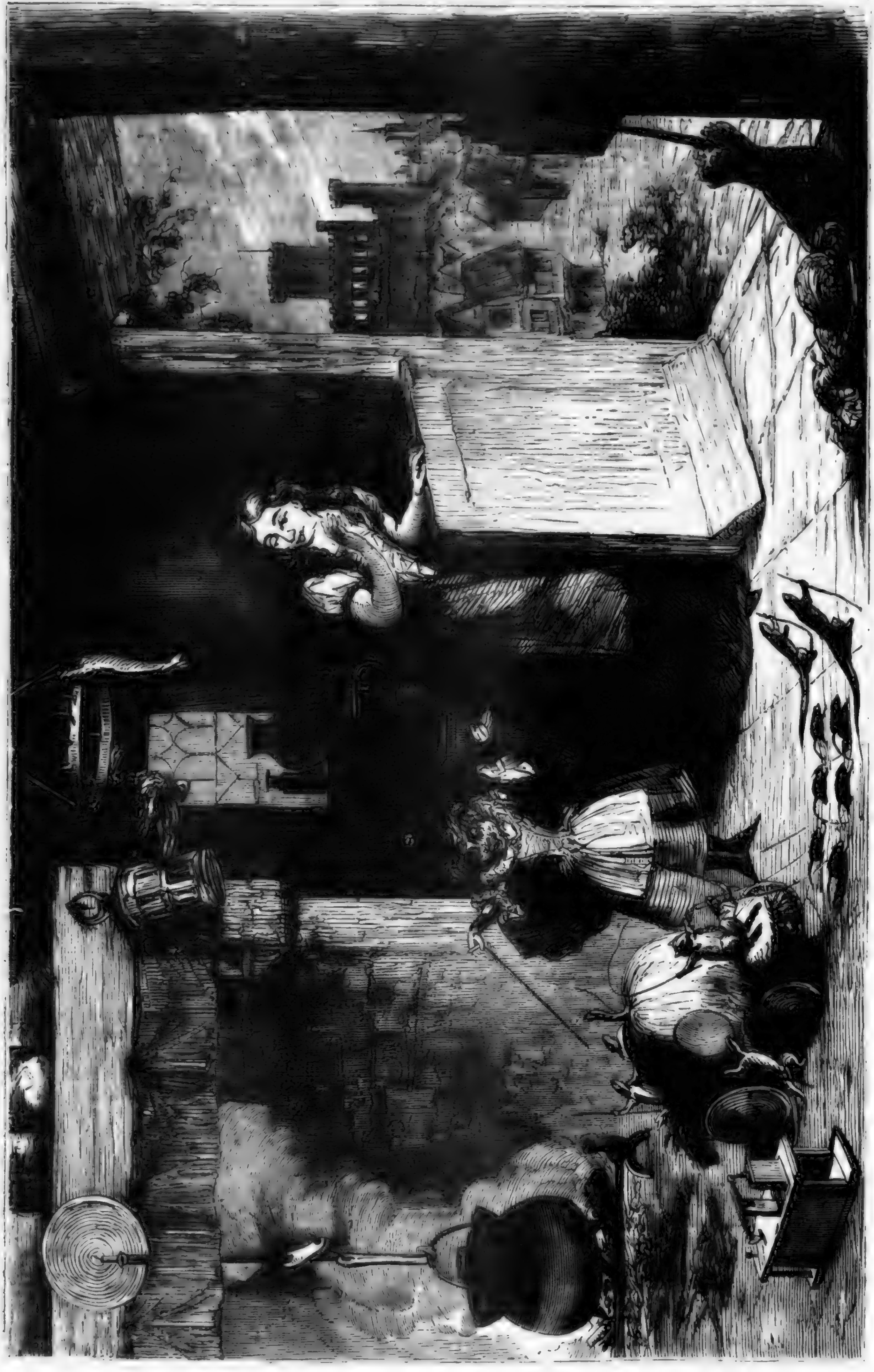

CINDERELLA AND HER FAIRY GODMOTHER.

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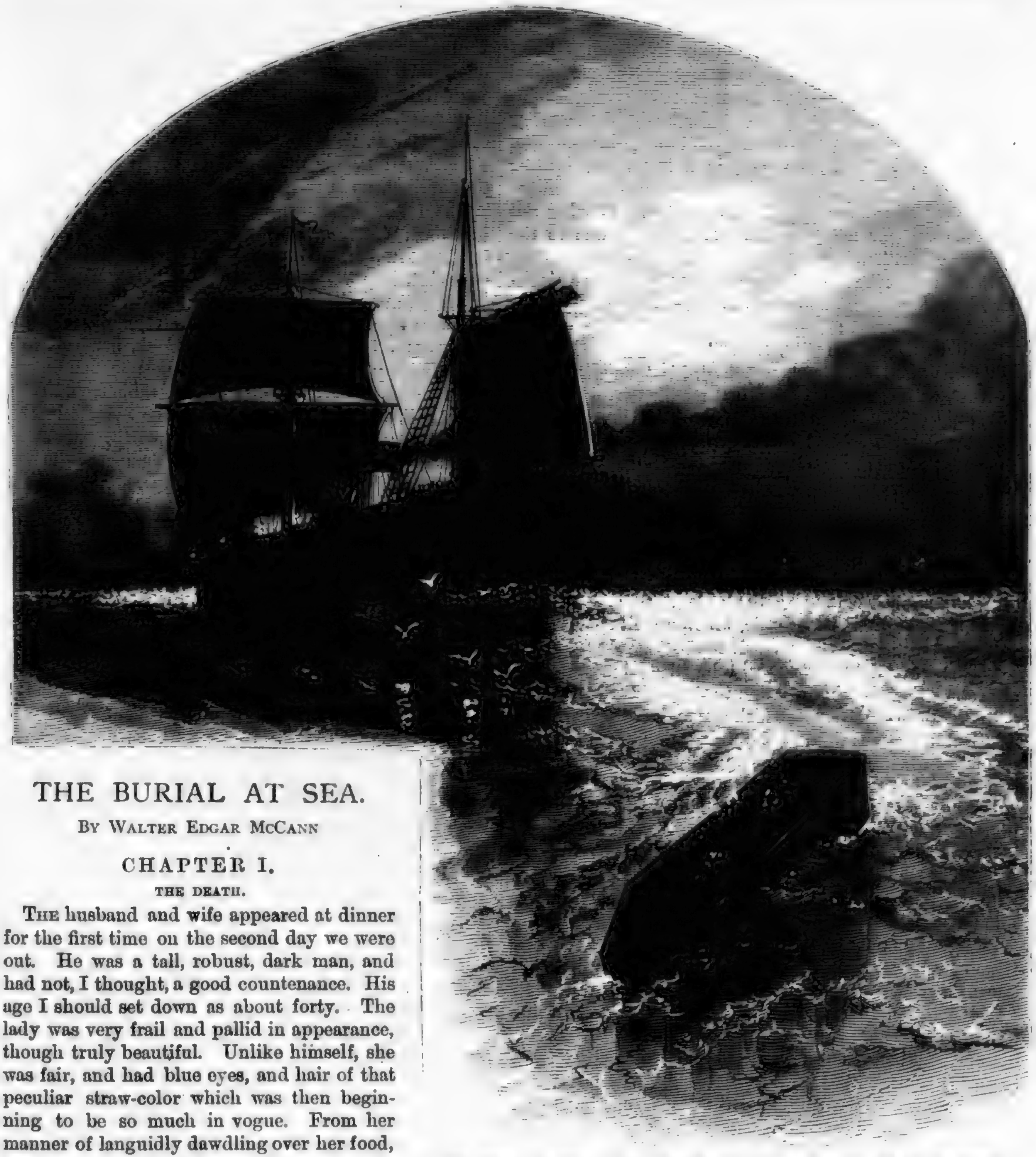

THE BURIAL AT SEA.—"IN THE CREAMY TRACK WE LEFT BEHIND US, RISING AND FALLING WITH THE WAVES, WAS A BLACK OBJECT I KNEW FULL WELL—THE SINISTER COFFIN CONTAINING THE DEAD LADY."

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

By Walter Edgar McCann

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH.

The husband and wife appeared at dinner for the first time on the second day we were out. He was a tall, robust, dark man, and had not, I thought, a good countenance. His age I should set down as about forty. The lady was very frail and pallid in appearance, though truly beautiful. Unlike himself, she was fair, and had blue eyes, and hair of that peculiar straw-color which was then beginning to be so much in vogue. From her manner of languidly dawdling over her food, it was easy to tell that she was an invalid, even if Captain Campbell had not already so informed us.

They were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Wellingsly. At dinner they made themselves far more agreeable than might have been expected of persons who, it was obvious, were naturally reserved.

There was a reason for this reserve. They were accompanied, I had already privately understood, by Mr. Wellingsly's sister—a lady terribly afflicted. She had lost her mind, and was, to speak plainly, a hopeless imbecile. She was kept in a room communicating directly with the stateroom of her relatives, where she might be constantly watched over. No one on the ship had seen her since she first came aboard, deeply vailed, and dressed entirely in black.

That evening, to our surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Wellingsly appeared again in the main saloon, where the rest of us were amusing ourselves with cards, music and conversation as best we could. They entered just at a point when there was a lull in our proceedings, and for a moment the faintest embarrassment ensued.

A few straggling remarks were made as an endeavor to cover this hiatus, and then Mrs. Wellingsly, without seeming to perceive the slight awkwardness of the situation, went quickly over to the piano.

"I had quite forgotten one might be likely to find a piano aboard ship," she said, pleasantly. "What a comfort on a long voyage!"

I ventured a wish that she would play for us. Without that usual affectation which marks most performers upon this instrument at a similar request, she consented readily, and ran her hands quickly over the keys, striking the chords with a touch that undeniably indicated a true artist.

She played a beautiful composition, by whom I know not, but with such skill as is rarely indeed associated with the performances of an amateur.

Shortly after its commencement her husband came over to the sofa where I was seated, and took his position beside me. Presently he said, in a low voice, leaning toward me:

"Poor Clara seems quite herself to-day. She has not been so well for many weeks. It must be due to the change of air."

It did not strike me till afterward that this was a singular remark from him addressed to me, a total stranger. I therefore answered:

"Your wife is an invalid, then?"

"Oh, yes," he rejoined, surprised, his tone seeming to convey that he had supposed I had readily perceived that; "I might even describe her as an incurable invalid, since it is impossible to find out her peculiar ailment. I try the ocean voyage as a last resource. Something tells me it will fail, as everything else has failed; and sometimes," he continued, falling abruptly into a melancholy reverie, and speaking to himself, "I have a presentiment that she will never reach the end——" and his voice died away. He was lost in dismal thought.

"This is an encouraging beginning," said I, to rouse him, indicating his wife's music, which was now all gayety.

He looked up and sighed.

"Yes; but to-morrow she will be ill again. There is always a corresponding reaction to these fits of health and spirits. Between my wife's sickness and my poor sister's dreadful affliction, I have, I think, more troubles than one human being should be doomed to bear. If I repine, as I certainly sometimes do, it is not strange."

He was still speaking in that musing tone, more to himself than to me, and rather in sorrow than querulously.

"My sister has lost the use of her mental faculties from paralysis," he went on. "*Her* case is hopeless, absolutely. I do not expect her to improve. But you see, sir, my wife is still young and apparently strong. She need not die, if we could only find out her disease, because we should know, then, what to try as a remedy; but who can tell? I have consulted medical authorities innumerable. They talk of 'decline,' 'decay of vital power,' and all that; but not one could give me any satisfactory explanation as to the primary cause."

Here we were interrupted by the music coming to an end. Some one next called upon the performer for a vocal selection, but Mrs. Wellingsly laughingly declined, on the ground that she had no skill in that direction whatever; but she referred us to her husband.

Brightening immediately, he rose and went to the piano, and, to his wife's accompaniment, sang, in a rich, round baritone, with occasional bass effects, an air from "Fra Diavolo." For one who disclaimed any pretension to musical knowledge, it was certainly a remarkable effort.

I was already interested in the man, and not unfavorably; but that night we had no further private conversation. Next day he and his wife made their appearance again. I then learned that the afflicted sister was perfectly docile at all times, and could be with safety left to herself, though the precaution was always taken on these occasions to lock her in the room.

In the evening Mr. Wellingsly read to us, and read well; also sang again, and told several amusing stories, and the time passed away delightfully under agreeable auspices.

Finally, they performed in a little charade—a charming trifle, adapted by Mr. Wellingsly from Alfred de Musset. Toward the close of this miniature comedy the lady suddenly fainted. There was naturally much alarm and sympathy; but the husband was the first to recover his self-possession, and remarked, upon the lady's return to consciousness, that he thought the matter nothing very serious, but merely the result of over-exertion; and so they retired, amid general regret, to their apartments.

The following morning, neither having appeared at breakfast, I knocked at their room-door. Mr. Wellingsly answered, and earnestly invited me to enter. I complied.

His wife was sitting, paler than usual, in an easy-chair. Through the door that led into the adjoining chamber I perceived a figure dressed in deep black, her back to me, and standing by the little window that looked out upon the sea. This person was, of course, the afflicted sister.

My call, which I had intended to be merely brief and ceremonious, extended somehow to a visit. My new acquaintances proved more agreeable than ever—in short, when I left them they were no longer simply acquaintances, but friends.

From this time forth the lady remained constantly in her apartment. She was, visibly, in fast-declining health, the reaction dating from the fainting fit during the charade. She did not seem to lose flesh; but from her descriptions as to how she felt, I could not but perceive that the vital power was slowly but surely decaying.

One day, when we were alone by accident, she suddenly said, in a whisper, with a quick glance at the imbecile, who was, as always, in the next room:

"I know I am dying, Mr. Thorndyke, but it is not a matter of regret."

I offered some commonplace—I forget what.

"No," she replied, declining any such polite formula: "my husband will be made a happier man. I was not his first love. There is a lady in New York, whither we are now bound, whom he worshiped passionately—whom he remembers still with affection, regret, and, I cannot help believing, with hope as well. He will marry that lady if I do not survive this voyage."

Before I could well fathom this, our confidential situation was, to my regret, interrupted. Another opportunity did not come to pass, although I visited my friends several times a day. The surgeon of the ship, at my request, also saw the lady. He told me that he could make nothing of the case.

"I suspect," said he, "that her disease is more imagination than anything else."

But he was not, in my opinion, a very competent man, and, moreover, he had a disease of his own, which injured his judgment materially, and made his opinions of little value. He was seldom sober.

Thus matters went on for a short time further, and then, suddenly, one morning soon after daybreak, I was roused from sleep by some one knocking at my door. I had not locked it. Mr. Wellingsly entered, and said:

"Come with me instantly. My wife is dead!"

I dressed hastily and followed him. The body was lying, still and rigid, upon the bed. Death—old as I am—unnerves me. I shall not say that I am afraid of a corpse; but I do not like to approach one closely. I stood some distance off, and heard the account of the lady's dissolution. She had been taken with violent illness but half an hour before.

"Off in a moment," said her husband; "just like a child."

He left me there while he went to inform the officers of the ship. I glanced around uneasily. In this wandering examination of the room, my eye fell upon something lying on the floor by the bed. It was a scrap of printed paper. I picked it up, and found it to be an apothecary's label. On it was printed the single word "Arsenic." For an instant I was thunderstruck. The symptoms he had described were those of poisoning by arsenic. Before I could examine my mind more carefully (I am by habit cautious in this respect) Mr. Wellingsly returned.

"It is no great matter, now that she is gone," he said, sadly; "but the circumstance is shameful of itself. Dr. Clarke sat up all night over a bottle of brandy, and, having just gone to bed, is not in condition to leave it."

I left him for a walk on deck. The news had already got about that Mrs. Wellingsly was dead. Three of the sailors, with stern and gloomy faces, were holding a confab.

"No luck while there's a corpse aboard," I heard one of them say, shaking his gray head. "I hope it'll be put out of the way as soon as the box is ready."

The others assented heartily. Captain Campbell made his appearance, and ordered them to their work.

"You, Tom Brown," he said, addressing one of the men, who eyed him with a sombre stare, "go and send the carpenter to me. There's a coffin to be made."

CHAPTER II.

BURIAL AT SEA.

"SAD business for poor Wellingsly," said the captain to me, when the sailor had left us.

"Very," I rejoined. "A strange affair, too."

"Yes; so sudden. I can't think what was the matter with the unfortunate woman. We shall all miss her as well as her husband. Clarke told me he could not understand her case."

"Not very remarkable, so far as he is concerned," I said, dryly. "He is seldom in a state to understand anything. When he was sent for a while ago he was unable to come."

The captain frowned.

"So I have learned. The question is, where did he get his brandy last night? I gave positive orders that he should have no more yesterday morning, and every one denies having given him any. His private stock, I *know*, was exhausted."

"A very unsafe person to act as surgeon of a ship," I remarked, still more dryly.

"Safe enough, and able enough, when he is himself," said the captain, with some emphasis, and glancing at me sharply. "He has his weakness. We are none of us perfect, sir." And with this he walked away.

I was not disturbed by the captain's evident displeasure; but I was very uneasy indeed at the recollection of the scrap of paper which I had found, and which I still held. After breakfast I retired to my private quarters for reflection.

I recalled one circumstance vividly—Mrs. Wellingsly's confidential communication with regard to the lady her husband was to meet in New York. With this fact I associated others that will occur to the reader, and need not be rehearsed, and also several surmises. Among the rest, I remembered my first impressions in regard to Wellingsly—unfavorable. I had not thought well of his countenance. This is a small thing with many; but with me it had its weight in full.

Later in the day I learned that the carpenter had made the coffin according to the measurement taken by the husband himself. This was singular of itself. What was still more strange, he had, unassisted except by the imbecile sister, placed the body in the coffin and screwed it down.

I asked the carpenter, from whom I had this information, what reason Wellingsly had given for his peculiar course.

"Well, you know, sir," said he, "there's another person there. The gentleman seems kind of ashamed to let her be seen. She's an idiot like, I believe, sir."

After all, it was not unnatural that he should desire to guard his afflicted relative from the rude curiosity of the men of the ship; but had he no other reason?

Could it be possible that he feared some one might detect that his wife had died an unnatural death?

Anything perishing by such a violent agent as arsenic would naturally exhibit tell-tale traces after the extinction of life. These signs are so abnormal as to be absolutely unmistakable. Mr. Wellingsly, I was aware, was a very shrewd man.

A thought suggested itself. I went directly to the chamber of death. He was courteous enough till I hinted my object. Then he looked vexed and disturbed.

"Impossible," he said. "You have no idea how revolting appearances are in a death under such circumstances as these. The body is now screwed down into the coffin, and the funeral will take place at one o'clock. This haste is against my wishes, but the sailors complain while there's a corpse aboard. I shall thank heaven when all is over."

Remonstrance and petition were useless. He spoke of his love for his dead wife, and he would not permit sacrilege; and so my visit was unsuccessful.

Further reflection, after I had left him, convinced me that he was the person who had given the brandy to Dr. Clarke—with what object, I shall not state just now. But I felt that a post-mortem, even the most general, would establish that Mrs. Wellingsly's disease was not such a marvel, after all.

I was still sitting alone in my room, pondering upon this, when I heard the mournful tolling of the ship's bell. The hour of the burial at sea was at hand. I could hear the shuffling of feet upon the deck above me. The body was about to be consigned for ever to the awful deep—that grave of so many secrets. Henceforth investigation would be powerless. Nothing could be known till the day of doom.

I determined to forbid the funeral! Springing from my seat, I ran out of the room and up the companionway. The voice of the captain reached me as he read the burial service.

I had gained the deck and advanced among them, when the sailors released the black coffin, and it slid over the ship's side into the fathomless ocean!

CHAPTER III.

THE COFFIN FOLLOWS THE SHIP.

AS MR. WELLINGSLY passed by me, his handkerchief over his eyes, to go down again to his room, I pulled him abruptly aside and led him into mine. He stared at me in astonishment. I closed the door.

"Mr. Wellingsly," said I, "I know all. You murdered your wife. She died by poison. Look at this."

I showed him the printed label.

"I do not understand you," he replied, quietly.

"You understand me well. I have abundance of proof. For example, I know that you gave Dr. Clarke brandy last night, and *why!*" I, of course, had only conjectured as much.

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"He purloined the brandy from my room."

"You purposely placed it where he could get it. Now, you may rest assured that your crime shall meet general publicity, as surely as it has met discovery by me."

"Indeed! You are late. You should have announced your wonderful discovery before the body was thrown overboard. In that case, we might have had proofs instead of surmises."

"My first step shall be to unfold everything I know to the captain."

He nodded, approvingly.

"Do so. He finds it a gloomy day. Give him something to laugh at. In the meantime, good Mr. Thorndyke, permit me to go."

I made no opposition.

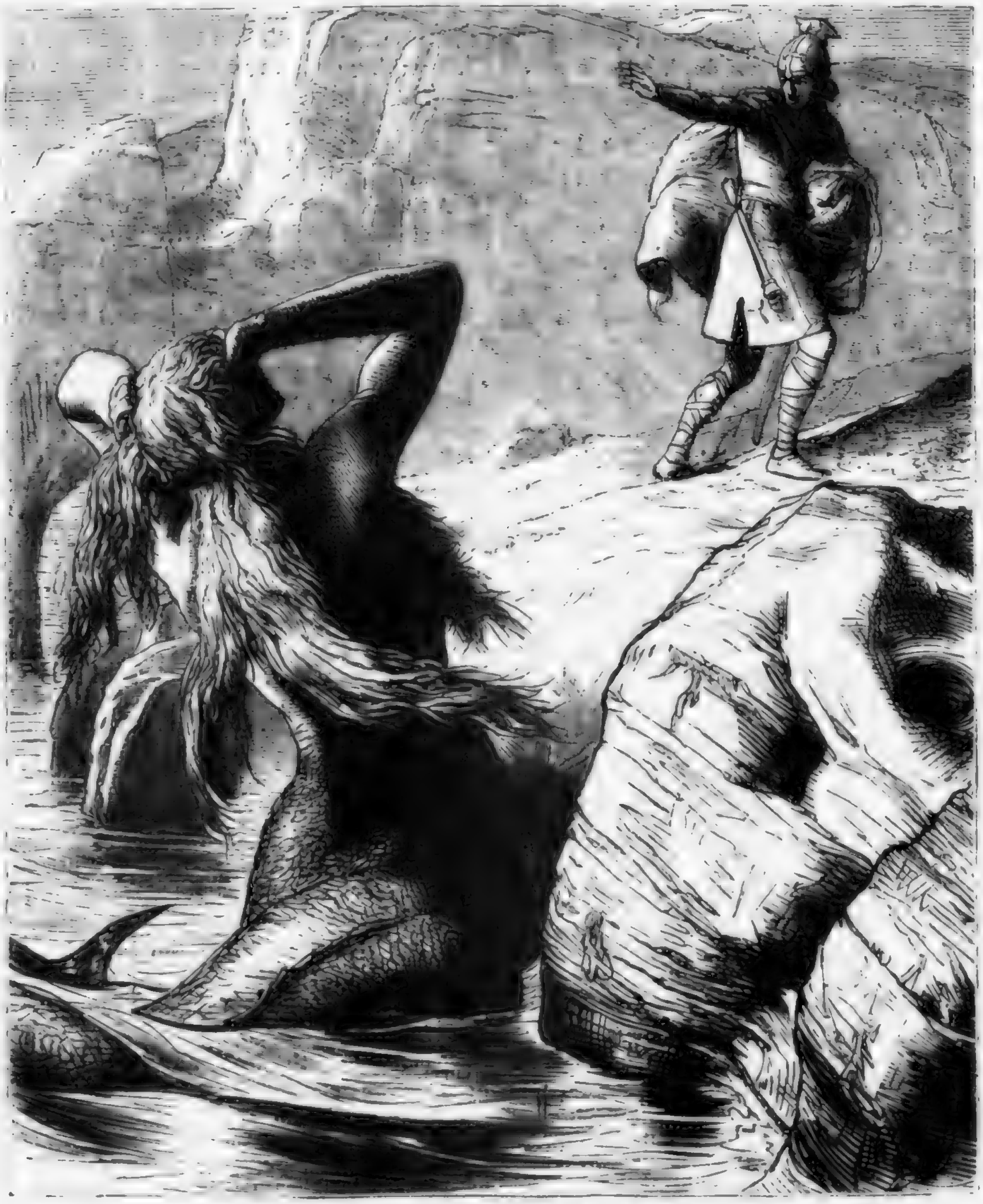
"I shall be careful," he said, "hereafter how I make friends among the promiscuous class of adventurers and *blackmailers* one is always sure to meet in traveling."

And with this thrust he bowed sneeringly and departed.

I was agitated and angry, and it was my resolve to speak to Captain Campbell without delay. Going up the ladder again, I met the old gray-haired sailor of whom I have before spoken. His corded and weather-beaten face was ghastly pale, and I could perceive that he was quite unnerved.

"I have been on the sea forty year, or nigh it, man and boy," he said, with a terrible oath, "and I never afore see the like o' that—nor heered of it!"

He pointed aft. The whole ship's company were assembled in a crowd at the stern, looking over in weird silence at something that was in the sea.

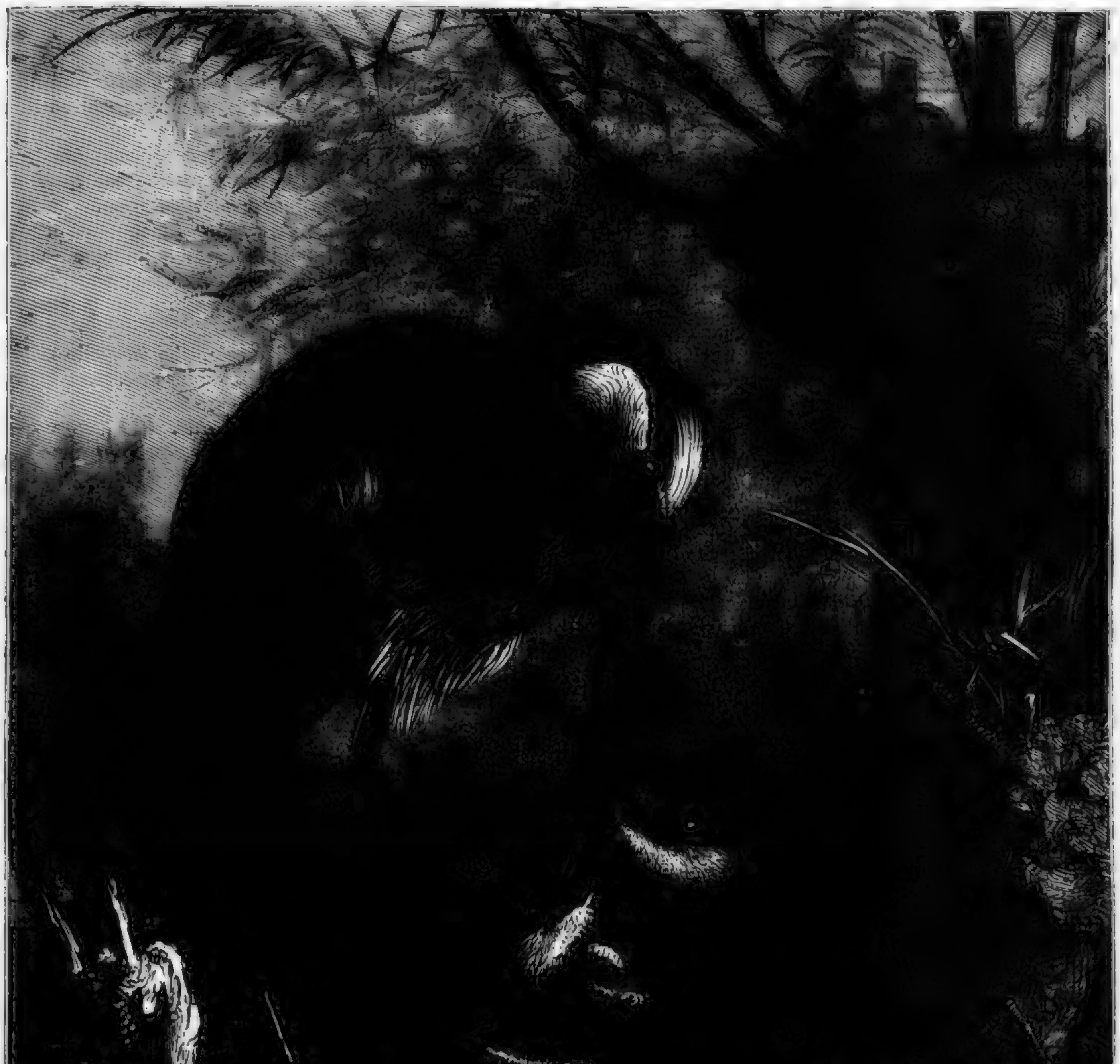


THE MERMAID.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 295.

I joined them, and asked what was the matter.

"The corpse of the dead passenger is following in our wake," said the second officer, in a tone of awe. "The coffin was weighted, but it did not sink. Look for yourself."

I did so. In the creamy track we left behind us, rising and falling with the waves, was a black object I knew full well—the sinister coffin containing the corpse of the dead lady. It was following our ship with a dreadful fidelity: an evil shadow not to be dissolved by the elements themselves!



THE HERON FEEDING HER YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 295.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APPARITION.

All day that horrible thing crept after us. The seamen, naturally superstitious, were almost ready to mutiny. Even the officers themselves were impressed.

In this condition of affairs I hesitated what to do, whether to mention what I knew and suspected, or to wait until we were nearer the end of our voyage, by which time the excitement would have assuredly in a great measure died out. Were I to speak now, I feared the consequences, remembering the story of Jonah.

I had a feeling of horror for the man Wellingsly, for to me he was the murderer of his wife as much as if I had seen him take her life before my eyes, but I did not believe in any such summary justice as tossing him overboard; which, had they known what I knew, the seamen would have immediately done.

I cannot describe the terrible gloom which hung over the ship while daylight lasted, for our ghastly attendant still crawled on in our wake. But at length night fell, and it was hidden from sight. Would it be there again next morning? Was it not yet following us in the darkness?

I could not sleep. There are moods when rest is impossible and nothing but action makes existence endurable for the time; and so I walked the lonely deck far into the night.

Very late I resolved to go below. The air was chillier, and perhaps my eyes had grown heavier than I really supposed. With one parting glance in the direction of the dismal sprite that had followed us—typical of the *atra cura* whose silent footsteps linger behind us all—I made my way down the ladder.

I shall now relate a truly startling fact:

My foot was on the third step of the stairway. A ship's lantern was burning on its shelf just by my shoulder, diffusing its light around.

I distinctly saw, and I would have sworn it by all my hope of salvation hereafter, the figure of the dead woman, Mrs. Wellingsly, dressed in white from head to foot, pass noiselessly along the little corridor two yards from me, and disappear at Mr. Wellingsly's door, apparently entering his room!

It was not fancy. I stood there for a second, not the least bit frightened, but experiencing the most intense surprise. My next movement was one of impulse—unreasonable, even thoughtless.

I went directly to Wellingsly's door, and knocked once, twice, and thrice. There was a sound as of some one rising from his bed. The door was opened, and the man himself appeared.

As soon as he saw me a scowl tightened and disfigured his dark features.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, sir?" he broke out violently. "I certainly think you are mad."

My embarrassment, grave as were the attending circumstances, had in it an element of the ridiculous. I had no excuse to make. Haply he saved me further distress on this point by sharply closing his door.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

Dawn revealed that the coffin had drifted from us during the night, and the relief of the crew may be imagined. I lost no time now in confiding all I had seen and inferred to Captain Campbell, who listened incredulously. He could not be convinced that there was even ground for suspicion, and when I related the spectral appearance of the previous night, he smiled. Evidently he thought me, as the phrase is "a little touched."

I succeeded, however, in obtaining his promise that Wellingsly should be detained upon our arrival at New York.

The remainder of the voyage was without incident. Wellingsly remained for the most part in his quarters, rarely coming upon deck, never addressing me.

Captain Campbell kept his word. By the first means of communication with land he sent a message to the authorities. Policemen, in plain clothes, appeared when the ship arrived, and kept watch while the passengers went ashore.

Wellingsly came from his room, the imbecile sister, heavily vailed, and in deep black, on his arm. An officer approached, and touched him on the shoulder.

"You must come with me," he said. "I have a warrant. You are charged with the murder of your wife. Say nothing, is my advice, for everything you say will be used against you."

"This is an infamous outrage," broke out Wellingsly. "I know where to look for the author of it. What is to be done with my poor afflicted sister?"

She suddenly tottered and fell. I had noticed her trembling.

"Look to the lady!" shouted some one. "She has fainted."

Another of the policemen stepped forward, and skillfully detached her vail.

I saw the face of the woman I had known as Mrs. Wellingsly, and whom I had thought lying at the bottom of the sea.

* * * * * * *

At the memorable trial afterward the truth appeared. The imbecile was in reality Wellingsly's wife, and not his sister. She was actually paralyzed just as he had represented. She had large wealth in her own right, which would go to him upon her death. He already madly loved the person whom he passed off as his wife.

Together they planned and successfully carried out—thus far, at least—the scheme I have detailed. The imbecile was strangled to death. For a few hours it was necessary for the woman Clara to simulate dissolution, which, as no one approached her near enough to detect the imposture, was cleverly done. The surgeon of the ship having been temporarily put out of the way, anything like a post-mortem examination was not possible. The poor wife, who was really dead, was then screwed down into the box, and the woman Clara at once assumed her identity as "the afflicted sister." Her overstrung nerves gave way at last, and, as it happened providentially, at the most critical moment.

All this appeared at the trial, which was long and interesting, and at which I was the chief witness. Clara Musgrave (her full name, she stated, though I have always thought the "Musgrave" assumed), between the conviction and sentence, made a confession. She afterward died in prison. Wellingsly destroyed himself.

An example of the fidelity of a Scotch collie is reported from Aberfoyle, in Perthshire. A shepherd, named Gregor Stewart, accompanied by his dog, attempted to cross Loch Ard, which was frozen over. The ice, however, broke, and Stewart slipped into the water. His cries brought assistance, and the dog sat on the ice near the spot where his master disappeared till the body was recovered.

THE MERMAID.

When seven long, lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more unshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"Oh, give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lovst of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring of crimson grain
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
It thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad—
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fins she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! She deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue;
And as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlit bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

Oh! sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea;
So sadly mourns the wreathed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent's sea.

And ever, as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE HERON FEEDING HER YOUNG.

The heron (*Ardea cinerea*), is one of the very few large birds which still linger among us.

On account of its great size, the heron makes a large and conspicuous nest on the summit of a tree, and, like the rook, is gregarious in its nesting. To watch the manners and customs of this bird is not an easy task, because the shy nature of the birds renders them difficult to approach.

It is a very pretty sight to watch the great birds as they go to and from their nests, bringing food to their young, or flying to the lake in search of more fish. Numbers of the heron may be seen at the water's edge, sometimes standing on one foot, with their long necks completely hidden and their bayonet-like beaks projecting from their shoulders. For hours the birds will retain this attitude, which to a human being would be the essence of discomfort, and it is wonderful how they can so long keep up the muscular energy which is expended in holding up the spare leg and keeping it tucked under the belly.

Now and then, one of the herons seems to wake up, and after a stretch of the neck and a flap of the wings, walks statelily and deliberately into the water, through which it stalks, examining every inch of bank and every cluster of weeds as it passes along. Presently the bird pauses, and remains quite still for some time, when the long neck is suddenly darted forward, the beak disappears for a second among the reeds, and presently emerges, with a fish, frog or water-rat in its grip.

The real beauty of the heron can never be appreciated until it is seen at liberty, and in the enjoyment of its natural life. It suits the locality so well that when it flies away the spot has lost somewhat of its charms. As it stands in the water, intent upon catching prey, the drooping feathers of its breast wave gracefully in the breeze, and the ripples of the sunlit water are reflected in mimic waves upon its gray-plumed wings.

Generally it cares little for exerting itself until toward the evening, but then it becomes impatient and restless, and is not quieted until it has obtained some food.

Some anglers have an idea that the heron is one of the birds that ought to be ranked as "vermin," thinking that it destroys so many fish that it ruins an angler's sport. Consequently, they kill the bird whenever they can manage to do so, and flatter themselves that they are doing good service in preserving the breed of fish. Now, even were the entire diet of the heron to consist of fish, the bird would really do but little harm, because it can only take food in shallow water, and is seldom to be seen more than a yard or two from the bank. But the diet of the heron is by no means exclusively of a fishy nature, inasmuch as the bird eats plenty of frogs and newts, and will often secure a water-rat, even when fully grown. It is seldom that fish which are of any value to the angler come where the heron could catch them, and even if they did so, their size would prevent the bird from taking them.

When the heron flies to its nest from any great distance, it generally ascends to a considerable height, and is in the habit of uttering a curious and very harsh cry, which at once tells the naturalist that a heron is on the wing. When a heron passes immediately over the observer, the effect is remarkable, the long legs and slender body looking like a large knitting-needle supported on enormous wings.

To see the heron alight on its nest or on a branch is rather a curious sight. The bird descends, drops its long legs, places its feet on the branch, and then flaps its huge wings as if to get its balance before it settles down. The rustics have an idea that a heron is obliged to allow its legs to dangle on either side of the nest while it sits on its eggs, and some will aver that a hole is made in the nest through which the legs can be thrust. It is scarcely necessary to say that the construction of a bird's legs

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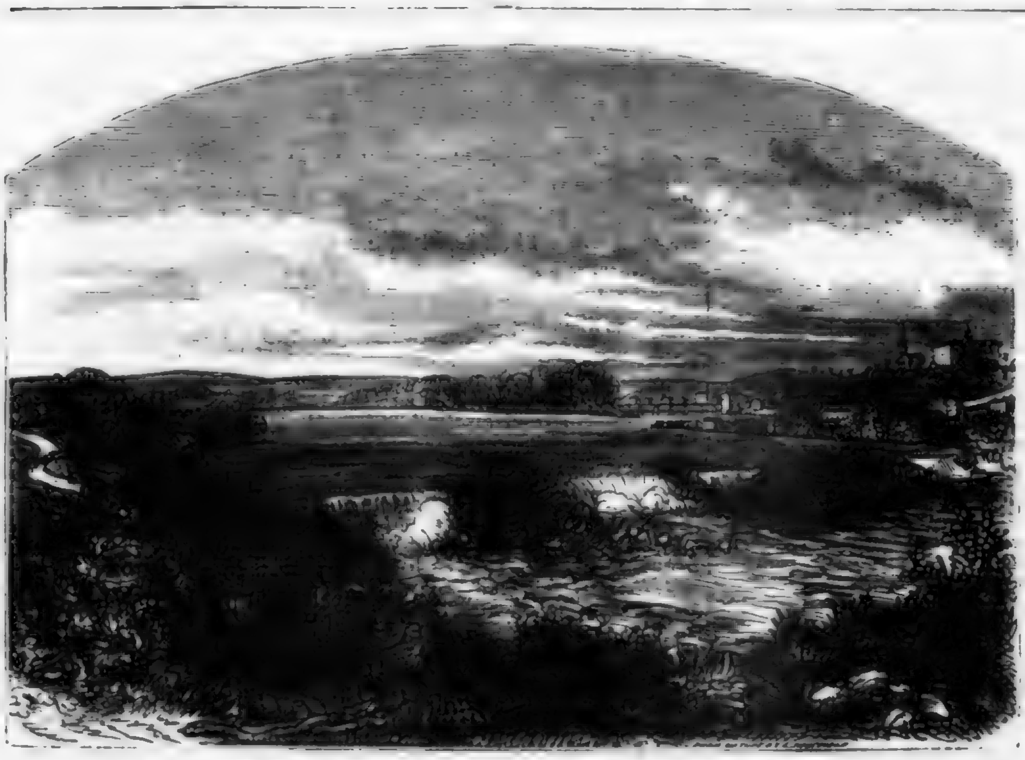


THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA, FIRST DISCOVERED IN MAY, 1680.

prevents it from assuming such an attitude, and that the long heron can sit as easily upon its pale-green eggs as the short-limbed domestic fowl on her white eggs.

The best known of our American herons are the Blue Heron, the great Blue Heron or Crane, found in the Northern States; the Snowy Heron, the great White Heron; and the Louisiana Heron, of the Southern States.

THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

It will be two centuries this year, 1880, since the adventurous Recollect Missionary, Hennepin, one of La Salle's Mississippi exploring party, discovered and named the falls of the Upper Mississippi.

La Salle, alarmed at receiving no tidings of the *Griffin*, a vessel which he had built to ply on Lakes Erie and Michigan, started back, directing one of his men, Acau, to proceed to the Mississippi with Father Hennepin and one other, and to explore the river. The party fell into the hands of the Sioux, and were carried up the Mississippi.

In his account, Father Hennepin says: "Continuing to ascend the river ten or twelve leagues (above the St. Francis), the navigation is interrupted by a waterfall which I named the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, in gratitude for the favors which God did me through the intercession of this great saint, whom we had taken as patron and protector of all our undertakings. This Fall is forty or fifty feet high, and there is a rocky island of pyramid form standing in the midst of the falling waters."

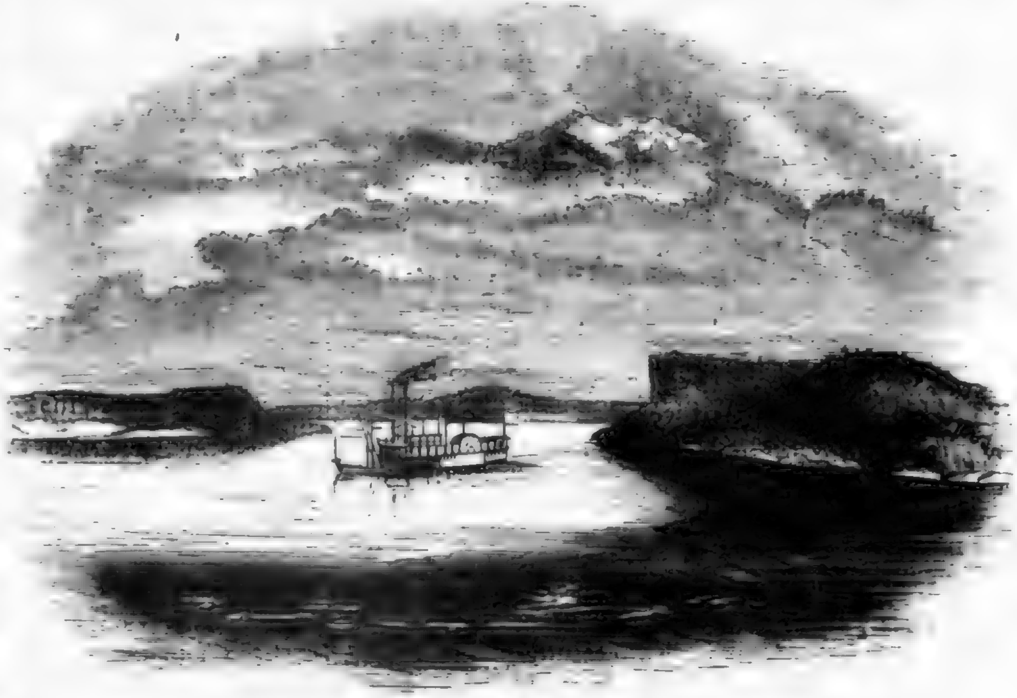
To this Fall the Indians paid a kind of worship, for the old missionary tells us that subsequently, "as we were making the portage of our canoe around the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, we perceived five or six of our Indians who had gone ahead, one of whom had climbed into a tree opposite the great waterfall, where he was crying bitterly, holding a well-dressed beaver-skin, whitened inside, and trimmed with porcupine quills, which this Indian was offering as a sacrifice to this cataract, which is in itself fearful and admirable. I understood him, while shedding large tears, address the Fall: 'O Thou, who art a spirit, grant that the people of our nation may pass safely here without misfortune; that we may kill buffalo in plenty, overthrow our enemies, and bring slaves here, some of whom we will kill before Thee. The Messenecqz (Foxes) have killed our kindred; grant us vengeance on them.'"

This robe thus offered in sacrifice was, however, soon after appropriated by one of the Frenchmen, who seemed to have little respect for Indian usages.

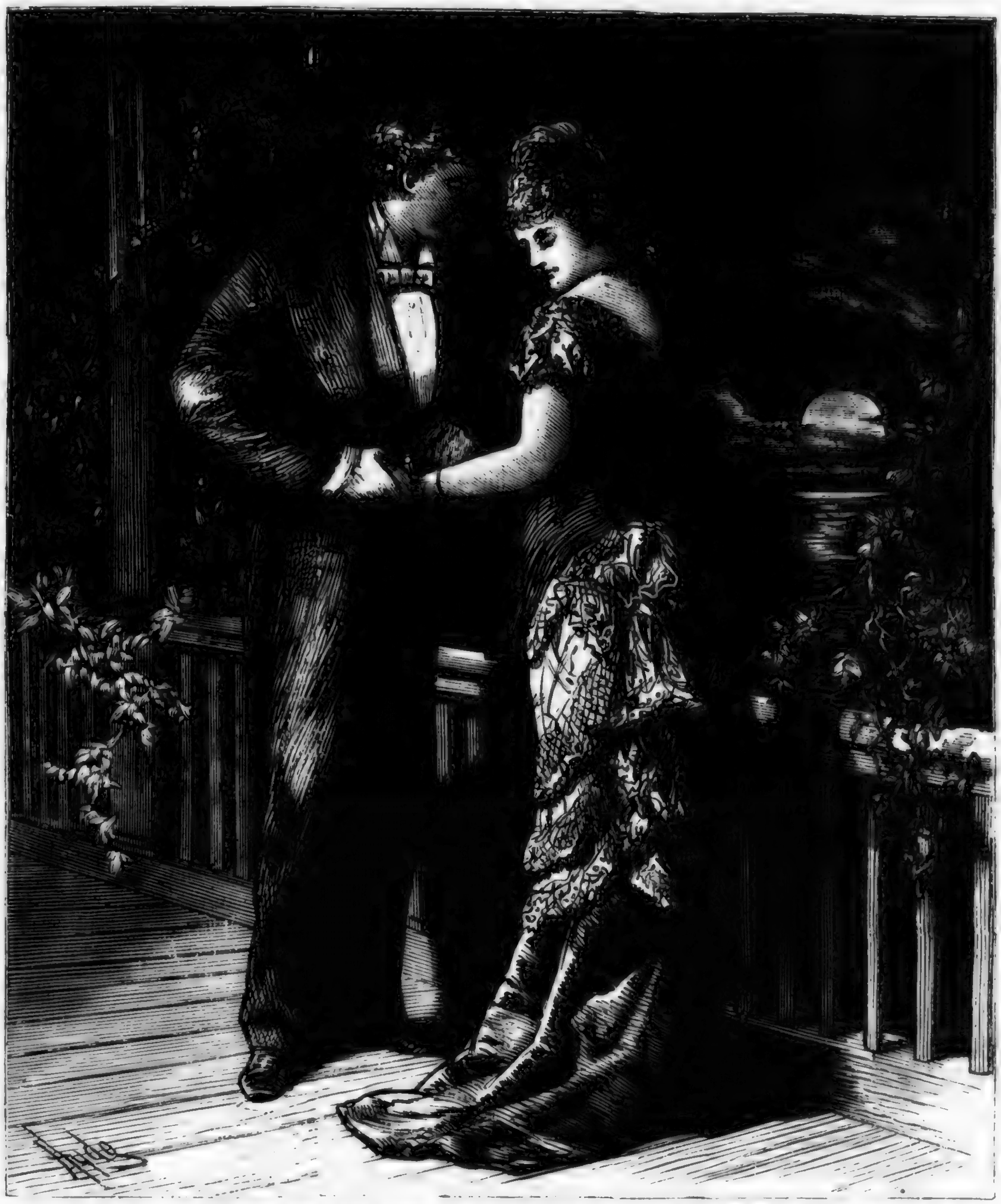
The discovery of this cataract must have occurred early in the month of May, 1680, the vague statement of the adventurous friar not enabling us to fix the exact date. Hennepin is the Missionary of the Waterfalls, for he not only discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, but has given us the first detailed description, and the first published picture, of Niagara Falls.

Though a later publication bearing his name has detracted sadly from his reputation for veracity, he may not be really the sinner, and the accuracy of his early volume is supported by contemporaneous authority.

Two centuries ago this fearless Belgian priest, with his two French companions, stood regarding the Falls to which



SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.



ANNETTE.—"HE CLASPED IT ROUND HER WHITE WRIST HIMSELF, AND THEN UNCLASPED IT, AND CLASPED IT AGAIN. THE CRIMSON FLOODED HER CHEEKS FOR AN INSTANT, THEIR EYES MET, A SMILE CAME INTO HIS; SHE LOOKED QUICKLY AWAY."

he gave the name of the beloved saint of his Order. No other white men were near; Du Lhut was indeed making his way to the spot from the upper end of Lake Superior, and bold wood-rangers were trading among the tribes around Lake Michigan; but the wonders and beauties of that part of our continent were known only to the few. No British subject from the colonies on the coast or from beyond the sea had ever set eyes on the Falls of Niagara, Lake Erie, the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior or the Mississippi River, or even the Ohio; not one had crossed the Alleghany Mountains or looked down on the rich valley beyond.

Hennepin's centenary is, therefore, not without its interest to us, and especially to the inhabitants of the State of Minnesota.

ANNETTE.

By Sue Chesnutwood.

She was swinging on a gate: a most undignified position for a girl who was seventeen years old, and who had just come into possession of an avowed lover.

When Janet, her elder sister, reached the gate, she found the young girl laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks. She stood and looked at her in amazement.

"Annette, what is the matter?" she demanded.

This was the answer:

"What do you think? I am engaged!"

On receiving it, her sister laughed, too, until she could not stand, but sat down on a great stone in the lane, quite by the fence.

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Annette sprang off the gate then, and came out beside her.

Janet felt as if she had never really seen her before; she grew sober at once. Seventeen years old, and had a lover! It was nothing to laugh at; it was sad, earnest, real; the child had become a woman.

"There is no use in being serious, for it is altogether too funny!" And the young girl laughed afresh, wiping off the tears on the back of her hand; her handkerchief was in the pocket of her dainty apron, but she seemed to scorn its use for such jolly tears.

"But, my dear," began Janet, solemnly.

"But, my dear," interrupted Annette, with a fresh burst of merriment.

"You don't seem to realize what you are doing!" continued her elder sister, her voice quivering with anxiety.

"Now, Janet, you can't make me have a realizing sense of things; you know you never could. This world isn't all catechism and creed, for all the dominie may think so. Part of it is a joke; jokes are horribly inelegant, but I like them, and this is *such* a one!"

"It is a pretty serious joke; when you come to marry, you will find it out," was the grave reply.

"Marry! Who ever spoke of marrying, Janet?" And the young girl grew suddenly sober, wiping the tears off the back of her hand on her apron.

"Why, you did."

"I? No, indeed, Janet; you are mistaken. I said I was engaged," was the earnest protest.

"Engaged! for what?" demanded her sister.

"Fun!" laughed the girl.

"Does Mark Colton think it is for fun?" Janet asked.

That set Annette off again; when she could grow sober, she said:

"Oh, no, indeed; he was so dreadfully in earnest! That is the funniest part of it. He wanted me to promise to be his for all time and eternity! Did you ever hear of anything so silly? I told him that eternity was a thing which we knew nothing about; that time, as compared with it, was only a point, and that I despised points."

Janet would not even smile.

"So I just agreed to be engaged to him, and he sighed, and made the best of it."

"What will Aunt Abigail say?"

"When she knows, it will be time enough to speculate on that," was the careless retort.

Her elder sister looked disapproving.

"Now, Janet, I know that you are going to marry the minister," said the young girl.

"Why?" And the question was accompanied by a blush.

"Because you grow more serious every day, and people in love are always serious."

"Then *you* certainly are not in love," retorted Janet; and rising, opened the gate and led the way up the garden-path to the house.

Annette ran up to her little room under the rafters.

She had known Mark Colton from her very babyhood; his father's and her aunt's farms were separated only by the lane of which we have spoken. He was four years her senior. When children, he had taken her on his shoulder many a time and carried her over the brooks; they had ridden the same horse, she seated behind him; had swung on the same gate; and had done a thousand other things together, through all the slow years of childhood.

Of late, they had hunted four-leafed clovers and cut their names in the bark of trees, and hovered about love, not knowing it was there, yet held by those many little acts, so full of poetry and romance. Mark was the first to learn himself.

That same day he met Annette, and was so quiet and reserved that she demanded in a pet what he was so cross for; and that night, at a party in the village, she would not look at him, but devoted herself to the other boys, especially the new minister's brother, Philip, a pale-faced, interesting youth, who was studying theology.

That was four months ago. Since then Annette had not been able to understand him; he had been unreasonable, exacting, cross, she said; and she, because she knew it troubled him, though she scarcely comprehended why, was especially kind and merry with Philip.

During three months she never looked at Mark when others were present, and when alone with him, laughed at and slighted everything he said. He bore it all, in his patient, manly way, but, this day of which we have been telling, took the matter in his own hands, told her his love in an impetuous way, and brought her to the unsatisfactory terms which we have recorded.

The girl was thinking of all this. Suddenly her tatting fell into her lap, and she held her two hands up, and looked at them. Mark had kissed them.

"What a silly boy!"—that was the thought, with a little quivering smile upon her lips that would never have grown into a laugh. Then Aunt Abigail's shrill voice rang out from the foot of the stairs:

"Annette! Annette!"

She put her tatting in her pocket, and went to answer the summons. The minister and Philip were coming to tea, and she was wanted to bake a pan of biscuits and adorn the tea-table with flowers.

Janet was moving about in a sort of blissful dream. She wore a white dress, and had a scarlet geranium in her black hair. Twenty-four years seemed terribly old to Annette. She had never supposed Janet would be in love; she thought she was too old. Her quiet elder sister had always been beautiful to her, but she had never seen her so lovely.

They came just at tea-time. Annette opened the door for them; she was always bashful with the minister, but everything merry in her nature seemed to develop for Philip. She ushered the minister formally into the parlor, and motioning to Philip, detained him in the portico, and tied a knot of flowers for his buttonhole.

The tea-bell rang almost instantly. Annette's plate was laid beside the minister's, Janet's by Philip's. The minister smiled a trifle quizzically at the arrangement. Annette saw the smile, and did not feel so much afraid of him. He looked like Philip, only he had force and vitality.

Aunt Abigail did the most of the talking. She was New England to the backbone, stiff in form and prejudice. The minister gave polite attention to what she said; but Philip sat and gazed at Annette in a sort of dream.

A little later, Annette and Philip stood in the window, to watch Janet and the minister stroll down the lane.

"See, they are in love," whispered the girl, with a smile.

"*They* are going to be married," said Philip, and sighed.

Mark Colton joined them just in time to hear this. For the first time in her life his approach brought a quick blush to her dark cheeks. Philip saw it, with a bright look on his dreamy face; he thought he had called it forth. Mark thought the same, and his brow clouded. Annette saw the mistake, and coquetry seized her.

"Mark, *they* are going to be married," she said, pointing to the retreating figures in the lane.

Philip looked both hurt and embarrassed. The cloud on Mark's brow was instantly dissipated; he caught the upraised hand in his.

"Annette, it is impolite to point," he said.

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Philip turned pale. She drew her hand impatiently away. Mark abruptly left them, and went out on the portico, grieved and troubled. She and Philip staid in the window, laughing and talking, until the stars came out. Then they also came upon the portico. Mark paid no attention to their coming. Philip sat down beside him. Annette stood in the doorway.

"See, Philip, how pretty that white rose looks in the moonlight! Can you get it for me?" she said.

He went down the steps for it gladly. The moment he had gone, she whispered in Mark's ear, so close that her long hair fell on his shoulder. "What a silly boy you are!" and took the seat that Philip had vacated. Just then he came back, followed by Janet and the minister, and a few minutes later Mark and Annette went to the gate. There Mark took her hand in his, and she did not draw it away. His face was troubled.

"When I took your hand before Philip, you were offended; and yet we are engaged. Why?" he asked.

"What is the use of telling all the world," she replied.

"You mean what's the use of telling Philip," he retorted. She was silent. He continued:

"When we are married, even Philip will know."

"I do not know any one who is going to be married, excepting Janet and the minister," she said, coolly.

He bade her good-night instantly at that, and she went into the house and up to her own room. She sat down on the edge of her little bed and cried. "I wish I had never seen either of them," she said, in the midst of her tears.

* * * * * * *

Autumn came. Janet and the minister were married, and went to live at the parsonage.

During this time, Mark, Philip and Annette had lived in a most unhappy, discontented way. Of the three, Annette was the most wretched, for she suffered the continual reproach of an outraged conscience. All these Summer months the young student had lived in an unreal world. She knew this, yet did not undeceive him. At first an innate coquetry prompted her to silence, and after that, she had not the courage to give him pain. She loved Mark, but Philip called forth all the pity in her nature.

A slow discontent and jealousy took possession of Mark; he became sullen and unreasonable. At length one day his unhappiness shaped itself into a resolve.

His father had long wished him to attend a course of study in a neighboring city; he would release her, set her free, and go at once.

He acted instantly upon his resolution.

As he went down the lane he saw her at the gate, where he had told her of his love in those months gone by. It seemed as if he could not do it, but he did. Even her lips grew pale.

"You are right! It is best that we should be free."

He strode down the lane to hide his anguish from what he thought her careless eye, and she sat down on the stone outside the gate, and burying her face in her hands, moaned.

When it was known that Mark had gone, the conclusion drawn was this: "Then it is at last decided that Annette is to marry Philip." Philip thought so, too.

Annette learned that she loved Mark better than her life; that the days without him were endless and sad. She became moody. Sometimes she cried from sheer homesickness.

Aunt Abigail, with her keen Yankee instinct, guessed the secret. She said nothing to Annette, however.

The minister's wife felt, rather than saw, the change in the girl. There was something, for all her gay and careless manner, that disquieted her sister.

So the Winter passed, and the Spring and the Summer, and yet Mark did not come. His father advised him to go around and see a bit of the world during his vacation, and he did so.

A whole year had passed since they parted. There was bitterness in Annette's heart; he had forgotten her, why should she not forget him? It was when this bitterness possessed her that Philip told her of his love, and besought her promise to be his wife.

She was at the gate, where she had last seen Mark.

Our fates swing on very small pivots.

Had she been anywhere else, she would have accepted him; as it was, she did the first wise thing that she had done since she first knew him: she asked time to think.

He begged her to promise there and then, with a sudden pallor coming into his face, but she persistently refused, and he turned from her sadly, and went away.

She watched him go down the lane as she had Mark a year ago—watched him coldly, critically; then she came outside the gate impetuously, as if to call him back; but her truer nature restrained her.

"It is my punishment to make him suffer as I do. I would die before I would marry him," she said, and sat down upon the great stone by the fence.

As she sat there, Janet stood beside her. The unhappiness on the girl's face was so apparent, that she yielded to her first impulse, and asked, anxiously:

"Annette, my dear child, tell me what is the matter?"

The girl's effort at gayety was painful.

"Why, Janet, at last I have got a realizing sense of things."

"Tell me about it," said the minister's wife, with her voice full of tenderness.

"There is nothing to tell," was the reply.

Aunt Abigail stood in the portico; she and the minister's wife looked at each other, and in that moment, for the first time in their lives, each understood the other. Aunt Abigail loved Annette "as the apple of her eye," and Janet had only just found it out.

"She cannot do anything. God forbid that she should marry for pity!" she said, and her keen, critical eyes had tears in them.

The next afternoon Philip came into the parsonage, with a pale, spent face. Janet had seen him go away, and watched anxiously for his return. She felt instinctively that he had gone to Annette to learn his fate and hers. There was a sudden prayer of thankfulness in her heart when she saw him. They were both saved.

He came into the sitting-room where she was, and threw himself on the lounge. He was restless, and occasionally moaned. He never even saw Janet. She left the room with tears in her eyes.

After an hour had passed she returned. His face was flushed, his eyes bloodshot. She went beside him, and placed her hand on his forehead. He had a hot fever.

"You are not well, Philip," she said, gently.

"I? No, I believe not. I guess I will go to bed," he said, and went up to his own room.

Ere long Annette stood in the hall, outside the door, and heard Philip, in sad delirium, tell her trouble, and his, to all who came to his bedside—to Janet and the minister, to the kind old doctor and Aunt Abigail. He told it over and over again, sometimes in the very words she had told it to him, for she had accepted it as part of her punishment to let him know of her love for Mark.

At first she suffered bitter shame and mortification in having them all know how she had been slighted; but

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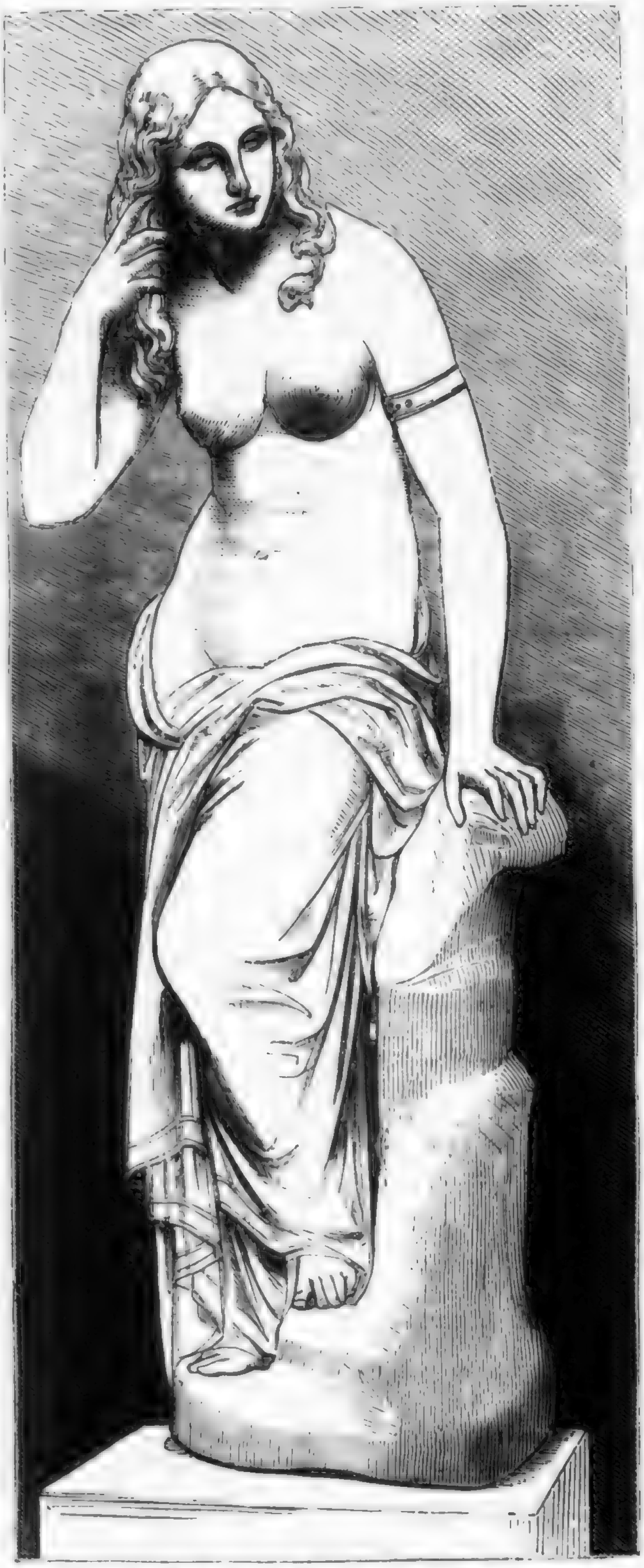
this soon gave place to anxiety, for the doctor said that Philip's life was very uncertain.

He had not been well all Summer—had had a sort of slow fever in his veins. They assured her repeatedly that this would have been the result at any rate; but she censured herself wholly, and grew thin and pale with dread.



STATUE OF EGERIA, BY THE SCULPTOR FOLEY.

"If he dies," she said, "I have killed him!"

Several times she tried to stay in the room, but, although he did not know her, her presence increased his delirium, so she remained in the hall, watching the face of each one who came out, with eyes grown hollow and despairing. In the end they were as anxious for her as for Philip. Even the minister forgave her the sorrow she had caused his brother, in pity for her retribution. So many days and nights went by, and at last the doctor said to Aunt Abigail:

"There are worse things in this world than death. No brain will bear a continual strain of remorse and fear."

Aunt Abigail's strong, angular figure quivered. He left her, and went into the hall.

"Annette," he said, kindly but firmly, "you must take this."

She took the powder as submissively as a child. They had placed a lounge in the hall for her. A little later, when Aunt Abigail came out, she found her lying on it in a heavy, dreamless sleep. While she was in that sleep Philip passed the crisis and lived.

Several months passed. In that time the young student struggled reluctantly back into health, and went away for a final year in college, and Annette, subdued and saddened by her late bitter experience, staid very closely at home with Aunt Abigail.

Her friends, only knowing half the story, censured her greatly, setting her down as a cruel flirt and jilt.

So another year went by, and the village was all astir. Mark Colton was expected home, and so was Philip, and there was a round of gayety planned for their reception. Mrs. Colton opened the season by issuing a great number of invitations. Mark was expected to arrive on a certain morning, and his friends were to meet him in the evening.

Philip was already at the parsonage, and some one had seen him several times walking with Annette in the pleasant lane that separated Aunt Abigail's farm from Mr. Colton's. This was told over and over in the village. Of course nobody knew who the *some one* was who had seen this, but each one considered his or her informant perfectly reliable, and that was sufficient. There had been a great deal of wonderment as to whether Annette would dare run the risk of meeting Philip by accepting the invitation—but, of course, this settled the question.

Some of the girls secretly sighed over it; they had hoped Annette would not join in the gayety. Mark had left on account of Philip, and now both Mark and Philip were back; and in the time that had elapsed, Annette, who was always pretty, had bloomed into positive beauty.

Whilst her little world were discussing her probable course of action, Annette was struggling between her heart and her pride. The former begged her to stay at home; the latter sneered at her weakness and taunted her with being afraid to meet one who had not thought of her for two long years.

Aunt Abigail never asked Annette her intention, but she saw her sister and Aunt Abigail look at her anxiously, and she secretly shed many bitter tears. She did not even see Philip until the day of the party. Then he came to the house, and waited on the portico until she came out. Somewhat later, she went into the sitting-room, where Aunt Abigail sat knitting.

"I have decided to go to-night with Philip," she said.

The spinster pushed up her spectacles and looked at the girl with surprise.

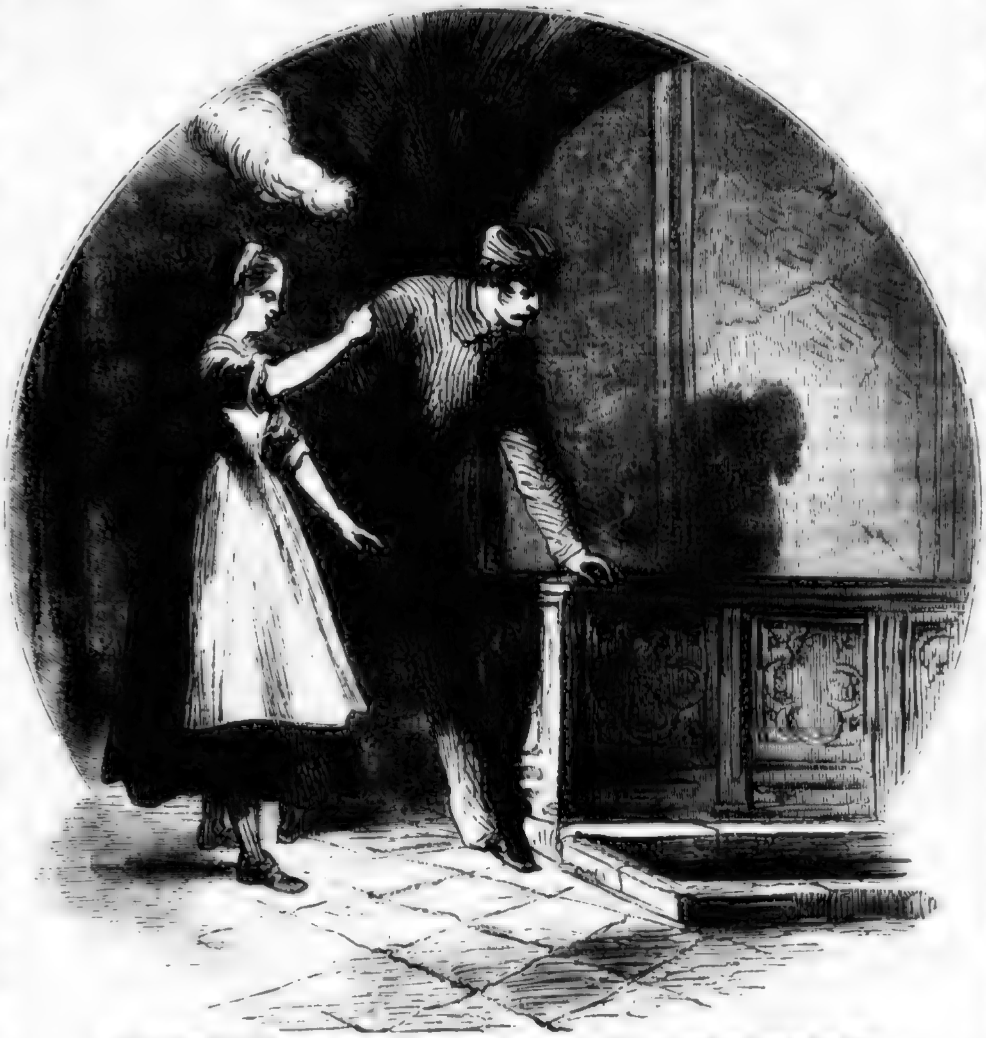
"He is going to be married, and is as happy as can be. I needn't trouble over that any more," she continued, joyfully.

"Umph!" commented Aunt Abigail; then added: "I never saw the man yet who hadn't a great capacity for loving."

Annette first laughed, then grew suddenly grave.

"I guess, after all, it is well they are so constituted, Aunt Abigail," she said, and went up to her room.

Everybody was at that first party—old and young, married and single. Even Aunt Abigail went, causing a general expression of astonishment by her presence; for she had not been to a party for forty years. She started early, telling Annette that she meant to see the whole thing through, from beginning to end. Aunt Abigail never took a back seat; she occupied the very front pew in the village church, and at the prayer-meetings always took the chair next to old Father Brown, who selected his seat in reference to his deafness. So to-night she took her place right beside Mrs. Colton, so that a stranger would have had difficulty in deciding which was hostess; for Aunt Abigail, with all her stiff ways, was wondrous cordial and fond of seeing people.



THE BLEIKELLER OF BREMEN.—GAZING ON THE DEAD IN THE VAULTS OF THE DOM KIRCHE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Mark stood beside his mother, and more than once found his blue eyes brought directly to meet the keen, critical eyes of the spinster. She did everything from principle, was honest to the backbone; hence treated him with the coldness and displeasure which she felt. He had always been a favorite with her—hence was perplexed and troubled by her manner.

When we love, we feel a sort of attraction toward any one who is in the habit of being near the object of our affection. Mark had such a feeling for Aunt Abigail, and her rebuff seemed like a shadow of Annette's; for in these years—wonderful fact to record in the history of man!—he had been wholly constant to his first love.

He had heard from his mother of her refusal of Philip, and had begun to think that he had been over-hasty, and to entertain a faint hope of winning her after all.

When she came into the room on Philip's arm, Mark grew deathly pale—even his lips were white, and he clutched the back of the chair by which he stood, as if for support.

Philip led her directly to him. She had never looked more lovely. She held out her hand in frank, cordial welcome, the bright crimson mantling her cheeks. She had been preparing herself for this all day. He was taken unawares—hence at a disadvantage; and Aunt Abigail's shrewd eyes took it all in, with a smile breaking up the lines of her face.

Mark shook hands with them both; he tried to be cordial, but failed signally, and the moment they joined the gay crowd that were promenading, he abruptly left his mother to receive the guests, and retired.

We have said that Aunt Abigail did everything on principle; she acted according to the rule of her life now, and followed the young man. She found him on the piazza.

"You are not well?" she said.

There was always a pleasant courtesy about Mark. He thanked her for her kindness, saying he would be all right in a minute.

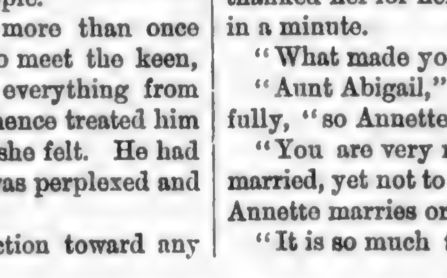
"What made you all wrong?" she asked.

"Aunt Abigail," he said, and his voice quivered painfully, "so Annette is going to marry Philip, after all?"

"You are very much mistaken! Philip is going to be married, yet not to Annette. But what is it to you whether Annette marries or not?"

"It is so much to me, Aunt Abigail, that if my surmise had been correct I should wish that I were dead!"

"Umph! It is curious how two ordinarily sensible people can misunderstand each other," commented the spinster, dryly; and a moment after went back to the parlor, with her arm resting stiffly in Mark's.



THE TOWN-HALL OF BREMEN.

Mark Colton made a delightful host that evening. Everybody was charmed and full of enjoyment, excepting Annette, yet she seemed the gayest of the gay; she even danced repeatedly with Mark, and laughed and talked as lightly as if he were a new acquaintance that she

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was delighted to make. Once or twice, after a dance, he tried to lead her out on the piazza, but she shivered, saying it was too cold, though there was scarce a chill in the late May evening.

At length he came beside her, and, throwing a zephyr shawl of his mother's over her shoulders, said, and there was something teasing in his earnest voice:

"You have no excuse now."

She took his arm instantly, the color deepening in her cheeks. Just at that moment the music started for a quadrille, hence they found the piazza deserted.

When once there, she drew her hand from his arm. For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence; then he said, in an embarrassed tone:

"So you are not going to marry Philip, after all?"

"I? Oh, no; of course not!" she answered, as if such a thing had never been thought of before.

"Who are you going to marry, then?" he asked.

She laughed.

"Oh, no one; I'm going to be an old maid, like Aunt Abigail."

She had been restlessly clasping and unclasping her bracelet. Now it fell to the floor—he picked it up—she held out her hand to take it, but he clasped it around her white wrist himself, and then unclasped it, and clasped it again. The crimson flooded her cheeks for an instant, their eyes met, a smile came into his; she looked quickly away.

"Annette, you have tormented me for two years," he said.

"Discipline is healthy," she retorted, with a laugh, though there were tears of joy on her long lashes.

"Am I the only one who has been disciplined?" he asked, with grave eagerness.

"I despise questions," she replied, and dashed the tears away.

"Yet you must answer one more, Annette," he said. "Will you love Mark Colton, and be his wife?"

"That is two questions," was the provoking reply.

"One answer will do for both," he said, and bowed his head until he received it.

Annette was among the first to go home. She came with Philip and went with him. The gossips were entirely off the track. Aunt Abigail was among the last guests, and Mark made every one laugh, the spinster heartiest of them all, by coolly kissing her good-night.

In less than a week everybody knew it, and that Autumn, in the little village church, the ceremony was performed by the minister, assisted by Philip, who had just been ordained.

THE BLEIKELLER OF BREMEN.

In the month of July, in the year 1863, in the quiet old town of Bremen, I arrived one morning, wearied after long travel. I put up at a hotel to which I was accidentally invited by the sight of its signboard, not caring much about inquiring whether better accommodations were to be had elsewhere, for to my mind all German hotels are alike.

I was soon seated at the breakfast-table, with my host and his family. Herr Muhlberg, my landlord, was an old man, cheerful and hearty, having in his gait a surprising degree of activity. His granddaughter, a handsome young woman, who superintended the affairs of the house, was the mother of two fine-looking boys. The frank and simple courtesy of the old man soon won my regard, while the children pleased me by their quiet manners.

After breakfast I took a ramble through the city. I saw much that interested me in the evidences of an antiquity that is said to have existed more than a thousand years.

In the old town, divided by the bridge from the new, this antiquity is seen in the streets, narrow and crooked, and in the houses, decorated in the style of the Middle Ages. To one who, like myself, was a stranger, a native of America, accustomed to freshness, bright colors and wide avenues, the dark and dingy buildings, of an architecture quaint and angular, and the shade thrown by them on the narrow streets, presented a grim and gloomy picture.

Speculating on what I considered the drowsiness of all around me, I wended my way to the wine-cellar of the Town Hall. This is a building in the Gothic style of architecture, showing traces of restoration at different periods. The cellars under this massive hall run under its entire structure. They are under the care of the municipal authorities, and are called "Rathkeller," or "Stadt Weinkeller."

The vaults are filled with large butts or casks, containing wine of vintages running back a period of more than two hundred years. Looking over the *Preis-Courant der im Stadt Weinkeller zu Bremen*, I called for a bottle of "Rudersheimer Berg, Rosewein," of the year 1624.

It is difficult to describe my sensations in drinking this old wine. The people of the city who were in existence when it was pressed from the grape had long since passed away. It was of a date long before Charles Gustavus of Sweden had invaded the city—in 1654—and before the struggles of the city with the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg. Nations had grown great or dwindled into insignificance since it had been stored in the casks by which I was surrounded. Hendrick Hudson had but a few years previously entered the Hudson River, its first European navigator; the City of New York had but just received its New Amsterdam settlers, the first in order of population succeeding the wild citizens of the forests; while in England the Stuarts were expelled from the throne, and the inheritance of the Crown bestowed on the House of Hanover, long after that wine had become the beverage of the citizens of Bremen.

Statesmen celebrated in the events of the world, poets and dramatists renowned in letters had for centuries resorted to these cellars, relieving themselves from the cares of State or imbibing fresh inspiration from the vintage waters of the Rhine.

I felt a strange excitement in thus being linked so intimately with the past. I slowly sipped my glass, and drank to the memory of the generous souls who had so bountifully stored the cellars for the benefit of the thirsty of after generations. Never has a corporeal work for the benefit of mankind been more nobly performed than in this instance.

The wine I drank was dark in color, tasted of the wood from which it had been drawn, and was like pure but concentrated spirits.

As I had heard strange stories of the vaults called the "Bleikeller," or vaults of the "Dom Kirche," under the Church of St. Peter, I determined then to explore them. With little difficulty I found open one of the side entrances to this remarkable structure. I entered and gazed on all it contained with a keen relish for the beautiful, made manifest in the colossal proportions of the edifice, its symmetry and architecture. I longed, however, to explore the Bleikeller, and was taken into subterranean life, under the naves and chancel of the church.

Strange to say, one of the guides who showed me the wonders of the place was a young and beautiful woman, in whom I became much interested. Her countenance was so fresh and fair, her teeth so white and perfect, her eyes so bright and pleasing, that in the mood I then was, her quiet smile and sweet voice caused me to listen to all she said as if I were under the influence of some powerful charm. Her name was Gertrude.

Lying in their sepulchres, and exposed to the view of the spectator, were human figures in which life had been extinct for centuries. The bodies had not decayed nor shown any indication of change in their appearance since they had departed life, save in a tawny hue which pervaded the skin; otherwise they had all the appearance of sleeping human beings.

A Swedish general has here slumbered for a hundred and fifty years, yet has lost none of his corpulency or air of command. A workman, who at an early period fell from one of the scaffolds of the church, looks as natural in his alcove as if he had just gone to sleep overnight, owing, no doubt, to the fact that his death was instantaneous and that he had not been wasted by disease. And there, too, lies a countess, once remarkable for her beauty, but now only distinguished by what has survived its wreck, her pearly teeth and the profuseness of her hair.

With an air that is engaging, although nearly two centuries have passed since he departed this life, lies in his silent sepulchre a German student who lost his life in a duel.

I solicited from my pretty guide the story of the occurrence which had terminated the earthly career of one so young and so interesting in appearance. She related the following as the history of that event:

On the evening of the Festival of St. John, in 1681, there was a gathering of the young people at a neighboring village outside of Bremen. It was a *fête champêtre*, and dancing and music gave zest to the hours of festivity the young people enjoyed. The belle of the festival was the young and pretty heiress, Rosa Stolzberg. She was much sought after and admired; but had not as yet shown a distinct preference for any of her admirers.

Among those who pertinaciously pressed their suit was Lewis Bromenbach, a heartless adventurer, who had been a soldier and lived as a bully on the strength of their skill in the use of arms. He looked with jealousy and defiance on the seeming encouragement which Carl Hensard, a young German student, received from the pretty Rosa.

He took occasion to insult Carl in the presence of his companions. The preliminaries of a duel were that evening arranged, and the next morning they fought at sunrise.

Carl displayed great coolness and intrepidity, only seeking to disarm his antagonist and check his insolent behavior in the quarrel which had been forced upon him. Bromenbach, however, malignant and revengeful, fought only to kill, and by a trick of fencing which he had learned for sanguinary purposes, got within Carl's guard, and to the horror of the lookers-on, ran him through the body. Carl died on the spot, and was interred in these vaults, amid the regrets of the town and the grief of his brother students. Rosa never married, but became a religious recluse, dispensing her fortune in relieving the necessities of the poor.

"How long a time has Carl been interred?" I inquired.

"About a hundred and eighty years," she replied.

"How long have you been janitress?"

"More than sixty years."

I laughed, of course, at the extravagance of the story that made the lovely girl before me eighty years of age.

"You may laugh," she said, "at what you consider the impossibility of my being so old. I am sister of Herr Muhlberg, hotel-keeper in this city. He can prove to you very readily that I am older than himself. Since my girlhood I have passed my life here. Nothing of animal construction in this atmosphere ever decays. The lifeless birds you see around the arched pillars and in the oriels have been there for many years. No artificial means have been made use of to preserve them, although my grandmother informed me she saw them there in her childhood. This resistance to decay the religious believe is owing to a miraculous power. The worldly-wise attribute it to other and natural causes. Whatever may be the cause, however, you see the effect on the living and the dead, and may rely on the truth of all that I have said concerning this holy place."

To say I was astonished is but faintly to describe my feelings. Although inclined to question what my senses would not permit me to believe, Herr Muhlberg, my landlord, gave me satisfactory proof that Gertrude, his sister, was the age she asserted.

His granddaughter spoke of her grandaunt, seemingly younger than herself, as having not changed in appearance from the time she had seen her in her childhood.

The antiseptic quality of the vaults was thus demonstrated to my satisfaction. It is a phenomenon which finds a conspicuous place in the history of Bremen, and is celebrated among the natural wonders of Germany.

That I should, however, under any circumstances, have taken an old woman of eighty years of age for a young girl of eighteen perplexed me not a little. In thinking over the matter in my own room at the inn, I concluded that a close inspection of Gertrude's appearance would disclose the infallible marks the progress of time makes in every human being. The more I reflected on the subject the more I became convinced that, under the influence of the rusty old wine I had imbibed, I had lost my usual powers of discrimination.

Other visits to Gertrude, however, when free from the effects of wine of either ancient or modern days, left me in solemn soberness no other alternative but to believe that there is one spot on earth where the human body never decays, but is preserved unimpaired, undisturbed by the progress of time, and free from the great law of universal dissolution, which in its instance is wholly suspended.

The frequent visits I paid to the Bleikeller imparted a freshness to my own complexion and a rosy hue to my cheeks which they had not worn for many a long day. As the traces of age began sensibly to disappear, I made the most of the time that was left me to increase the benefits so marvelously acquired.

In an evil hour, however, and when the period of my stay in Bremen was about drawing to a close, I visited the Stadt Weinkeller with some companions from America, who had just arrived in the city. In giving them an introduction to the cellar and its old vintages, the discussion of their various merits and the singular wonders of the place naturally prolonged our sitting to a late hour in the night.

The next morning I awoke with a headache. On looking in the mirror I was mortified and surprised to find that my chronological and aged wine-drinking had, as a natural effect, made me again old, and destroyed all the appearance of my newly acquired youth. Crowsfeet, wrinkles and gray hairs had triumphantly obtained their former ascendancy. I could not but deplore the folly of which I had been guilty. With the determination never again to taste wine which could by any possibility be a century old, I left Bremen a wiser and a sober man.

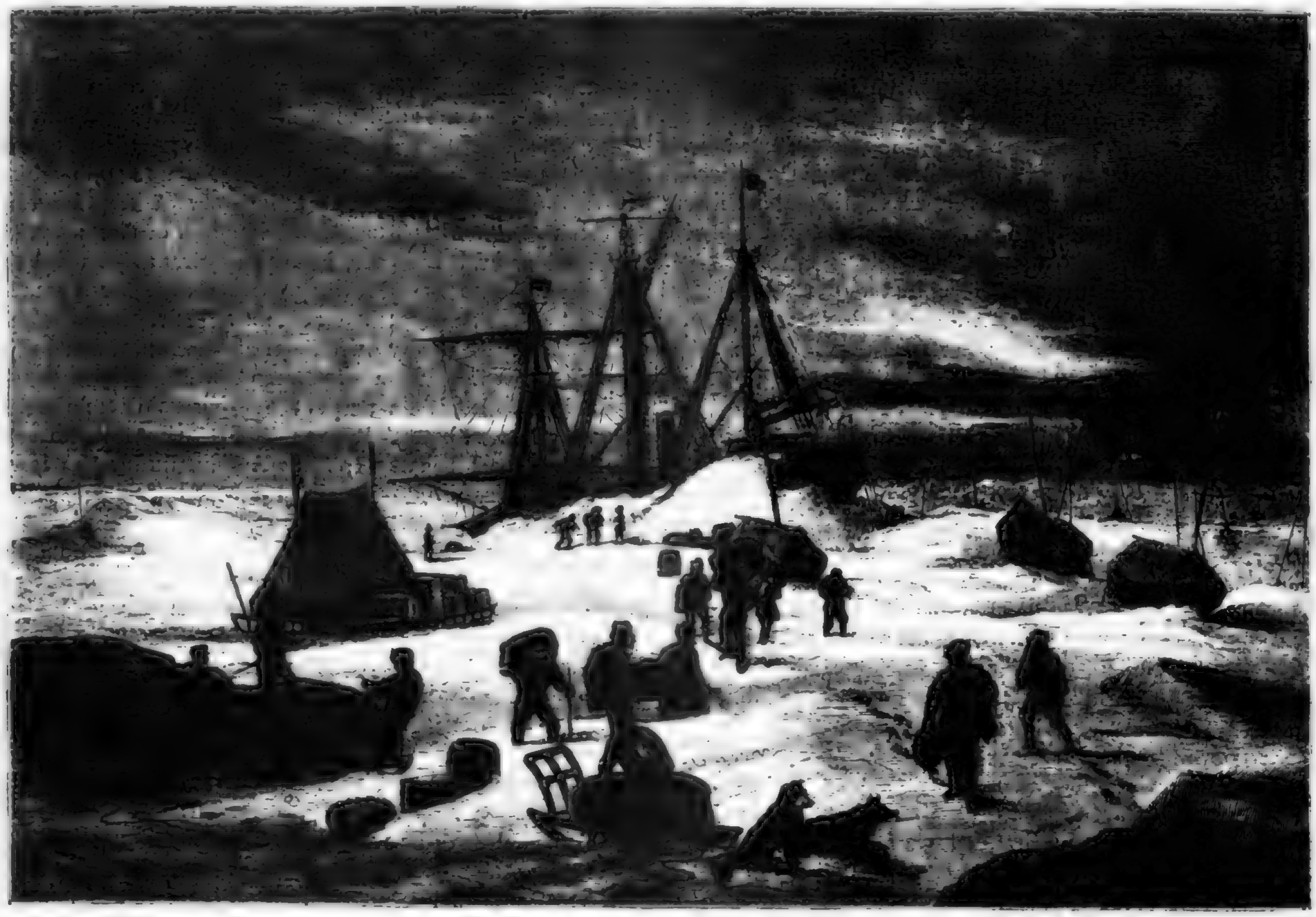
XUM

THE AUSTRIANS IN THE ICE.

KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF'S LAND, AND THE ESCAPE FROM IT.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

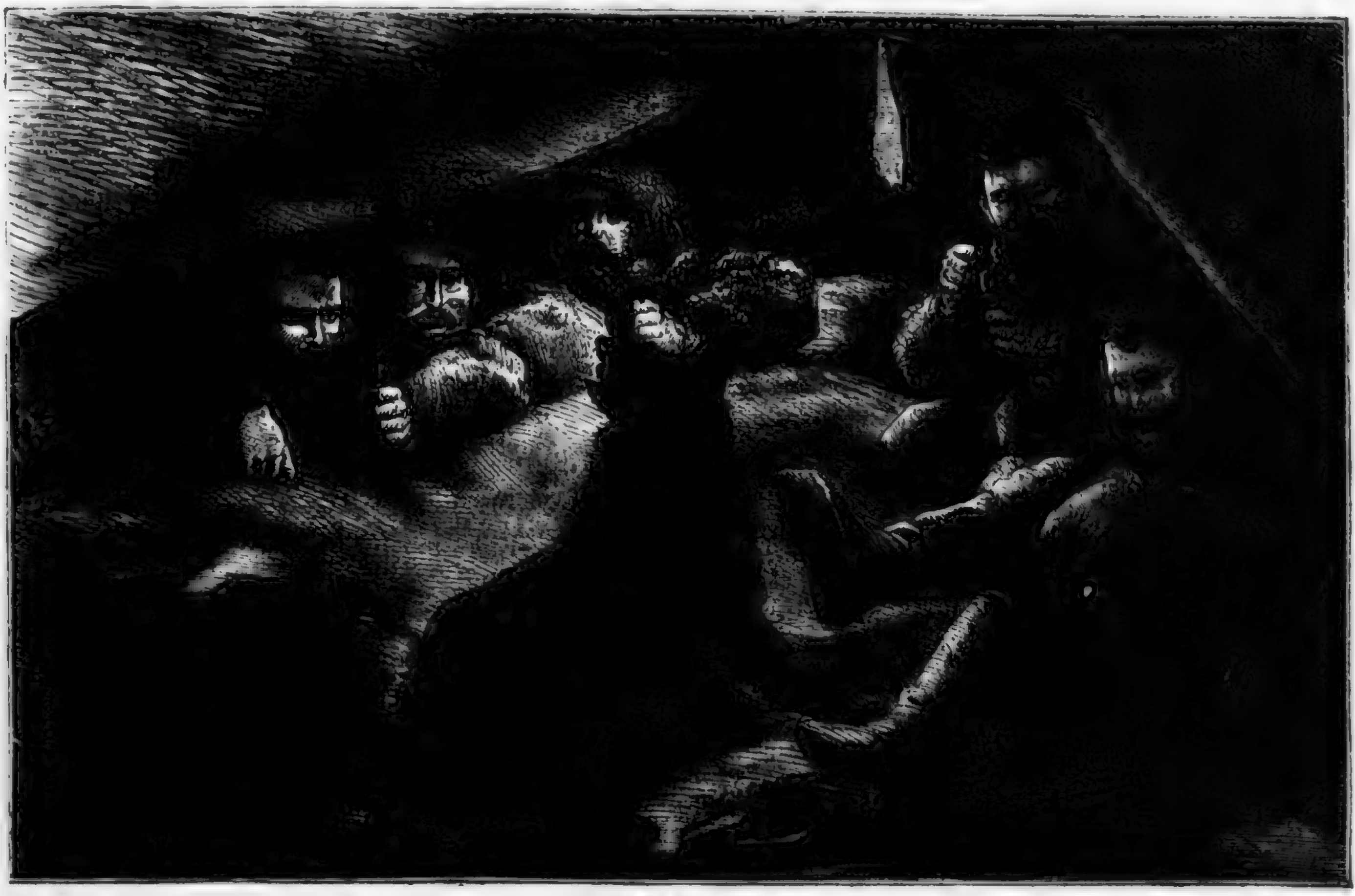
We left the *Tegetthoff*, on the last day of October, 1873, held fast by the ice-floe, which, after drifting hither and yon for fourteen months, had grounded upon a shore which human foot had probably never trodden, and human eye had never seen. No map in ordinary use shows the position of this "Franz-Josef's Land." Its southern extremity lies almost in lat. 80°, upon the same parallel with the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, but some forty degrees of longitude to the eastward. How far northward it stretches no man knows. As far as explored at all, it consists of two main masses, separated by a narrow sound, with numerous small islands off the coast. Upon the southernmost of these islets the ice-floe was grounded. The *Tegetthoff* lay high and dry upon the surface of this floe; or, rather, upon a tumulus of ice a few feet above the level of the floe; for the heat of the past Summer had melted away the surface of the ice, except where it was protected from the rays of the sun by the hull of the vessel.



THE ABANDONMENT OF THE "TEGETTHOFF."

On the morning of the 1st of November, the land lay to the northwest in the twilight. The lines of rocks were clearly defined, and it seemed that the shore could be reached without danger. A party set out for the shore, clambering over ice-walls piled up fifty feet high, beyond which was a smooth patch of "young ice," showing that open water had been there not long before. "Over the surface of this young ice," says Payer, "we ran, crossed the ice-foot, and actually stepped upon land. Snow and rocks and broken ice surrounded us on every side. A region more desolate could not be found on earth than this island upon which we walked; but to us it was a paradise, and we called it Wilczek Island, in honor of the generous patron of the expedition. There was no drift-wood to be seen, and the vegetation was meagre and miserable, consisting only of a few lichens. We looked for traces of the reindeer and the fox, but our search was fruitless. The land appeared to be without a single living creature."

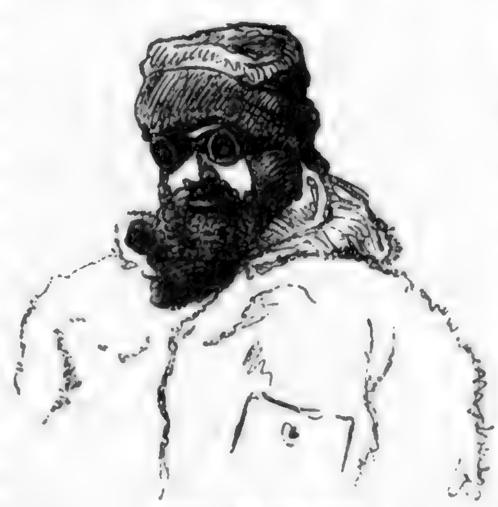
During the early days of November, several short excursions were made upon the land; but until Spring came there was no possibility of making any extensive exploration. "But," says Payer, "the hope and expectation of successes to be achieved, and the feeling that our safety was not immediately threatened, rendered this second Winter a happy contrast to the preceding one. We had now leisure and calmness for intellectual occupations, which were the only means of relieving the monotony of the long period of darkness. We lived like hermits in our little cabins, and learned that mental activity, without any other joy, suffices to make men happy and contented. We had now a hope that in the Spring we should be able to leave the ship and explore the land which we had discovered. Happy in this expectation, we could enjoy the indescribable pleasure of the good books with which our library was furnished. Nowhere can a book be so valued



LIFE IN THE TENT.

as in such an isolated position as ours was. With regard to the crew, they were kept in good humor by an increase of their comforts. As we had not the prospect of a third Winter in the ice—which would have rendered a greater economy in our provisions imperative—we were enabled to provide them with a more generous diet."

We jot down some incidents relating to this second Winter in the ice: During the last three weeks of November there was almost total darkness, the sky being overclouded and the weather bad. Though there were countless hummocks and ice-cliffs all around, everything looked like one black, unbroken level. Let us watch the coming on of the long night. On October 31st the stars became visible about one o'clock in the afternoon; on the 16th of November print was barely legible at noon; on the 18th the large letters on the title-page of a book could be read at the distance of a foot; on the 13th of December—a clear day—not a letter was legible at noon. When the moon, at the close of November, re-appeared, Payer hoped to make some excursions to the mainland; but, he says, "the fickleness of the weather compelled me to confine my wanderings to Wilczek Island, which I frequently visited, although, with the thermometer at four degrees below the freezing point, I was exposed to frost-bites in the face and hands whenever I attempted to draw by the light of a lamp, and with only the protection of light woolen gloves." The numerous sketches which he made during the voyage, some of which are here reproduced —all of which, he says, "were drawn on the spot from nature, and have been reproduced just as they were drawn"—show how earnestly he wrought under such unfavorable circumstances.



KRISCH, THE ENGINEER.

The cold grew more and more intense. The various kinds of spirits on board remained fluid when exposed to a temperature of —27° F.; at —31° gin was congealed in two hours and a half, but rum and brandy were unchanged; a mixture of two parts of pure alcohol and one part of water froze at —47°; and brandy became solid at —54° F.

December 21st was the middle of this long Winter night. Only by the compass could they tell in which direction the south lay; every trace of twilight had disappeared, and for six weeks they were enveloped in unbroken darkness. The only approach to twilight was when the crescent moon shone in her first quarter; and even then the figure of a man could be discerned only at a very short distance, and when Payer wished to sketch the ship he had to have it lit up by torches. At noon on this midwinter day, says Payer, "We should not have seen the sun could we have ascended that pinnacle of the Alps which Pliny imagined to be 120,000 feet high, or even from that peak of the Caucasus which Aristotle reckoned at 230,000 feet."

Early in December a snow-house was built outside the ship for the dogs, each one having a separate kennel. "Every morning," says Payer, "the door of the snow-house was opened, and out rushed the dogs, with their tails in the air, to begin a general fight. No shouts, no blows, not even the discharge of a rifle, could separate the combatants. Pouring water over them at a temperature of 68° below the freezing point, though a somewhat barbarous way of producing peace, was successful only with the younger dogs. When the fight was over, the next object was for each to find out his special patron, and the instant they recognized him they rushed upon him, tugged at his clothes, and thrust their noses inquiringly into his pockets. Each dog then made his morning round, visiting the places where he had hidden a piece of bread or a bit of seal in the snow. When they had satisfied their appetites, it was curious to observe how they would make it smooth over the hole in which their treasure was deposited, all the time cunningly turning their eyes right and left to see whether they were observed."

The long night at length came to an end. On January 11th, 1874, the largest letters on the title-page of a book could be read when held up to the light of the midday twilight. At noon on the 23d of February, the rolling mists glowed with a red light, announcing the reappearance of the sun. At 10 o'clock on the next morning, his disk, distorted by refraction, appeared above the horizon. "Again," says Payer, "there was spread over the snow that magical rosy hue, those bright azure shadows, which impart a poetical character even to the landscape of the frozen North. The return of the sun was this year the deliverance from our long night of 125 days.* Anxiously had we awaited his return, and joyously we greeted it, but not with the frenzied feelings of the previous year. Then the reappearance of the sun was tantamount almost to a deliverance from hell itself; but now the sun was nothing to us but as a means to an end: Would it enable us to begin our sledge-journeys to explore the Kaiser Franz-Josef Land? The mere thought of the possibility of making new discoveries threw us into a feverish impatience; and our fears became intense lest the ship with its floe should drift away and frustrate the execution of our plans just as they seemed feasible."

On this 23d of February, Weyprecht and Payer decided to abandon the *Tegetthoff* after the termination of certain projected sledge-journeys, and endeavor to make their way back to Europe by means of sledges and boats. Everything evinced the necessity of such a procedure. The ship lay on her icy tumulus, whence no human power could remove her, and there was no likelihood that Nature would come to their aid. The provisions were not sufficient for another year; and the medical stores were greatly reduced. The health of the crew, though perhaps better than could have been anticipated, was not satisfactory. Scurvy, though not in an aggravated form, had made its appearance during the Winter. The symptoms had indeed moderated upon the approach of Spring; but it was almost certain that a third Winter would be far more trying, even had the supply of provisions and medicines been ample. "Of the nineteen men who, exclusive of the four officers, composed the crew," says Payer, "several had fallen sick. Krisch, the engineer, suffered from scurvy, and was far gone in consumption; Marola and Fallesich showed scorbutic symptoms; Vecerina, from the same cause, was unable to move his lower extremities; Palmich had a constant tendency in the same direction; Pospischill suffered from lung disease, and Haller from a rheumatic affection of his extremities, which almost incapacitated him from any exertion."

By the original scheme Payer was to command any expeditions which should be undertaken upon land. On the 24th of February he laid his plans before the council of officers. These were in substance that the sledge-expeditions should begin between the 10th and the 20th of March, and be continued for six or seven weeks. There was a possibility that while the sledge-party were absent, the floe might drift away. In anticipation of such a contingency, depots of stores were to be made at certain points on the shore. If upon their return the sledge-party found the ship gone, they were to try to make their way back to Europe over the ice, and not, unless from absolute necessity, pass another Winter here.

The intelligence that exploring expeditions had been resolved upon caused great joy among the crew of the *Tegetthoff*. Every man was eager to take part in them. Even poor Krisch, who was in the last stages of consumption, extorted from Payer a promise that he should be one of the party. Supplies which would have been wholly inadequate for a year were superabundant for two months' consumption, and yet leave more than they could carry with them. "The comparatively short period for which our stores were to last," says Payer, "enabled us to indulge in what, under the circumstances, might be called luxury. We could thus dispose of more than two hundred bottles of wine, which had been reserved for the sick in the event of a third Winter being passed in the ice. Three-and-twenty men now in three months drank two hundred bottles of wine, and smoked, like chimneys, the superfluous stores of cigars and tobacco. Potatoes, preserved vegetables and fruit were daily on our table. Our allowance of rum was increased, lights were freely burnt in every corner, and the novel sensation of luxury was universal."

Payer devotes a couple of valuable chapters to the subject of sledge-journeys, which are well worth the perusal of any one who has such an expedition in mind. "The first principle in fitting out such an expedition," he says, "should be the rejection of everything not absolutely necessary for the support of life—the scientific instruments only excepted; and the second, that the whole of the traveling-gear should be of the most perfect and convenient form." But under these two principles come an immense variety of details, some of which may here be noted: "Alcohol of the greatest purity and strength is the best fuel, and is most easily transported. Next to alcohol, stearine is most to be recommended, on account of its great heating powers; and then train-oil, though the smoke and dirt produced by it in the tent are almost unbearable. Petroleum ought not to be employed, on account of its dangerous character. Wood and coal generate too little heat in proportion to their bulk." And in regard to food: "The provisions should consist of boiled beef, hard bread, extract of meats, chocolate, grits, pea-sausages, sugar, rice, condensed milk, and coffee. Tea and the two last mentioned articles of food have an indescribably reviving effect, especially in the morning, and enable the party to make long forced marches, warding off thirst, the great enemy of such expeditions; pemmican and fatty substances must be used in moderation, when the temperature is very low, inasmuch as they tend to produce this evil. . . . As fresh meat affords, under all circumstances, the strongest nourishment, the business of hunting must not be left to chance. . . . Wherever there is a certainty of finding drift-wood, I would recommend vermicelli or macaroni, which can then be properly prepared. Good strong tea is of the first importance, though at first we set small store by it. A small ration of rum daily is almost indispensable in sledge-journeys, especially when the temperature is very low. Franklin and John Ross both pronounce in favor of the moderate use of this spirit, although they were of opinion that when the crews were leading an inactive life on board ship, the use of rum promoted scurvy."

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* The length of the polar night—that is, the period during which the sun does not appear above the horizon—varies with the latitude of the observers. This, of 125 days, is next to one the longest of which we have definite record. That of Kane was 113 days; that of Hayes, 123 days; but in his case the sun would have appeared somewhat earlier but for the intervention of the mountains on the southern horizon. Nares's expedition of 1875-76, records a period of 142 days of "total or partial darkness."

Dog-teams play an important part in Arctic explorations on the American side. The *Tegetthoff* was very scantily supplied with dogs, and none were to be procured in the regions traversed by this expedition. Payer, however, in previous expeditions, had more to do with them, and he thus sums up his opinions in this regard:

"No form of sledge-traveling, when measured by results, can be compared with sledging by the help of dogs; for this method enables us to compass the greatest possible distance, and diminishes the dead-weight of the load in the sledge. Besides this, dogs are not only active, but tractable; they can endure hunger longer than men, even while making great exertions; they do not drink or smoke; neither fuel for the stove to liquify the snow, nor tents, nor sleeping-bag need be taken for them—none in fact, of those many little things which are indispensable for men. And since in a long journey a strong dog is able to drag double what he needs for his own support, the surplus falls to the share of the man who accompanies him, and who is therefore able to prolong his absence from the ship. Sixteen miles a day, on an average, may easily be accomplished, especially if the rest of the party attached to each sledge walk on before their respective teams. Distances varying from 600 to 800 miles may thus be reached, while 300, or at the most 500, miles are all that men alone in the same time can perform. And, moreover, in extreme necessity the dogs can even be used for food."

The first sledge expedition began on the 10th of March, 1874, occupying a week in going and returning, although it went only twenty miles in a straight line from the ship. It was, however, marked by some noteworthy incidents. As this was designed to be a short expedition at most, the best and strongest men were reserved for a longer journey. The party consisted of Payer himself, the two Tyrolese, Haller and Klotz, and four sailors, Cattarinch, Lukinovich, Pospischill and Lettis, the last three of whom were suffering from affections of the lungs and heart; so that, says Payer, "it may be inferred that necessity alone enabled them to do what they did, when the temperature fell lower than we expected." There were also three dogs—Gillis, Sumbu and Torossy.

The first two days presented no very remarkable incidents, although the thermometer kept continually falling. On the afternoon of the 12th they ascended a hill, which barometrical observation showed to be 2,590 feet high; but the view was limited, a thick mist enveloping all distant objects. Payer left the tent to make some observations, and when he returned he found Lettis and Cattarinch engaged in rubbing with snow the hands of Lukinovich, which had become frost-bitten while he was occupied in rubbing the feet of Lettis. "We went to rest in the common sleeping-bag," says Payer, "but soon began to shake with cold, which threw Pospischill into a fever. When I left the tent to look at the thermometers, the mercury in one had gone down into the bulb and was frozen, and the spirits of wine in the other showed 74° F. below the freezing point. Some hot grog, for which a whole bottle of strong rum was used, put us all right. After this refreshment we fell into a deep sleep, incommoded only by the increasing dampness of our clothes."

Next morning they started before sunrise, the spirit thermometer marking 78° below the freezing point, with a piercingly cold breeze from the land. The road was formed of snow-crystals, over which the sledge glided with difficulty, almost as if over sand. They melted snow, and poured the water over the runners, forming a coating of smooth ice, which made the sledge run more easily until it was worn off. In the afternoon Payer and the Tyrolese, accompanied by Torossy and Sumbu, climbed the high promontory of Cape Litrow. So steep was its slope that the men could ascend and descend only by cutting steps in the ice, while the dogs had to be drawn up and let down by a rope. That night the thermometer fell to 83° below the freezing point; and, says Payer, "I do not believe we could have passed through it without the help of grog. We drank it as we lay close together muffled up in our sleeping-bag. It was boiling hot, and so strong that under other circumstances it must have made us incapable of work; yet in spite of the grog we suffered much all through the night from cold and our frozen clothes."

Before sunrise the next morning, Payer, accompanied by the two Tyrolese, went out to make some observations upon the neighboring Sonklar Glacier. While thus engaged, the thermometer fell to —60° F., ninety-two degrees below the freezing point. This was the greatest degree of cold observed by him in any of his three polar expeditions.* He says: "While engaged in the indispensable labor of drawing and measuring, although I worked under the shelter of my companions to protect me against the wind, I was constantly compelled to rub my stiffened and benumbed hands with snow. We had some rum with us, and as each took his share, he knelt down and allowed another to shake into his mouth without bringing the metal cup in contact with his lips. Though this rum was strong, it seemed to have lost all its strength and fluidity. Its consistence was that of oil, and it tasted like milk. The instruments seemed to burn when I touched them, and the medals which my companions wore on their breasts felt like hot iron."

Among the terrible effects of extreme cold upon the human system, Payer mentions the following: "It is remarkable that great cold, as well as great heat, tends greatly to the generation of thirst. It is also remarkable how rapidly the demoralization produced by thirst extends, when any one of the party begins to show signs of suffering from it. Habit, however, enables men to struggle against thirst more successfully than against hunger. Many try to relieve it by using snow, which is especially pernicious when its temperature falls considerably below the point of liquefaction. Inflammation of the mouth and tongue, rheumatic pains in the teeth, diarrhœa, and other mischiefs, are the consequences whenever a person yields to the temptation of such a momentary relief. It is, in fact, a mere delusion, because it is impossible to eat as much snow—say a cubic foot—as would be requisite to furnish an adequate amount of water. Snow at a temperature of say forty or fifty degrees below the freezing point, feels in the mouth like hot iron, and does not quench thirst, but increases it by its inflammatory action on the mucous membrane of the parts which it affects. The Esquimaux prefer to endure any amount of thirst rather than eat snow."

Everything evinced that it was useless for this preliminary sledge-expedition to attempt more than it had already accomplished. Payer had abundant pluck and endurance left in him, but the men were fearfully used up; and so,

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* Considerably lower degrees have been noted by others; as —67 deg. F., by Back; —68 deg. by Hayes; a little less than —78 deg. by M'Clure; and a little more than —78 deg. by Nevérow, in Siberia. This last, or 100 deg. below the freezing point, is about as low as can be marked, even by the spirit thermometer.

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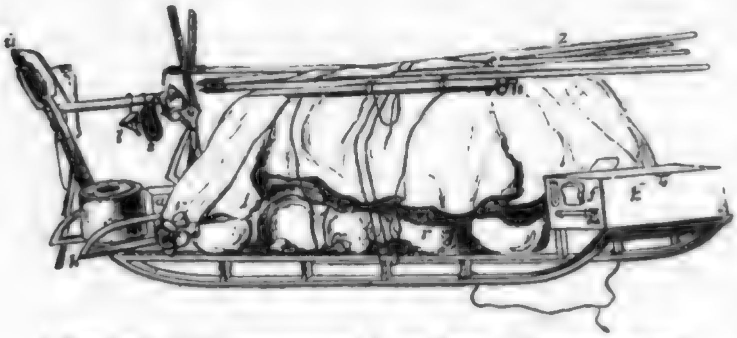


a, Spirit-can ; f, Ax, Thermometer ; h, Dog-sledge ; i, Cooking-machine ; k, Box of instruments ; m, Tent and Sleeping-bags ; n and z, Surveying-stand and tent-pole ; o, Sledge-sail ; r, Sacks of provisions ; s, India-rubber bottle ; t, Funnel ; u, Shovel.

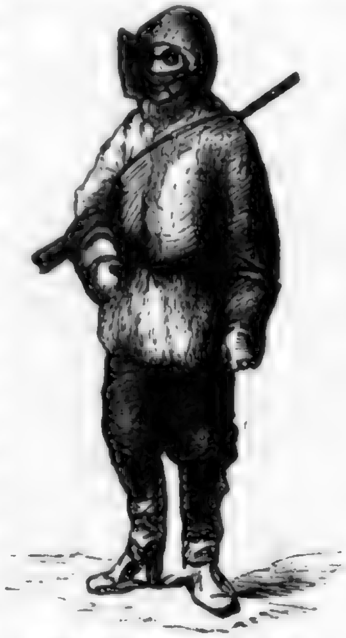
THE SLEDGE WITH ITS LOAD.

says Payer, "about five o'clock in the morning of March 15th, we started to compass the twenty miles which lay between us and the ship in one march, without encountering the suffering of another night's camping out in the snow." That day's return march occupied something like eighteen hours; and when Payer reached the ship, he was just in time to witness the last scene of a tragedy, which he shall describe:

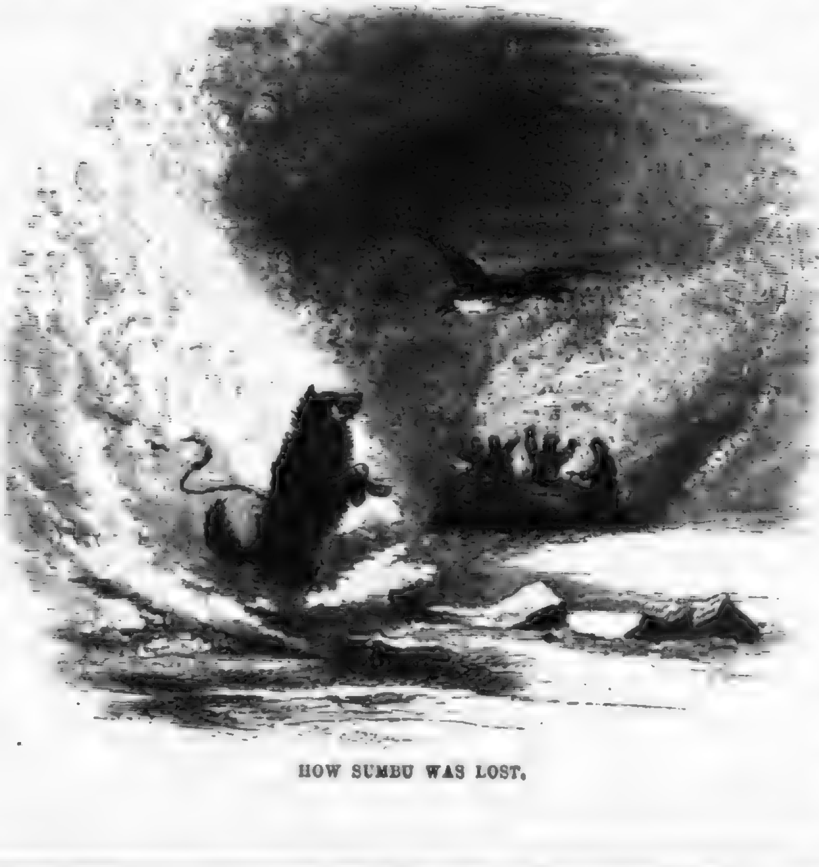
"As I entered my berth, I heard the hard breathing of our poor comrade, Krisch. For more than a week he had lain without consciousness; yet death had not come to relieve him. But on the afternoon of the next day a sudden cessation of all sound told us that he was no more. Next day, his body, placed in a coffin, was brought on deck, and our flag hoisted half-mast high. Three days later the body was committed to its lonely grave in the far North. A mournful procession left the ship with a sledge, on which rested the coffin covered with a flag and a cross, and wended its way to the nearest elevation on the shore of Wilczek Island. Silently struggling against the drifting snow, we marched on, dragging our burden through desolate reaches of snow, until after an hour and a half we arrived at the point we sought on the island. Here, in a fissure between basaltic columns, we deposited his earthly remains, filling the cavity up with stones, which we loosened with much labor, and which the wind, as we stood there, covered with wreaths of snow. We read the prayer for the dead over him who had shared in our sufferings and trials, but who was not destined to return home with us with the news of our success. The wind blowing over the stiff and stark elevation where we stood covered all of us with a thick coating of snow, and caused the appearance of frost-bite in the faces and hands of some of our party. We found considerable difficulty in making our way back to the ship through an atmosphere filled with snow."

The lonely grave of Otto Krisch lies close under the parallel of 80° north latitude. About two and a half years before, on October 8th, 1871, the remains of our own Charles Francis Hall had been laid to rest in latitude 81° 38′, more than a hundred miles further to the north. These two men, we believe, rest nearer to the Pole than any other men of civilized races who have ever adventured into the frozen North.

Preparations were quietly made for a more extensive sledge-journey. "Discoveries of importance," says Payer, "could be expected only from an expedition of a month's duration. I gathered before me the picked men who were to accompany me, to lay before them my plans. I explained to them my design of penetrating in a northerly direction as far as possible; and I put before them the danger of our being cut off from the ship. But while I showed the perils, I stimulated them also by the hope of reward. If the parallel of 81° were reached, I guaranteed to them the sum of 1,000 florins; if we reached 82° the reward was to be 2,500 florins; and I declared that merit alone should regulate the distribution of these sums. In order to make sure of reticence on the part of my company, and thus obviate ill-feeling on the part of the rest of the crew, they were told that the rewards would be forfeited should any one who staid behind hear of the offer of them. The assembled company agreed also never to mention dangers on our journey, and in the event of our not finding the ship on our return, to take the whole blame of such an issue upon our own shoulders. With regard to the rewards, never was a secret better kept; and, as the result showed, the highest reward was fully earned. Immediately began on board a packing, a tailoring, a preparation as if for a campaign; and under the tent-roof of the ship, the rusty runners of the sledges were polished till they were as smooth as glass."



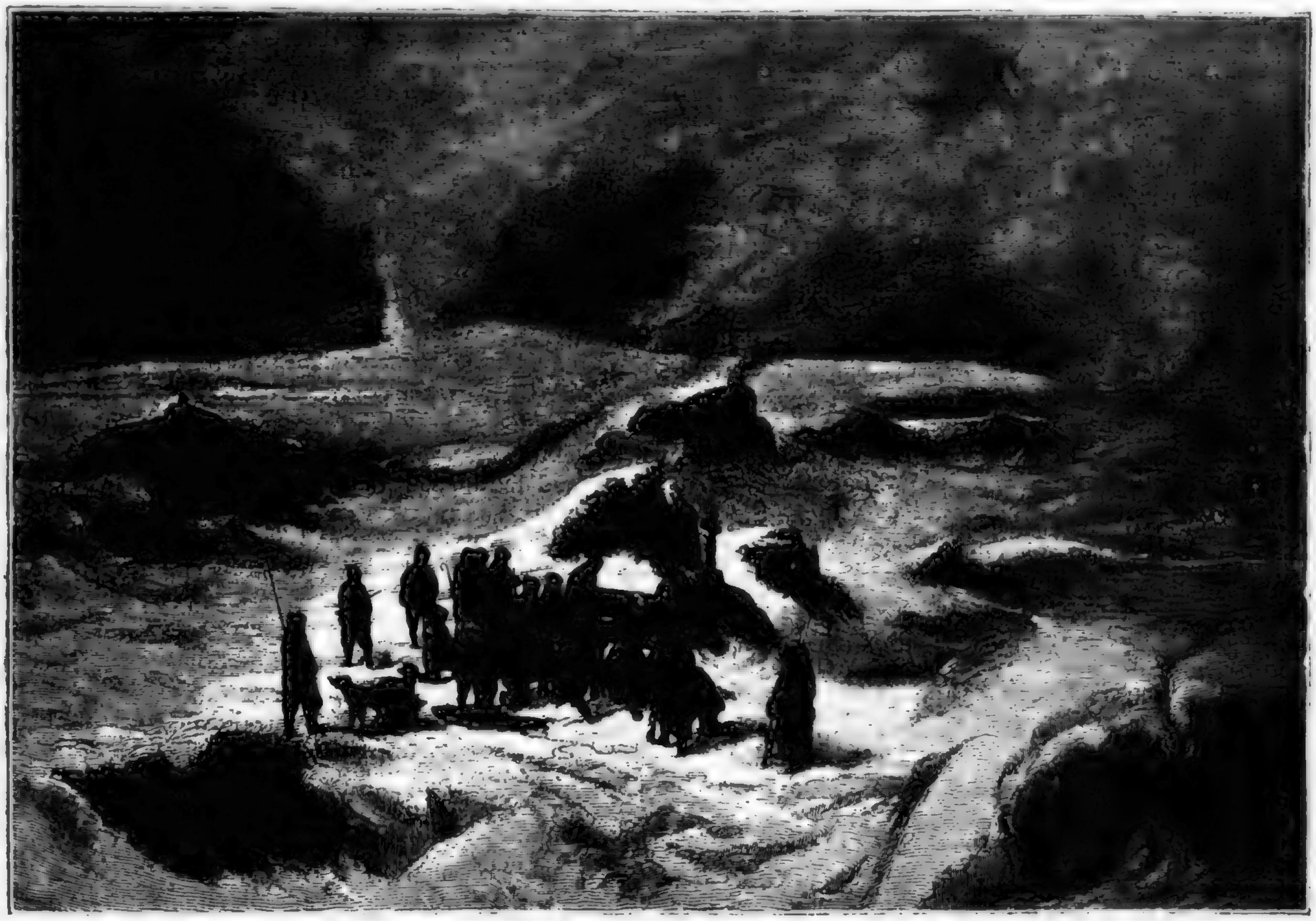
THE DRESS OF THE ARCTIC SLEDGER.



HOW SUMBU WAS LOST.

Just before this expedition set out, an episode occurred which broke in a little upon the monotony of life on the *Tegetthoff.* On the 22d of March, a she-bear appeared near the ship, accompanied by her two cubs, of a darker color than their mother. "It was exceedingly interesting," says Payer, "to watch the actions of this family. The mother frequently stopped and snuffed the air with uplifted snout; then she would lick her cubs, who fondly crept up to her, behaving like young poodles, which they also resembled in size. Six shots were fired, at seventy paces distance, and the mother bear, after running for about forty paces, fell dead. Amazed at the reports of the rifles and the actions of the mother, the little bears sat as if they were rooted in the snow, and looked with astonishment at the dark forms which rushed out from the ship. One of them suffered itself to be shaken by Pekel; and only when they were seized by the nape of the neck and carried on board, did they seem to entertain the least surmise of mischief. At first they were shut up separately in casks set on end, and growled long and impatiently till they were put together in the same cask. Sumbu alone was slow to understand our sudden pity for his hereditary foes; he scratched and barked at the cask for hours together, while the cubs growled and threatened retaliation with their little paws. After looking at this for some time, Gillis was moved to side with the bears, and a battle ensued between him and Sumbu, in which the latter got the worst of it. The little animals afforded us much amusement, and the crew were seriously considering the feasibility of training them to draw the sledge in the meditated return to Europe. They ate bread, sauerkraut, bacon—in short, everything that was given to them. One morning, however, the little rascals eluded the eye of the watch, and got away. They were immediately caught and killed, and appeared roasted on our dinner-table."

The preparations having been completed, the expedition started on the 26th of March, 1874. It consisted of seven persons—Lieutenant Payer, midshipman Orel, the two Tyrolese, Klotz and Haller; three sailors—Zaninovich, Sussich and Lukinovich; and three dogs, Jubinal, Sumbu and Torossy. The entire impedimenta weighed 1,565 lbs., made up thus: The large sledge, 150 lbs.; and a small dog-sledge, 37 lbs.; tent, tent-poles and sleeping-bag, 320 lbs.; fur coats and gloves, 140 lbs.; instruments, rifles, etc., 170 lbs.; alcohol for fuel, 128 lbs.; provisions, 620 lbs. The provisions were packed in four sacks, each calculated for seven days, containing 51 lbs. of boiled beef, 48 lbs. of bread, 8 lbs. of pemmican, 7 lbs. of bacon, 2 lbs. of extract of meat, 4 lbs. of condensed milk, 2 lbs. of coffee, 4 lbs. of chocolate, 3 lbs. of grits, 1 lb. of salt and pepper, 2 lbs. of pea-sausage. A considerable amount of boiled beef was also carried for the dogs; and it was presumed, with good reason, that the produce of their guns would not a little supplement the supply for men and dogs.



THE BURIAL OF KRISCH.

Of this sledge expedition, which lasted within two or three days of the prescribed month, we shall set down only a few of the salient points:

The start was not altogether a favorable one. The thermometer stood at only about six degrees below the freezing point, but there was a drifting snowstorm from the northwest. Before they had gone a mile from the ship, the snow began to drive to such an extent that they could scarcely see each other. They put up their tent, where they remained twenty-four hours, their only employment, except sleeping, being to thaw out the snow which filled the pockets of their garments. They resumed their march, the track "consisting partly of bay-ice a year old, and partly of old floes; these together forming a continuous surface, here and there broken by barriers of hummocks, miles in length, due to ice-pressures." Ahead of them were some rocky islands, their outlines scarcely discernible through the thick atmosphere. After a march of sixteen hours, the wind increased to a storm, so that it was

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impossible to keep the track which had been determined upon. They halted. "Our clothes," says Payer, "appeared to consist of nothing but snow; our eyes were iced up, and our strength was exhausted. In great haste we erected our tent, and took refuge within it."

Next morning, which was Palm Sunday, the wind abated, and the temperature rose to 25° above the freezing point, and it began to rain in the tent as they were preparing breakfast. During that day's march they climbed some rocky heights at the foot of which the tent was pitched, for the purpose of surveying. All at once a bear put in an appearance and made an attack upon the dog Torossy, wounding him severely, and then disappeared in the snow. They followed his track, and came upon the Winter retreat of the bear and his family, a hole in the snow under a rocky wall. The dog Sumbu went a little way in, but soon came back, having evidently seen something within which he did not like. Here they made a depot of provisions, covering them up with four feet of snow.

Next morning, March 30th, the temperature fell to —22° F., and a strong north wind was blowing. The tent was taken down, and they attempted to go on; but soon found that it was quite useless to try to march in the teeth of the wind at such a low temperature. So, says Payer, "there was nothing for it but to set up the tent again, and to get back into our sleeping-bag. But the damp tent was frozen hard, and we felt much as if we were lying between two plates of cold metal. It would be hard to say whether we suffered more from cold or from vexation. Orel and I made vain attempts to shorten the time by reading a volume of Lessing; but we soon renounced the effort, finding that we could not fix our attention in such a situation. The dogs gathered close to the wind-sheltered side of our tent. Sumbu, forcing himself in among us, had to be driven out, for he growled if he had the faintest suspicion that we meant to move or smoke; but failing to make himself comfortable among the other dogs, he avenged himself by again rushing in among us, shaking the snow from his coat, and forced us to admit him."

They resumed their march, skirting a monotonous waste of ridges and terraces of parallel raised beaches, partially covered with snow, passing iceberg after iceberg. Toward evening of April 1st, a bear was seen approaching. Fresh meat was greatly needed by men and dogs. Payer promised the Tyrolese hunters the usual "bear-money" of about a dozen dollars if the bear should be secured. He received three simultaneous bullets, stood still for a few moments, and then began to drag himself slowly off. The men followed, and soon dispatched him. Fifty pounds of the choice bits were cut off and placed upon the sledge, replacing as much boiled beef, which was *cachéd* close by; the remainder of the carcass being given to the dogs, giving them a good square meal for that day.

Two days after this they met with a sad loss—that of Sumbu. "For two long years," says Payer, "he had been almost our only source of amusement by his cunning and impudence. He had long been the rival of the frolicsome Torossy in dragging the sledges, and it was often touching to see how at evening he would sink down exhausted in the snow on the very spot where he was unharnessed. To this vigorous, lively animal, what more natural than that he should be almost beside himself if, in one of these vast solitudes, he should get sight of a living creature? So it happened to-day. A gull flew over his head, and Sumbu burst away from the sledge. In hot pursuit of the bird, he disappeared from our sight, and never returned again. All our shouts were thrown away. Our track was soon covered over by the drifting snow, and there cannot be a doubt that our faithful companion, after wandering about for days, either died from hunger or fell a victim to a bear."

Two days afterward, another bear was killed. "We observed," says Payer, "a she-bear about four hundred yards from us, apparently diligent in burrowing in the snow; but as soon as she got wind of us, she suddenly turned, reared herself on her hind legs, and began to snuff the air. She then came toward us; but as she advanced she rolled herself over on her back with evident pleasure several times; then pushed on with her snout and belly close to the ground, perfectly unconscious of the three rifles which were leveled at her. At fifty paces we fired, and brought her down. We immediately examined the place where we had seen her so busy. We did not find poor Sumbu, as we half expected, but a partially consumed seal, and close to it a hole in the ice into which the seal would plunge when danger threatened; but the bear had been cleverer than the seal, and had probably seized it when asleep on the ice."

Bear-meat now began to be their principal food; but, as they found it, it can scarcely be ranked as a delicacy. "We ate it," says Payer, "both raw and cooked; and when it was badly cooked—especially if it was the flesh of an old bear—it was less palatable than when raw. It may be tolerable food for sea-gulls, but it is a diet scarcely fit even for devils on the fast-days of the infernal regions. Arctic lands do not certainly furnish delicacies to gratify a refined taste; the best things they offer are coarse and oily, and if they are ever eaten with relish, it is a relish which comes from hunger alone. The desolate shores of these lands are truly the very home of hunger, and nowhere else are the calculations of travelers so much influenced and determined by the stomach and its needs. The man who visits these wastes must do homage to the principle of eating everything and throwing nothing away." We remember, indeed, that Hall speaks in high terms of such Arctic delicacies as the undigested contents of a reindeer's stomach; but we do not recall any eulogium of bear-meat. Barentz, who compared whale-flesh to beef, and foxes to rabbits, says that bear-meat is utterly detestable; Kane says that it is utterly uneatable. Dunér has the only good word for it which we recall. He says, "If a bear, before he is killed, has not been eating walrus or seal in a state of semi-putrefaction, his flesh, though somewhat coarse, is yet palatable."

The general temperature was now not far below the freezing point; but herefrom sprang another obstacle; for no kind of snow opposes such hindrances to sledge-dragging as that when the thermometer is not much below the freezing point, for at this temperature it "balls." This obstacle was now encountered; and the air became oppressively heavy, land and sky being suddenly overspread with darkness, with alternate falls of snow, calms and violent gusts of wind. On the 7th of April they were dragging the sledge over an ice-covered island, to the highest point of which they ascended. "To the north," says Payer, "lay an indescribable waste, more utterly desolate than anything I had ever seen, even in the Arctic regions. The whole presented the appearance of a chaos of ice-hills and icebergs scattered over a frozen sea. One thing only gave us much satisfaction. What we called Austria Sound seemed to stretch uninterruptedly toward the north. Could we have forgotten how the *Tegetthoff* had drifted toward Franz-Josef Land, that sound would have seemed to us the true road to the Pole. Nor could we doubt that in the immediate north open water would be found; for in no other way could we interpret the indications we had

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observed in the course of the last few days: the great moisture and high temperature, the dark color of the northern sky, and the frequent flights of auks, divers and gulls which flew from the north southward, or *vice versa*."

Observations taken at noon on this day showed that they had reached lat. 81° 23′; further north than had, as far as they knew, been attained by any one except Hayes, who had gone perhaps a dozen miles nearer the Pole.[*] The next day they reached lat. 81° 38′, three miles further than Hayes had reached; and their supposed triumph was commemorated by hoisting their sledge-flag.

The character of the ice over which they were traveling became so uncertain that they could not hold a general northerly course. The evening of the 9th found them, a mile south of the point which they had already gained, encamped under a rocky promontory, which they named Cape Schrötter, and which formed a landmark visible from a great distance. Northward, across a frozen arm of the sea, were high mountains, which it was at once seen could be crossed only with the little dog-sledge. To carry on further explorations, the party must be divided, one part remaining where they were, the others pushing on. Payer laid his plans before his men. He would go on, with the expectation of being absent from five to eight days. If he failed to return within that time, those who staid behind were to make the best of their way back to the ship. He put it to them all to say who should go and who should stay. It was decided that Haller, Sussich and Lukinovich should stay; while Orel, Klotz, Zaninovich and the two dogs should accompany Payer. He puts it upon record that except for Jubinal and Torossy—"the noblest animals ever employed upon a sledge expedition," and whose tragic fate will hereafter be told—they would never have been able to have passed the parallel of 82°.

The party started on the 10th of April. They first climbed a steep glacier, with an enormous sea-wall, running far to the north. At night, while they were sitting in their tent, Klotz sorrowfully announced that he was no longer the man that he thought he was. For some days his feet had been terribly ulcerated; and now he was unable to march. Nothing was left but to send him back to the camp the next morning. Scarcely had Payer and the other two started, when the snow gave way, and Zaninovich and the dogs were precipitated into a deep crevasse. Payer and Orel ran up, and laying themselves flat on their stomachs, peered into the chasm. The sledge had caught between the narrow sides of the crevasse at a depth of some thirty feet. Payer shouted to Zaninovich that he and Orel would run back to the camp, six miles distant, and bring ropes to rescue him, if he could only keep himself from being frozen for four hours. "Do it, signor; do it at once," was the reply from below; "and then," says Payer, "Orel and I were off. Only one thought possessed us—the rescue of Zaninovich, the jewel and pride of our party, and the recovery of our invaluable store of provisions, and of the book containing our journals, which, if lost, could never be replaced. I pressed on at the top of my speed, leaving Orel far behind me. Bathed in perspiration, I threw off my bird-skin garments, my boots, my gloves, and my shawl, and ran in my stockings through the deep snow."

The lofty pyramid of Cape Schrötter was in sight; but if a driving snow should set in, and their footprints be obliterated, it would be impossible to find the camp. He had not gone far, before he saw Klotz slowly picking his way among the ice-hills. When he heard what had happened, he was absolutely dazed. Payer pushed on, and found the camp. It took brief time for all hands to set out, with ropes and a long tent-pole. For three hours and a half they ran through the snow, and at length reached the crevasse. Tying themselves together with a rope, Payer crept to the edge of the chasm. At first not a sound was heard; then there was the faint whining of a dog, and then some unintelligible words from the man. Haller was let down, and found Zaninovich and the dogs on the very edge of a shelf forty feet down, for they had slipped ten feet deeper than the place where their descent had first been arrested. One by one, man, dogs and sledge were hauled up, and, strange to say, no one was hurt, and nothing of consequence was lost; only Zaninovich was almost frozen to death, for he had lain some six hours in the crevasse. His first words were to express his gratitude for his deliverance, and to ask pardon for having drunk a little of the rum, in order to save himself from being quite frozen.

Payer, Orel and Zaninovich then resumed their march as though nothing had happened. The journey of the next two days was tedious and difficult, the way lying mainly over ice close to the land, which jutted out here and there in lofty promontories. The temperature rose to some 23° above the freezing point; but this increased the difficulty of traveling, for the snow-drifts collapsed under their feet with a loud noise, and the ice was ever and anon pierced with seal-holes, thinly frozen over, so that it was found expedient to tie themselves together by ropes, and each man took his turn to go on in advance, sounding the ice with an alpenstock.

They had before been surprised at the flight of birds; they were now still more surprised to find the lofty precipices covered with them. Enormous flocks flew up and filled the air, so that the whole region seemed alive with their constant whirring. Two prominent cliffs, one of which they called Cape Auk and the other Cape Säulen ("Pillars," from its columnar structure), were gigantic aviaries. Everywhere there were traces of bears and foxes, while seals lay upon the ice, but always sprang into their holes before a shot could be had at them.

April 12th was the last day of the northward march. They took to the land, marching over snowy slopes to the summit of the coast range, which rose to a height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, with glaciers sloping down toward the sea. At length they rested upon a promontory 1,000 feet high, which they named Cape Fligely, in honor of a noted geographer. Looking northward, they saw a broad space of ice interspersed with patches of open water, beyond which were the summits of blue mountain ranges. Observations showed that they had reached lat. 82° 5′. They judged the mountains to be some sixty or seventy miles further north; if so, this is probably the most northern land ever seen by human eye. If they had been provided with a boat, they might possibly have reached the land, which they named Petermann Land; at least, they could have gone some miles in that direction. But without a boat they could go no further.

Here, says Payer, "proudly we planted the Austro-Hungarian flag for the first time in the high North, our consciences telling us that we had carried it as far as our resources permitted. It was no act of asserting a right of possession in the name of a nation, as when Albuquerque or Van Diemen unfurled the standards of their country on foreign soil; yet we had won this cold, stiff, frozen land with not less difficulty than these discoverers had gained those paradises. It was a sore trial to feel our inability to visit the land lying before us, but withal we were impressed with the conviction that this day was the most

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[*] That is, by any land expedition. Parry, on the ice, north of Spitzbergen, is said to have reached lat. 82 deg. 45 min.

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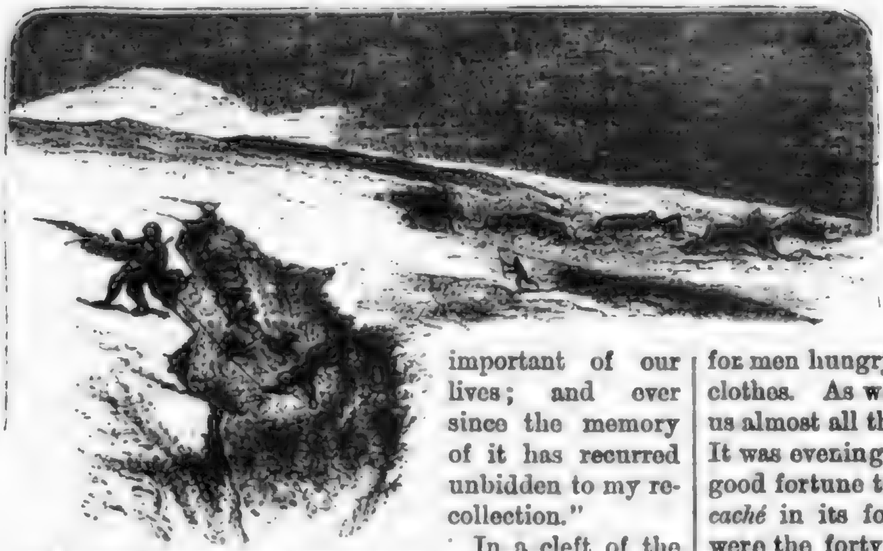


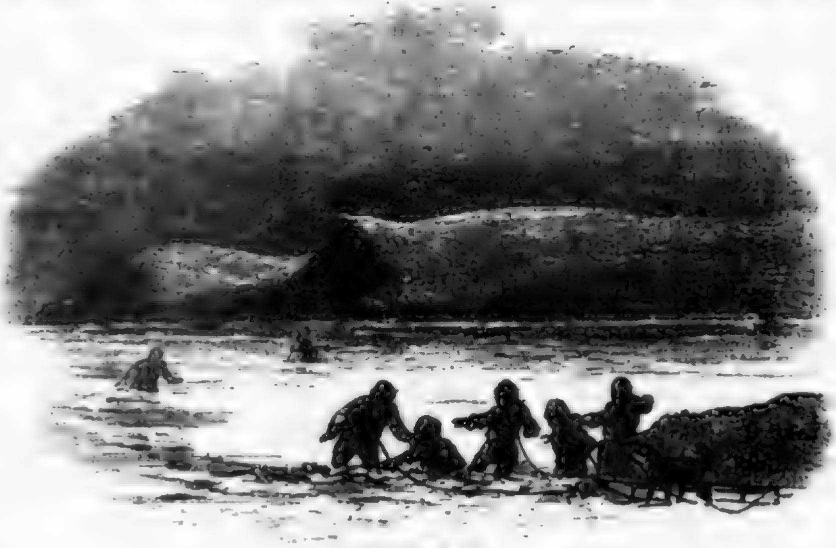
THE SLEDGE FALLS INTO A CREVESSE ON THE MIDDENDORF GLACIER.

important of our lives; and ever since the memory of it has recurred unbidden to my recollection."

In a cleft of the rock was placed a bottle, inclosing the statement that "Some members of the Austro-Hungarian North Pole Expedition have here reached their highest point, in latitude 82° 5′ N., after a march of seventeen days from the ship, lying inclosed in the ice, in latitude 79° 51′. They observed open water of no great extent along the coast, bordered by ice, reaching in a north and northwesterly direction to masses of land, whose mean distance from this highest point might be from sixty to seventy miles, but whose connection it was impossible to determine. After their return to the ship, it is the intention of the whole crew to leave this land and return home. The hopeless condition of the ship and the numerous cases of sickness constrain them to this step." This document was signed by the three men who had reached this extreme point, the name of "Antonio Zaninovich, *Seaman*," heading the list, and that of "Julius Payer, *Commander*," modestly standing last.

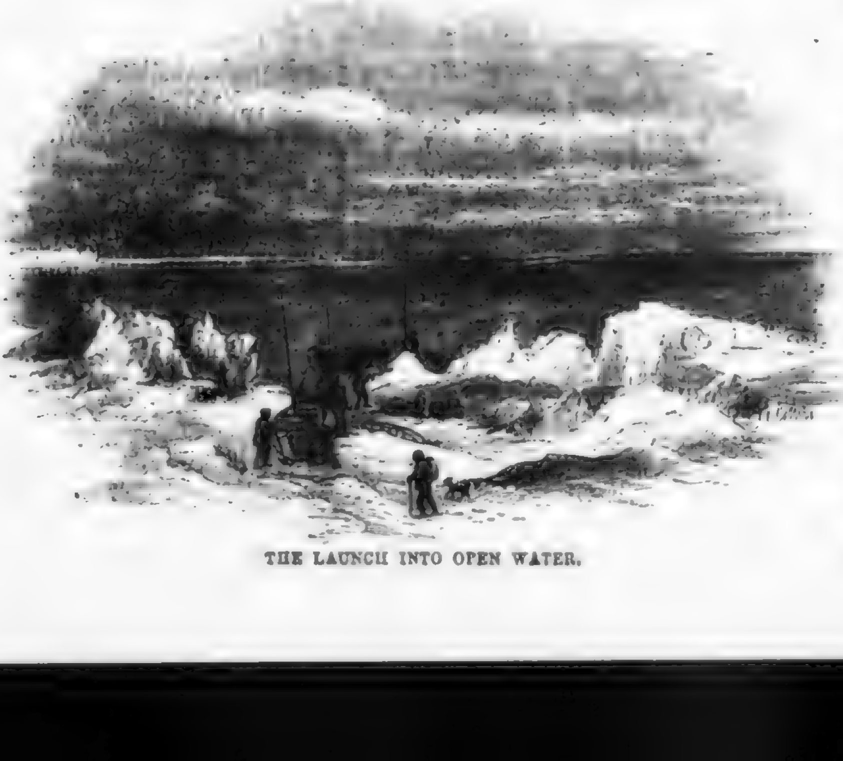
One may almost regret that this event had occurred the 12th, and not upon the 13th, of the month; for, as already noted, the number thirteen was a notable one in the history of this expedition. It would have been just two years to a day since the *Tegetthoff* was launched. The return journey to the ship involved quite as much of hardship, and even more of actual peril, than the advance had done. We pass over the incidents of this return journey, though they are well worth the telling. Once, at least—this was on April 20th—they were saved from imminent starvation by coming upon the *caché* which had been made, as already noted, of boiled beef and the half-eaten carcass of a bear.

Payer's journal says: "On the 20th of April, after a breakfast more suited for a patient under typhus fever than for men hungry as wolves, we left the tent in our still wet clothes. As we went on, the terrible weather blew out of us almost all that remained of our courage and resolution. It was evening before the storm abated; but we had the good fortune to find the iceberg where we had made our *caché* in its former position close to the shore. There were the forty-five pounds of boiled beef, and there too the bear, lying two feet deep in the snow. It took us an hour and a half to dig him out, and load our sledge with this frozen mass which we were glad to call food. After each of us had devoured three pounds of boiled beef and bear's flesh, on we went."



BREAKING IN.

When they reached a point about twenty-five miles from where the *Tegetthoff* should be, if her position remained unchanged, Payer, with the small sledge and the dogs, started on in advance to ascertain whether the ship still lay where they had left her some four weeks before, leaving the others to follow as rapidly as they could.



THE LAUNCH INTO OPEN WATER.

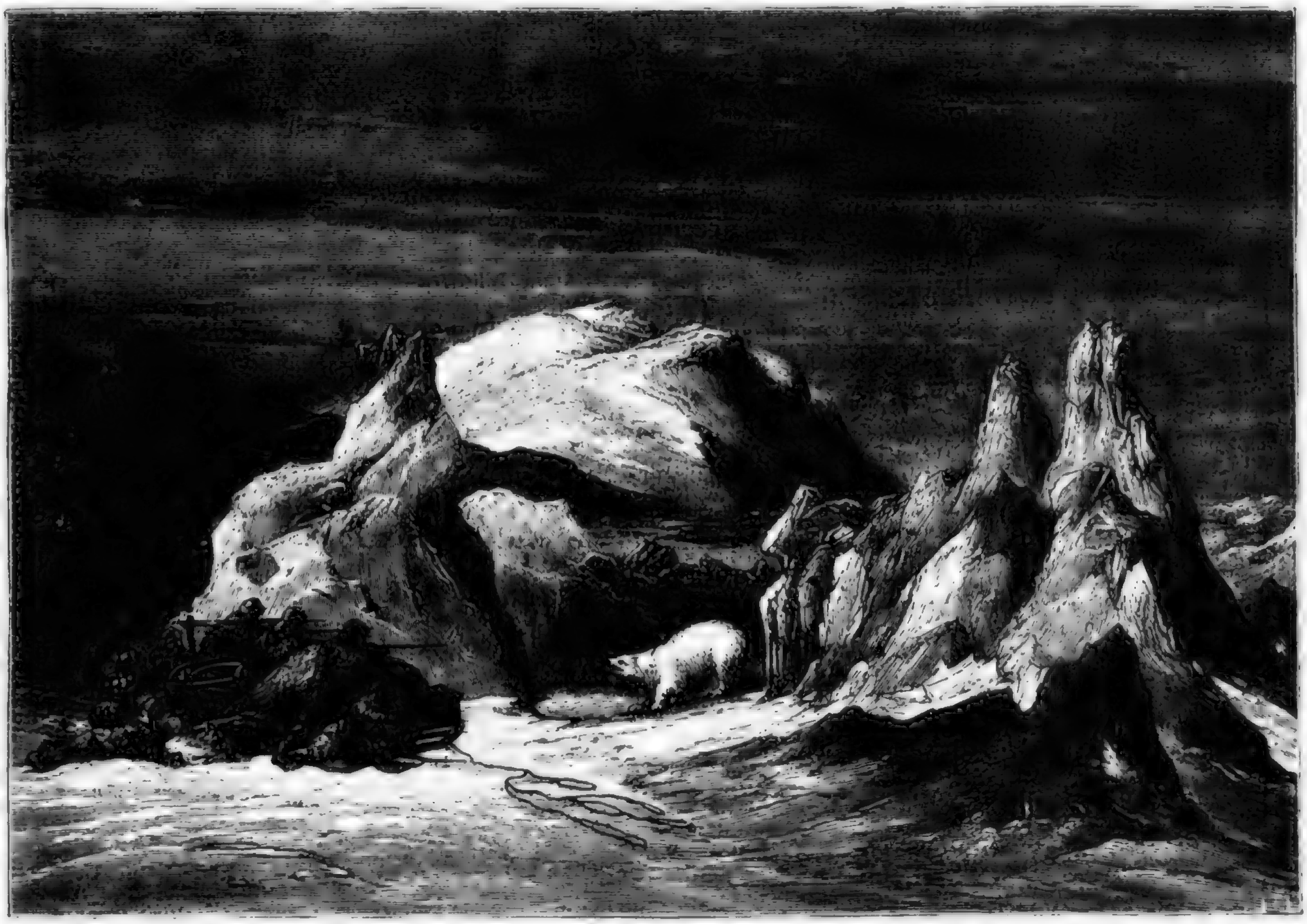
At midnight of April 22d, Payer came close to the high point from which the *Tegetthoff* could be discerned if her position remained unchanged. "A few hundred yards further," says he, "and I should stand on the top of it, and see the ship, if ship were there. With anxious, heavy heart, I began the ascent. A stony plateau stretched before me. With every advancing step, made with increasing difficulty, the land gradually disappeared, and the horizon of the frozen sea expanded before me—an immeasurable white waste. No ship was to be seen; no trace of man, save a cairn with the fragments of a flag fluttering in the breeze—the grave of poor Krisch, covered with snowdrifts. Still I climbed on. Suddenly the three slender masts emerged. I had found the ship. There she lay, about three miles off, appearing on the frozen ocean no bigger than a fly. The snow-drifts and icebergs around her had hitherto concealed her from my eye. I directed my telescope toward her, and every spar and sail I saw seemed to promise a happy conclusion to our expedition. I held the heads of the dogs toward the ship, and pointed with my arm to where she lay, that they might share in my joy. We soon descended, and took our way toward her."

With the exception of the watch, all were asleep on board the *Tegetthoff*. Payer was discerned when about a hundred yards off. The alarm was great when it was discovered that he was alone; but when this was calmed, he went down into the cabin to awaken the sleepers. In the morning all hands who could be spared set out to meet the remainder of the sledge-party, whose flag was before long descried. Hearty and joyful were the mutual greetings, and the appetites of the emaciated adventurers occupied that night, and for a week afterward, all the attention of the rest of the crew. "Our food," says Payer, "which we always took as hot as possible, had made our tongues and gums as hard as leather, so that we could not discriminate what we ate. Our great desire was not for flesh, but for white bread, potatoes and milk."

Everything showed the wisdom of the determination to abandon the *Tegetthoff*, and to try to make their way homeward; and preparations had been rapidly pushed forward. On the whole, the auspices were favorable. The number of the sick had diminished, and the general sanitary condition had greatly improved, owing to the plentiful supplies of fresh meat afforded by the chase. Bears and birds were abundant, so that they regularly indulged in stewed birds and roasted bear's flesh. Detestable as bear's meat is in general, now that they were in good condition, it was discovered that there were portions by no means to be despised. "Our culinary art," says Payer, "exercised itself on the refined preparation of bears' tongues, which, with the brains, were esteemed the greatest delicacies."

In anticipation that the ship might drift away during the absence of the sledge-party, Weyprecht had caused a boat with provisions for three months to be put on shore. Lucky it was that the seven men were not driven to this mode of rescue; for later experience showed that the exploring party could not have escaped by means of the boat, for it required the united efforts of all the three-and-twenty to raise the boat and place it upon a sledge.

One more sledge expedition, lasting five days, was made to survey the land in their immediate vicinity. The power of the sun was so great some days that the temperature of the tent at noon, when there was no wind, rose to +64° F. If the temperature during the day did not fall more than fifteen degrees below that point, they required no clothing beyond their woolen undergarments and stockings. "My attention," says Payer, "was directed to the southern parts of Zichy Land, lying to the northwestward, forming a vast mountainous region beyond Markham Sound. Half the horizon was bounded by cliffs and heights gleaming with snow. The mountains were generally conical, the only exception being the Richthofen Spitze, the loftiest summit we had seen in Franz-Josef Land, which rose like a slender white pyramid to the height of about 5,000 feet. The land was everywhere intersected by fiords and covered with glaciers. Its boundaries toward Spitzbergen could not be determined, because, even at the distance of sixty or eighty miles, mountain ranges were distinctly to be traced. It would appear, therefore, that masses of land stretch in this direction to at least the 50th, perhaps even to the 48th, degree of east longitude. We also discovered that the lands



RECEIVING BEARS.

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on the south of Markham Sound were separated by a fiord. This was already open, and since some darker spots indicated fissures in the ice in Markham Sound, it is probable that sledge-journeys in Franz-Josef Land can be undertaken only in the early Spring, without the danger of being cut off. But we were much discouraged by the view toward the south. An enormous surface of ice extended before us—a sad outlook as we thought of our return homeward. Although one single thread of serpentine water, gleaming in the sun, stretched toward the southeast, separating the land-ice from the field-ice, it was yet certain that the next breeze from the south would close it. All save this was a close sheet of ice."

This last sledge expedition ended on May 3d. About 450 miles had been traversed during the three expeditions.

The preparations for an over-ice start homeward were pushed forward. Sound brains directed and willing hands executed the work. "Lieutenant Weyprecht," says Payer, "deposited our meteorological and magnetic readings, the log-books and the ship's papers in a chest lined with tin, and soldered it down. I made exact duplicates of the surveys and measurements which I had taken, having special care so to prepare these that another person might be able to construct from them a map of Franz-Josef Land, should I perish on the return journey. These sheets were also packed in a chest lined with tin, and soldered, and along with them were placed our zoological drawings, and about 200 sketches of the country. Of the zoological collection itself, only a small selection of the specimens most easy of transport could be taken with us." Yet an onlooker would have thought the whole scene one of aimless confusion. "Every one," continues Payer, "was busy in getting his clothes ready. In the quarters of the crew, sewing went on without intermission. Piles of thread disappeared under their fingers, to appear again in the strangest patterns worked on the old garments. Avalanches of cast-off clothes hung over the hull of the ship. The vessel—no longer trim as before—came to wear the look befitting the catastrophe that awaited her. A great number of bears' carcasses lay on the ice, for only the brain, the tongue and the prime portions of the flesh found their way to the kitchen; the remaining parts lay about, half-buried under the snow-drifts, given up to be torn in pieces by the dogs, who now, for the first time, found themselves exempted from rations served out according to time and circumstances. A month later, and such a field of carnage would have become a very home of pestilence."

The last visit to the shore took place on May 15th. "On the spot," says Payer, "on which we had first set out on our foot-journey, we took our farewell of the grave of our comrade, and of the land to which we had drifted through the happy caprice of an ice-floe, and the discovery of which rendered possible a return without humiliation. But with this farewell the business of the expedition came to an end; all our thoughts were now occupied with getting back to Europe. Of the issue we dared not form the least conception. But whether it were deliverance or destruction, our lot must at any rate be decided within three months, as for this period only could we drag with us the most indispensable provisions."

Three boats were selected for the return expedition. Two of these were Norwegian whale-boats, 20 feet long, 5 feet broad, and 2½ feet deep. One of these was commanded by Weyprecht, the other by Payer, and each of them carried eight men. The other boat, somewhat smaller, commanded by Lieutenant Brosch, who had proved himself a worthy compeer of the others, carried the remaining seven men. Five dogs yet remained. Two of these were shot on account of their uselessness. Jubinal and Torossy were available for sledge-drawing. Little Pekel was also spared; "but," notes Payer, significantly, "his life was safe only as long as our provisions lasted."

The boats were all mounted on sledges. All told, the entire burden borne was about 90 cwt., of which provisions amounted to something more than half. Everything else was cut down to the lowest possible point. "Our stock of clothes," says Payer, "consisted of two woolen shirts, one pair of woolen drawers, three pairs of stockings, leather water-boots, a cap, and a fur coat to sleep in. Each of the party carried also a large knife, a spoon, and a pair of snow-spectacles. Of luxuries, none were allowed but a tobacco-pouch to each man, which was filled with such art that it was as heavy as a stone. We were not allowed to line our coats with tobacco."

The physical condition of all but two of the men was good. But Stiglich had not long before shattered his arm by the accidental discharge of a rifle, and Vecerina was incapable of active duty. These two men had not unfrequently to be dragged in the dog-sledge. The general plan was to make first for the depot of provisions which had been made on the Barentz Islands. Thence they proposed to skirt the coast of Novaya Zemlya, in the hope of falling in with some of the ships occupied in the salmon fishery there until the beginning of the harvest. The boats were to keep together, if possible; but if separated, the Wilhelm Islands were to be their place of rendezvous up to the middle of August; after which each boat was to look out for itself.

The start from the *Tegetthoff* was made on the evening of May 20th, 1874. "We slept during the day," says Payer, "and in the evening sat down to the last meal we were to enjoy on board the ship. About 9 o'clock P. M. we assembled around the boats, ready for the start. Dark masses of clouds obscured the sun, and our route southward led us into the gloomy, monotonous region of ice-hummocks covered with snow, our world for the next three months." The first day's work for three-and-twenty men, harnessed to boat and sledge, was barely a mile; and for several successive days it averaged even less than that. The boat-sledges perpetually sank deep into the snow and stuck fast, so that all hands had to be harnessed to a single one, which would be hauled a few furlongs, and left while the men went back for another. They had to pass three times heavily laden and twice empty over every foot of the way. In a few days raw wounds appeared on the shoulders of several of the men. Moreover, they were tortured by incessant thirst, which some of the men vainly attempted to allay by eating snow.

During the first week, whenever Weyprecht encamped at the end of a day's march, Payer, with Haller, Zaninovich, Jubinal and Torossy, went back with the dog-sledge to bring fresh stores from the ship to replace those which had been consumed. In an hour or two they could traverse the distance which it had taken a week to go over with the heavily loaded boats. Flocks of sea-gulls were always screaming around the remains of the bears which lay around the ship, and sometimes bears were seen prowling in the distance, waiting till their time for plunder came. "They seemed to wait for the moment when they should be able to take permanent possession of a fortress which had been so long hostile to their race."

By-and-by dark masses of clouds were seen in the southwest, indicating open water in that direction. There was ground for hope that if they could get beyond the land-ice, and reach the ever-changing "leads," they could launch their boats in one of these water-ways, and follow its windings between the fields of ice. On the eighth day they came upon a little island hitherto unseen by them. Climbing the highest point of this, they saw an ice-hole about a mile off. A fierce snowstorm detained them here for a day; but on the 30th they went to the edge of the floe, hoping to find a place where the boats might be launched. Day after day they continued the quest, but all in vain; for the edges of the hole were barricaded by walls of broken ice, over which the boats and sledges could not be dragged. Nothing was left but to encamp, and wait for the opening of a passage. They called this spot the Harbor of Aulis; "for," says Payer, "like the Greeks of old, we had here to wait for more favorable winds." They remained here until past the middle of June. During a month, lacking two days, they had gone only five miles from the ship. At this rate it would take twenty years to reach the coast of Lapland.

It was found that the boats were insufficient for the men and stores, and early in June, Payer, with ten others, were sent back to the *Tegetthoff* to bring away the jolly-boat. It took just three hours to reach the ship. They also brought back with them a considerable quantity of stores, none of which were so much prized as tobacco, which, says Payer, "was regarded as a right royal gift; and Dr. Kepes, to whom I gave a shirt-sleeve well stuffed with the precious weed, regarded himself as a Crœsus."

Over and over again they tried for some way of gaining the patch of open water. At last, on the 17th of June, an ice-hole opened close beside them. "Instantly," says Payer, "we prepared to take advantage of it. The day was perfectly clear, and though the temperature in the shade was just at the freezing-point, it was to us as an African heat. We threw down the walls of ice, leveled a track for the sledges, and that night we stood with all our baggage at the edge of the open water; and on the morning of the 18th we at last succeeded in launching our boats, and putting everything on board. The sledges, fastened to the boats, were towed in their wake. After drinking some tea, with the last remains of our rum, we pushed off, steering toward the south; and it was a sure sign of the elevation of our spirits, that three-and-twenty tobacco-pipes were immediately put into active operation."

But their rejoicings were premature. They had scarcely sailed three miles when they were stopped by a floe, and had to draw up their boats on the ice. Their position was apparently worse than ever, for the floe upon which they were was at the mercy of the wind, to be driven wherever it pleased. Two days afterward a fissure opened, into which the boats were launched unloaded, and loaded up again on the opposite side. The result was merely changing their position from one floe to another. There were, for three days, no navigable "leads" along which they could sail a rod.

We condense a few extracts from Payer's journal for the next three weeks:

"*June 23d.*—Things have improved a little toward the south; in the forenoon we passed over two water-holes and two floes, thus advancing about a quarter of a mile. A third floe hindered us from penetrating into another ice-hole. After midnight the ice again opened, and we sailed several hundred paces further. *June 26th.*—Several hours occupied in passing over ice-fields and small ice-holes. At noon Orel took the latitude, and found it 79° 41′—a bitter disappointment; for our entire advance southward was only ten miles from the ship. *June 27th.*—With a fresh northeast wind, we sailed over a larger ice-hole, our latitude at noon being 79° 39′. *June 29th.*—Two or three small ice-holes and some ice-fields were passed to-day. Another seal was got. Every one of us had now learned, by force of habit, to eat half a pound of seal-blubber with our tea at noon, and to eat it with pleasure. It was some comfort to the more delicate and sensitive to be assured that it tasted like butter; and many experiments had been made on the edibility of seal-fins. Kane came to consider seal-fin as a kind of salad. We cooked it in our soup, and the dogs at last went beyond us in the high estimate they placed on this article of diet. We never felt better than after a noonday meal at which we had consumed a considerable quantity of blubber. Our digestion was particularly good, and those who had suffered from stomach complaints produced by the continuous use of pea-sausage ceased to be so affected.

"*July 1st.*—The whole of our day's labor consisted in passing over a fissure. The observations taken at noon gave 79° 38′ as our latitude, so that during the last four days we had gained only a single mile. *July 3d.*—In just the same latitude, while we discovered from our longitude that we were only four miles east of the ship. The small amount of drift discernible in the ice, with such strong winds, was a sad sign of its closely-packed condition. *July 4th.*—We continued to drag our heavy loads over the ice, and imagined that we had gained a mile to the south; but the wind blew strongly from the southeast, and when we took our observations next day, we found our latitude 79° 40½′, so that we had actually been driven back toward the northwest, and the toils of the last three weeks had been useless. Our seal-hunting also was for several days rarely successful. For hours the hunters lurked around the edges of ice-holes, sometimes without seeing a single seal come to the surface; and when at last the animal did make its appearance, it very often sank after it was hit, before a boat could be launched. Those which we saw on the edges of ice-holes showed a dexterity in diving out of the way of mischief which, as things were, failed to excite our admiration. The bears, even more than the seals, showed a prudence and caution which their previous behavior had not taught us to expect."

We group together a few sketches belonging to the first half of July:

"It was a strange life, this abode for weeks of Summer in boats covered over with a low tent-roof, with oars by way of furniture, and three pairs of stockings for each man's mattress and pillow. The four boats are lying on the ice, crammed with sleeping men; and so great is the heat in them that no one needs his fur coat, and snow placed in any vessel becomes water in a few hours. Our meals are taken in perfect silence. What, indeed, was there to be said which had not been said a hundred times before? A stillness like death reigns over all the surrounding forms of ice, and the frozen ocean stretches out beneath a vast shroud. A sunless, leaden sky spreads over all; not a breath of air stirs; it is neither warm nor cold; and this pale realm of ice forms a world of danger and difficulty, against which are matched the strength and sagacity of three-and-twenty men. There is still, however, one solace left us—that of smoking. Some, indeed, have already exhausted their whole stock of tobacco. He who has half a pouch of it at his disposal is the object of general respect; and the man who can invite his neighbor to a pipe of tobacco and a pot of water is considered to do an act of profuse liberality. Tobacco becomes a medium of exchange among us, and provisions are bought and paid for with it—its value rising every day. There is no difference between day and night; and Sundays are only distinguished by dressing the boats with flags."

In this enforced idleness, days and weeks passed away. On the 14th of July they changed their place on the floe by 300 yards, in order to select a more convenient place

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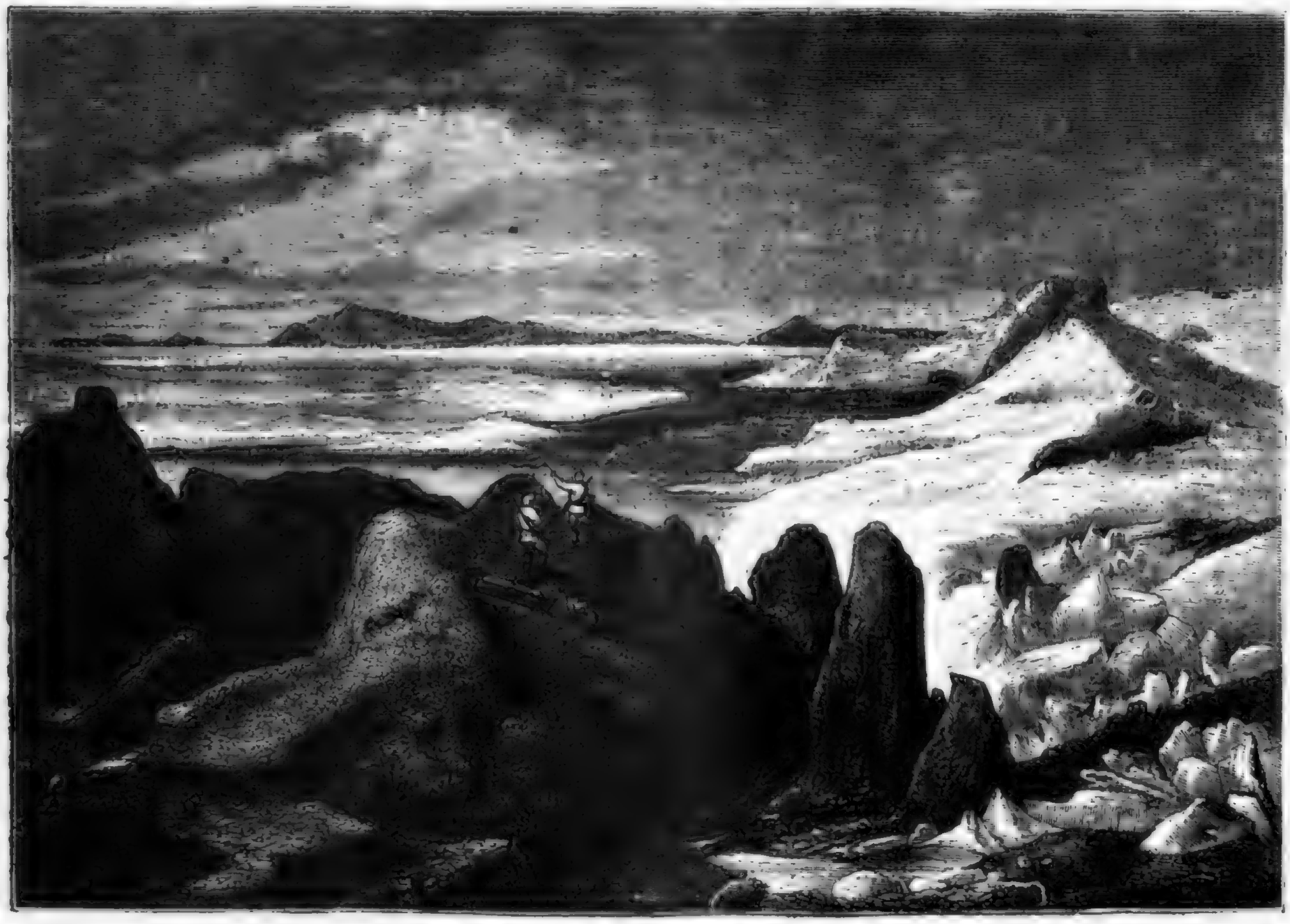
for seal-hunting, and to keep up an appearance of traveling. "Hitherto," says Payer, "we had patiently endured the severe labors of dragging our heavily-laden boats and sledges from floe to floe; of launching the boats in small fissures, and again drawing them upon the floes. The least progress was sufficient to fill us with joy and thankfulness; but every empty tin case proclaimed with fearful distinctness the diminishing of our provisions, and the gloominess of our prospects. After the lapse of two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than ten miles out of the twelve hundred which lay before us. The heights of Wilczek Island were still distinctly visible, and its lines of rocks shone with mocking brilliance in the ever-growing daylight. All things seemed to say that, after a long struggle with the supremacy of the ice, there remained for us but a despairing return to the ship, and a third Winter there, stripped of every hope, and the frozen ocean for our grave."

"No one of our party," continues Payer, in summing up the incidents of this period, "suffered so much from this depressing state of things as Carlsen. For more than twenty years the old and tried 'ice-master' had lived amid floes and ice-blinks, manfully and successfully fighting against the hardships of the Arctic seas; and now that frailties had increased upon him, he saw himself compelled to such toils and privations as would have taxed his strength even in his prime. He bore his burthens without murmur or complaint, though it was painful to others to see the signs of exhaustion in his appearance. He no longer spoke of polar bears and walruses. Even the puritanical zeal with which he had been wont to rebuke and lecture the Slavonians for playing cards on 'God's holy day' had grown somewhat cold, and his fears lest the noisy discussions of the lively Southerners should end in blows, became even more intense."

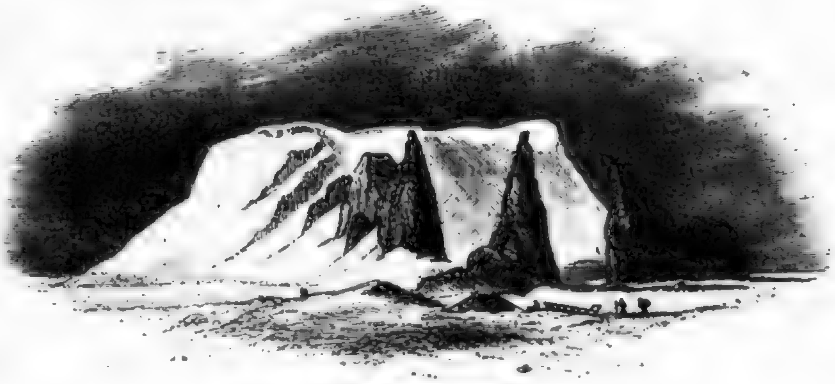
On the evening of the 15th of July, things began to mend a little. A few small "leads" opened toward the southwest. Next day, there was a strong northwest wind, and after narrowly escaping being crushed, they ran into a broader and longer "lead," and by noon they were in latitude 79° 39′, a full dozen miles from the ship; the highest points of Wilczek Island being barely discernible—"blue shadows surrounded by vapor, and over the whole a heavy water-sky."

From this time they began to make quite sensible progress. "Up to this date," says Payer, "we had been compelled to cross every fissure, and the least impediment, such as the stoppage of a 'lead' by pieces of ice, had sufficed to cause us hours of laborious effort. The ice lay thick and close, and its floes were firmly frozen together. But now the ice was not only somewhat opened, but was seldom cemented by frost, and the efforts of fifteen or twenty men generally sufficed to shove apart any two floes with long poles, or remove any barrier which closed a 'lead.' If the 'leads' closed in, so that there was danger that the boats should be crushed, the crew jumped out, and hauled them upon the ice."



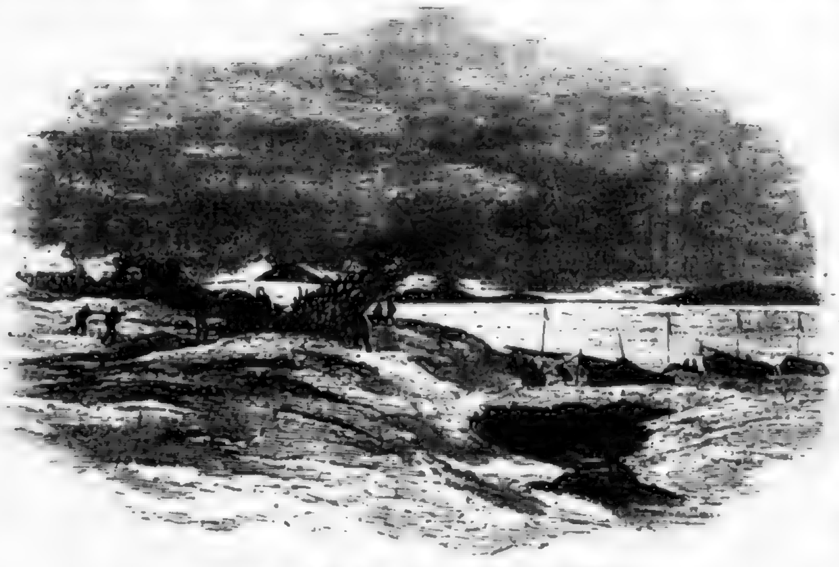
THE AUSTRIAN FLAG PLANTED ON CAPE FLIGELY.

One of Payer's striking sketches belonging to this period—a "Scene on the Ice"—is thus described by him: "The sketch exhibits one of the scenes which occurred almost daily—the pushing of floes asunder with long poles, in order that the boat might pass between them, while the rotatory motion of the floe closes the fissure in the foreground, so that another boat has to be drawn upon the ice as quickly as possible. The baggage of the boat is represented partly as packed on a sledge, and partly lying on the snow, and the men and dogs stand ready to drag it over the floe to the next place of launching. Two other boats, which have found the 'lead' open, are on before, and one of them is lying on an ice-field which has to be crossed, waiting for the others to come up."



CAPE TEGETTHOFF.

But with all these aids, an advance of four miles a day was quite satisfactory for a week. July 22d was marked with a white-letter, for that day they were compelled to draw up the boats only twice, warping them through narrow 'leads' into larger ice-holes. In the evening they were in latitude 79° 1', fifty miles from the ship. Their spirits rose, for they hoped that they would soon find themselves in longer water-ways, which would exempt them wholly from the toil of sledging across the floes.



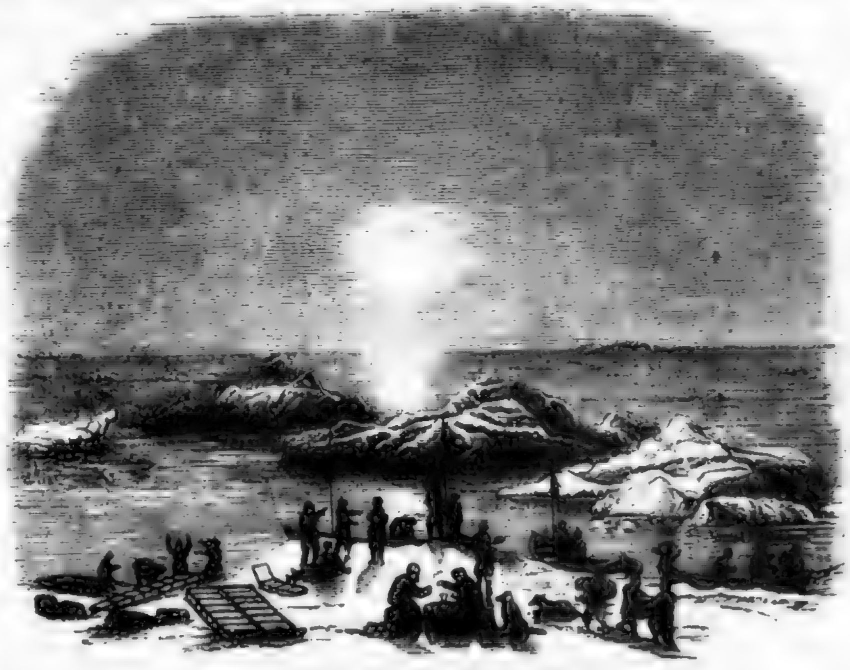
LANDING ON THE COAST OF NOVAYA ZEMLYA.

July passed, and August came. On the 7th they made a dozen miles, without once dragging across floes. At noon a welcome sight greeted them. There was a fluctuation in the sea-level, the ice alternately rising and falling. "The swell of the ocean!" they all exclaimed; "we are close upon the open sea!" But bad weather came on, and another weary week elapsed before the boats could be launched in open water.

"Dreadful," says Payer, "was the solemn lapse of time. August was well advanced; the knowledge that we had provisions for only one month more, and the shortness of the season for action that still remained, failed not to impress upon us all that the crisis of our fate was at hand." Summer was practically over, the temperature began to fall till at night it reached some six degrees below freezing point, and the cold now began to join the fragments of old floes into formidable obstacles. Moreover, says Payer, "the caprice of the wind might again carry us off toward the north, as it had done two years ago, but it would carry us also to certain destruction." Indeed, there was such a drift, for on the 9th they found that they were actually ten miles north of where they had thought themselves to be. Then the drift changed slightly to the southward, and at noon of the 15th they found themselves in lat. 77° 49', a good 120 miles southward from the place where the *Tegetthoff* had been abandoned not quite three months before.

"Then," says Payer, "a large ice-hole opened before us, and with a sea running high, the boats, making a good deal of water, sailed into it. It was the last ice-hole. The last line of ice lay ahead of us, and beyond it the open boundless sea. About 6 o'clock in the evening we reached the extreme edge of the ice-barrier, and once more, but for the last time, drew our boats on a floe. Again we heard the voices of the waves—the voice of life to us; again we saw the white foam of the surge, and felt as if we had awoke from a death-like slumber of years. We went to our rest for some hours, but were aroused by the watch about 2 o'clock in the morning. The east wind had gathered some heavy masses of ice around us, which rose and fell with the swell of the ocean, and we were already several hundred yards from the water's edge. Any delay in escaping would require the labor of many days to set us free again. After much shoving with poles, and lading and unlading, we got beyond the line of ice. The frozen ocean lay behind us, and on our last floe we made preparations for our voyage upon the open sea.

This 15th of August—the day of liberation from the ice, was the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and in honor of it the boats were dressed with flags. "But,"



FAREWELL TO THE FROZEN OCEAN.

says Payer, "it was no time for the rest and recreation of a Holy Day. Graver duties pressed upon us. The boats had to be ballasted, and were with difficulty made to take on board the baggage, the water-casks and the crews. Our four sledges, to which we owed so much of our success so far, were of course left behind. The three dogs were also put on board, not, however, without much hesitation when the contingencies of the voyage were considered. With three hurrahs we pushed off from the ice, and our voyage commenced. Its happy issue depended on the weather and on incessant rowing. If a storm should arise, the boats, heavily laden as they were, must sink."

One sad but unavoidable episode followed closely after this embarkation. "We were soon convinced," says Payer, "that the dogs, which suffered greatly from sea-sickness, would dangerously incommode us in the boats by destroying their trim. There was, in fact, no room for them in our over-crowded boats, nor water or provisions. We could not bring ourselves to abandon them, and our only form of gratitude for their services to us was the painful one of putting them to death. A floe by which we passed became the grave of these our true friends, our companions in all situations, and our helpers in all dangers. It was indeed a painful moment when Jubinal was taken out of the boat to meet his death. It was the loss of a true comrade, who had never departed from my side, and who had patiently borne all the labors and the toils imposed upon him. Poor Torossy, too, born in the Arctic regions and the ice-pressures, was not a little lamented."

They escaped from the ice in lat. 77° 40′, about seventy-five miles south, and a little more east, from the point where they had been beset not quite two years before. The course was shaped a little west of south, so that they might come upon the depot of provisions which had been deposited upon the Barentz Islands. Thence they proposed to skirt the coast of Novaya Zemlya, hoping to fall in with some Norwegian or Russian fishing vessel. The nearest land was fifty miles distant, and everything depended upon reaching it before the weather changed for the worse, in which case they would be obliged to throw over their provisions in order to lighten the boats. Putting forth all their strength, the crews bent to their oars, Weyprecht's boat leading the way. The crew of each boat was divided into two watches, relieving each other every four hours. Sometimes they lost sight of each other in the fog, but the sounding of horns and trumpets brought them together again. In two days the highlands of Novaya Zemlya came into view, close at hand. Then a fog sprang up, and they could steer only by compass. When the fog lifted, and an observation could be taken, they found that a current had borne them a hundred miles to the south of the depot on the Barentz Islands; but they dared not lose time in going back for provisions. The temperature was meanwhile much milder than it had been in 1872, and much like that which the *Isbjörn* had found in 1871. They kept skirting the coast of Novaya Zemlya, keeping a sharp lookout for vessels.

On August 17th the sun set for the first time at midnight; and on the next day they landed at a spot remarkable for the luxuriance of its vegetation. "To our eyes," says Payer, "accustomed to the monotonous white of snow and ice, it appeared like a garden. There was nothing to remind us of a polar region, either in the land, the temperature or the weather. The broad bay, if it had been without its circle of glaciers, would have seemed like an Italian gulf. This was the first land on which we had set foot for months. We lay down on the damp turf, and listened to the pleasant sound of the surf. Flames soon ascended from the pile of drift-wood which we had collected, while some of us climbed to the neighboring ravines, and even gathered flowers."

All things are estimated by comparison; and in itself this "paradise" was a very poor one. The best thing which they found was a species of coltsfoot, the leaves of which, hastily dried and smoked, were pronounced to be "excellent tobacco." But if the spot had been a hundredfold more a paradise, it was no place for tarrying, for the necessity of finding a ship was urgent, and the thunders of the neighboring glaciers proclaimed that Winter was again close at hand.

Onward they rowed again, peering into every bay in hope of finding a fishing vessel which had not yet completed her catch. The weather grew bad, and the boats were continually getting separated. On the 21st, stress of weather compelled them to go ashore and remain there a couple of days. Here they built a cairn, in which was placed a writing describing the course of the expedition up to that date, "in order," says Payer, "to leave some trace of it in a region visited annually by ships. The discovery of this statement in the course of the next Summer would prevent the sending out of vessels to rescue us in higher latitudes, if we should meantime perish."

Perhaps there was no darker time in the history of this expedition than the 24th of August, 1874. On the previous day they found that their provisions would last only ten days longer at most. If not saved within that time, there would be no hope. They drew up on shore, and divided the remaining food equitably among the different crews, "and then," says Payer, "we took to our oars once more, and pulled into the boundless waste of waters—into the mystery that hung over our destiny."

All that long day they clung to their oars, and as evening fell they were gliding past the black, weather-worn rocks of Cape Britwin, the ledges of which were covered with flocks of birds reveling in the spray of the surf. About seven o'clock a great cry of joy sprang up from the four boats; for close by them was another little boat with two men in it, busily engaged in bird-catching. In a few moments more they turned a corner of a rock, and before them lay two little schooners. "To us," says Payer, "these vessels were the sum-total of the whole world. Dressing our boats with flags, we followed the strangers in their boat, and made fast to the schooner *Nikolai*, whose deck was in a moment crowded with bearded Russians, who stared at us with mingled feelings of wonder and sympathy, and whose captain, Feodor Voronin, stood like a patriarch among them to welcome us. Ten days sooner," adds Payer, pathetically, "and our poor dogs might have gamboled on the deck with us."

Nothing could have been more kindly than the reception of the Arctic adventurers on board the Russian schooners. "But when," says Payer, "we produced the Imperial Ukase, which directed all Russian subjects to render us all the help in their power, these humble seamen bared their heads and bowed themselves to the earth. We had an example before us to show how orders are obeyed by the subjects of that empire, a thousand miles from the place where they are issued. But we were not only received in this reverential manner, but were welcomed with the greatest heartiness, and the best of everything was spread before us—salmon, reindeer-flesh, eider-geese eggs, tea, bread, butter, brandy. The simple seamen freely produced their little stock of good things; and one of them, after observing me for a long time, and thinking that I did not express myself strongly enough for a happy man, persuaded himself that I wanted something more.

Forthwith he went to his chest, and brought me all the white bread and tobacco he had. Though I did not understand a word he said, his manner was so full of unmistakable heartiness that no interpreter was needed."

Here properly ends the story of the "Austrians in the Ice," just ninety-six days after the abandonment of the *Tegetthoff*. The Russians had been engaged in the salmon-fishery, and had met with indifferent success. Their purpose was to remain a month longer in the Novaya Zemlyan waters. But Captain Voronin was easily persuaded to take his new friends to the little port of Vardö, in Norway, for which he was to receive three of the battered boats, a couple of rifles and the guarantee of 1,200 silver roubles, equal to about $950.

Vardö was reached on the 3d of September; and it was not many hours before the telegraph bore homeward the glad tidings of their deliverance. Two days later they were on board the mail steamer bound for Hamburg. They stopped at Tromsö to put ashore the veteran Carlsen. "Apart from his linguistic acquisitions," says Payer—"for he had learned to speak several languages on board the *Tegetthoff*—the hardy old Arctic voyager went ashore with only three things: his wig, his reindeer coat and his walrus-spear." We presume, however, that his wages for two years and more were ready to be paid over to him. We presume, also, that the reward of 2,500 florins promised by Payer to the gallant party who accompanied him in the long sledge-journey, in case they should reach latitude 82°—which they did, with five miles to spare—was duly honored by the Austro-Hungarian Government.

Weyprecht and Payer—really joint commanders in the expedition, each acting within a prescribed limitation, and acting throughout in perfect accord—had no reason to complain of the reception which awaited them when they reached home. "We had none of us," says Payer, "any presentiment of the honors that awaited our arrival there. The favors shown to us by our monarch, the enthusiasm which greeted the news of the discoveries we had so marvelously made, the sympathy so abundantly expressed for our sufferings, made us feel that we were rewarded far beyond our deserts, and that we had gained the highest that man can gain—the recognition of their services by their fellow-countrymen." The Royal Geographical Society had, in 1875, two gold medals intrusted to it for award. Of these, the "Founder's Medal" was given to Weyprecht, and the "Patron's Medal" to Payer.

Counting from June 13th, 1872, when the *Tegetthoff* steamed out from Bremerhaven, to September 3d, 1874, when the members of the expedition reached Vardö, the whole time was 812 days—a little more than two years and three months. This period comprised three Winters, one full Summer and a part of another passed in the ice. The results of the expedition were in some respects of great importance. To say nothing of the discovery of a large body of land whose existence had been hitherto unsuspected, we learn much of the varying aspect of climate in different years—variations which no Arctic explorer can anticipate, and which he must yet be prepared to encounter. Taken in connection with the accounts of previous expeditions, such as those of Kane, Hall, and the North German Expedition, this narrative renders it more doubtful than before whether human effort will ever be able to reach to within four hundred miles of the North Pole by any route whatsoever. As to the existence of an open Polar Sea—that is, of a permanent body of water even reasonably free from ice so as to be navigable, even could it be reached by ships, Payer and Weyprecht are clearly of opinion that nothing of the kind exists. They believe that the way by Smith's Sound promises best for sledge explorations. The utmost points to which ships can attain have, in Payer's judgment, already been reached. He says: "In polar expeditions we have probably reached, so far as the explorations of the highest latitudes by means of ships is concerned, the limits of possibility. The extraordinary success which fell to the lot of Hall's expedition (in which his vessel, the *Polaris*, reached as high as latitude 81° 38') teaches us only the possibility of encroaching but a little beyond that limit, even under the most favorable circumstances."

At the time when Payer wrote, the results of the last English expedition, under Captain Nares, were unknown. Speaking of the possibilities of this, Payer says: "Should this expedition, equipped in so effective a manner, and sent out by a nation of such great experience, not come nearer to the goal, or if nearer, only through sledging—which may very probably be the case—the conviction will then be strengthened that all efforts to reach the Pole by navigation in the frozen ocean are hopeless, and witness only to the glorious persistency of human endeavor."

We now know the result of this expedition, upon which the British Government lavished every facility. The highest point reached by any of the vessels was latitude 82° 27', about fifty miles further north than Hall had gone in the *Polaris*, four years previously. A strenuous attempt was made by a sledge-party of fifty-three men, under Commander Markham, to reach the Pole. They returned after an absence of seventy-two days, during which they suffered intensely from cold and scurvy. The utmost point which this great sledge-party could reach was latitude 83°.10', about fifty-four miles further north than Hall's utmost point, and only sixty-five miles nearer the Pole than the spot upon which Payer and his three companions had planted the Austro-Hungarian flag. Beyond them, to the north, there was no appearance of land; so that we must still believe that the high land seen by Payer is the most northern ground upon which human eye has rested. The utmost limit man's effort in this direction can attain appears to have been reached. We sum up the whole matter in the words of Payer:

'Until aërial navigation to the Pole shall be attempted, it would be advisable, in the service of natural history and geography, to content ourselves with the exploration of those Arctic lands of which, up to the present moment, we know only the coast-line, or which, situated on the outermost verge of our Polar charts, are still untrodden by man—most especially the interior of Greenland. The Polar question, hitherto regarded chiefly as a geographical question, would thus for a considerable time be taken up in the interests of natural science. Lieutenant Weyprecht, after dwelling on the predominance of exploration in Polar expeditions, expresses a wish that the great civilized nations would unite in contemporaneous Arctic expeditions for magnetical, electrical and meteorological investigations, to be carried on simultaneously in different places, with similar instruments, and in accordance with similar instructions. Those who think such results too insignificant for the energies and sacrifices which must be expended to achieve them, and who would rather that such efforts should be transferred to those still unknown regions of the earth which may become the dwelling-places of man, will of course give their veto against the further agitation of the Arctic question."

If it shall so happen that the present *Jeannette* expedition should fail to approach the Pole nearer than has already been done, we may fairly assume that the judgment of Payer will meet with general acceptance. But in any case the world is richer for the heroic efforts which have been lavished upon Arctic explorations.

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WAGER OF BATTLE.

The last occasion on which this right was exercised in England was in the case of Ashford *vs.* Thornton. Ashford had accused Thornton of the murder of one of his relations, and the latter desired to fight.

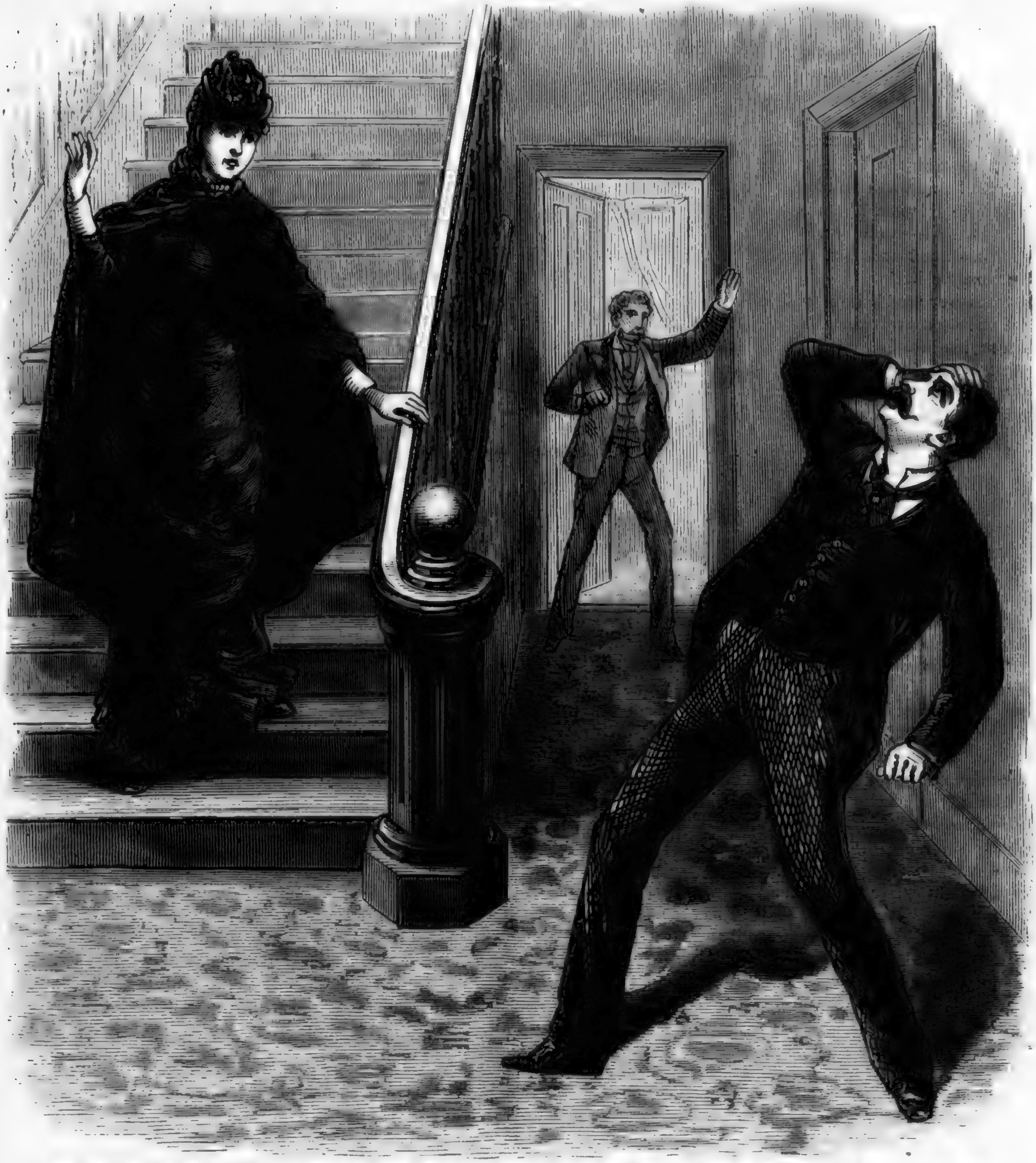
By the ancient laws of England, when a person was murdered, the nearest relative of the deceased might bring what was called *an appeal of death* against the person accused of the murder. Under this process the accuser and the accused fought. The weapons were clubs. The battle began at sunrise, and was fought in presence of the judges, by whom also the dress of the combatants and all formalities were arranged. Part of the preliminary oath administered was that neither combatant should resort to witchcraft. If the accused was slain, it was taken to be proof of his guilt—if the accuser, of his innocence. If the accused held out till starlight, that also attested his innocence. If either yielded while able to fight, it worked his condemnation and disgrace.

The case of Ashford *vs.* Thornton was argued in the Court of King's Bench on the 16th of April, 1818, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. Mr. Chitty argued against the right of battle, Mr. Tindall being on the other side.

Finally, the Court decided that trial by battle was in force. It had never been repealed.

No battle, however, on this occasion was fought. A technical plea interposed. And Parliament passed a repealing statute.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.



NOT GUILTY!—"'MY GOD!' HE CRIED, IN A TONE THAT MEG WOULD NEVER FORGET, AND THE NEXT INSTANT HE STAGGERED AND WENT DOWN, LIKE A LOG, TO THE FLOOR OF THE HALL."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

MEG, in her excitement, arose and stood before Leith, twisting her slim fingers nervously together.

"Robin, you remember what I told you in the church-porch that night about myself—about my—my—father. I did not mention his name, did I?"

"Not then; but later, in your delirium, you called upon it often."

She reached and touched his arm. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Tell me, have you not made inquiries concerning him? You *must* have done so, Robin. I know it—I feel it! It would not be like you, if you had not!"

He looked pained and embarrassed; he tried to avoid her gaze. She searched his expressive face for a moment.

"It was all true, then!" she cried, in a voice of sharp conviction.

Miss Prue, with great delicacy, stepped to the far end of the room, and turned her back on the young people.

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“Robin, what have you learned? I beg you to tell me!” implored Meg, wildly.

“I have learned nothing that you do not already know. Be calm—I entreat you to be calm.”

Her breath came fast and short.

“To whom did you go for information?”

“To no one. I procured an old copy of his trial, and read it for myself.”

“Ah! and when you had done that, what did you think of Philip Harmon?”

He tried to evade her.

“You must not distress yourself with this matter now—you are too ill.”

“Answer me!” she stormed, in her old imperious way. “I will be answered! Did he deserve the gallows?”

For his life, Leith could not speak. He stood like a stone. His face was as pale as her own.

“Oh,” she cried, in a voice of utter despair, “he *did!* I see it in your face! Where is that trial? Give it to me! I, too, must read it!”

“Not for worlds!” said Leith, in a horrified tone; “it would kill you!”

She covered her eyes with her hands.

“One question more. What saved him? Why was his sentence changed?”

“He was saved by the almost superhuman efforts of his friend, Colonel Dysart.”

She had overrated her strength. She fell back helplessly into her chair. Miss Prue flew to her aid.

“Rob, you are quite crazy! Do you want her to have a relapse? I remember that man's trial, as if it were but yesterday; and he ought to have been hanged as high as Haman! He squandered a princely fortune, and murdered a beautiful young wife! There, go now; you have done enough.”

That night, as she lay upon her white bed, alone in her little chamber, Meg Dysart had a vision of the colonel's library at Beach Hall. Seated in one of its antique chairs, she saw an ugly, pock-marked man, crushing his hat awkwardly between his knees, and peering up at the colonel from under bushy brows. Every word of the conversation which had passed between her so-called uncle and that strange messenger from the dead, flashed back on her memory. Her father was dead to the world, and buried for ever in his prison cell. Surely it was of him that those two had spoken in such obscure terms. “Not guilty!—not guilty!” the colonel had said. He had talked of injustice—of a great wrong. What did that mean, except that he believed Philip Harmon innocent?

Meg started up on her pillow, thrilling in every nerve. Where could she find that strange Mr. Martin? Alas! she had not the smallest clew to his whereabouts. Neither was it possible for any inquiry, any appeal, any petition of hers to reach the colonel at present. She had no means of knowing in what part of Europe he meant to tarry, or how long his stay there would be. A blank wall seemed suddenly to rise betwixt her and her new hope. She stretched out her arms into the darkness.

“I can wait!” she said, bravely—“weeks, months, years; but when you come back, nunky—when you come back, not Constance, not all the world, shall keep me from seeing you! From your own lips I will hear Philip Harmon's story!”

The next day was dreary and full of storm. The first snow of the season whitened the earth; the cold wind blew in long, lamentable blasts across the wintry sea. At her modest dinner-table, Miss Prue ventured to broach a subject which had long lain near her heart.

“My dear,” she said, turning her kind, sharp eyes upon her pale young guest, “Robin is going away to the city to practice law—he is going at once, and I shall be left here alone. Now, it is very disagreeable to live alone, and I have no taste for cats or parrots. As a very great favor, I ask you to remain, and share my home for the present. Of late, I have feared that you were forming other plans. You must consent to stay with me till your health and strength are fully established.”

With a dark flush on his face, Robin Leith looked quickly up from his plate, and added his voice to Miss Prue's.

“I hope you will oblige my sister—she has set her heart upon keeping you. We have not much to offer you, it is true; but——”

Meg arose from her chair. Her dark eyes were full of tears.

“How good you are to me—both of you!” she cried. “What have I done to deserve such kindness, such generosity? I have no words to thank you.”

“We want no thanks,” said Miss Prue. “Promise not to leave us—that is all we ask.”

Robin was nearer to her than his sister—she held out her hand to him, smiling sadly through her tears.

“Give me a little time to think about it. To-morrow I will tell you what I mean to do,” she said.

The touch of those fluttering fingers was too much for Leith. He saw the tears in her eyes—saw that faint smile, like April sunshine, and his usual self-possession forsook him. He bent and laid his burning, breathless lips upon her hand.

She drew back hastily, dropped her white lids, and frowned.

“Forgive me,” he muttered; “I did not mean to do that.”

“The young idiot!” thought Miss Prue. “I hope he has not spoiled everything.”

That evening the trio separated at an early hour. At breakfast next morning, Miss Prue and her brother waited in vain for their guest; she did not appear.

“My dear,” called the old spinster from the foot of the stair, “it is eight o'clock. Are you asleep?”

No voice replied. She ascended to Meg's chamber. It was empty. Deep silence reigned there. The little white bed had known no occupant the preceding night. On the table lay a note, addressed to Miss Prue. It ran thus:

> “Oh, my kind, good friend, do not blame me because I leave you thus. I must go, and I dare not trust myself to say farewell. The bread of dependence in your house has been very sweet, but I cannot partake of it longer. The money which my long illness has cost you, I can, in time, repay, but your care and kindness—never! God bless you and yours. MEG.”

A heap of precious things lay on the table with the letter—all the girl's jewels which she had brought from Beach Hall, and half of the money from her little purse. These she had left for Miss Prue. The latter ran to the door and raised a bitter cry.

“Robin, she has gone! Sick, and without a friend, and with scarcely any money, the poor child has gone, and we shall never see her again!”

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS GREY.

THREE years had passed away—swift, changeful years.

It was a bitter, sunless, blustering November day in the cultured City of Boston. All the fashionable world had returned to town; gorgeous fabrics filled the shop-windows; a steady stream of people poured up and down both

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sides of Washington Street. Whence do these daily throngs come—whither do they go? The trees of the Common stood up, gaunt and bare, in the fading afternoon. Every flower was dead in the trim beds of the Public Garden. The wind, fresh from the bleak harbor, whistled sharply round the street-corners, and pinched blue the noses of rich and poor alike. On Beacon Hill, the great gilded dome of the State House made one solitary patch of brightness against the dull gray sky.

In the establishment of Madame Modiste, fashionable French dressmaker, a great bustle reigned on this particular afternoon. Madame—a wiry little woman, with a cast in the eye, and a tired, harassed manner—was well-nigh beside herself. There were dresses to be fitted, dresses to be sent home, dresses to be called for, trimming that must be changed, a thousand and one things to do, and only an hour or two of daylight left.

Madame opened her workroom-door and looked nervously in. A half-dozen girls were there, all stitching away, as if for dear life, upon satin and silk, lace, tulle and velvet.

"Has Mrs. Ryder's dress been sent?" she asked.

"Yes, madame," answered a voice, "a half-hour ago."

"Will Miss Fortescue's be ready at seven o'clock? She is going to a ball to-night."

"Madame, there is not lace enough to trim the train as Miss Fortescue directed. We shall need two yards more. Can a messenger be sent to her at once?"

Madame gave a sharp glance around the room.

"Miss Grey!"

A slender, dark-haired girl arose from a corner.

"You are Miss Fortescue's favorite," said madame, with a weary smile; "you shall take the message. Tell her that two yards more of the point lace will be required to trim her pink faille as she desires. She was to send more if it was needed. Be very careful you do not lose it, for it is priceless."

"Yes, madame," quietly answered Miss Grey. She went to a closet, and put on a shabby black hat and shawl. Then said:

"I do not know where Miss Fortescue resides."

Madame gave the necessary information, adding, smartly: "Be sure you make all possible haste." And Miss Grey departed on her errand.

By this name she had been known for three long years. In the old days at Beach Hall, the world—*her* world—had called her Margaret Grey Dysart. On her flight from Blackhaven, she determined to become simply Miss Grey. That name, at least, was hers. To that of Dysart she had no right, and Harmon—no, she could not yet assume that.

These three years of Meg's history may be briefly comprehended in these words: Trimming and plaiting and stitching in Madame Modiste's workroom—she had been one of madame's best customers in the old palmy days, and upon hearing such a part of her story as our heroine chose to reveal, the little Frenchwoman had given her employment at once, and consented to call her Miss Grey—lodging and eating at a shabby boarding-house, where she was looked upon as a handsome, haughty, unsocial creature, who made no friends, and evidently wanted none; watching the newspapers for the lists of arrivals from abroad; suffering loneliness, weariness and hope deferred—this was Meg's record for the last three years.

And in all this time she had learned nothing concerning her unknown convict father. She had received no tidings of Colonel Dysart. The latter was still in Europe with his wife, and heaven only knew when he would return.

A stranger in a strange city, with no companions save her own sad thoughts, Meg worked late and early for daily bread, and waited, waited, sometimes in hope, sometimes in despair, for the absent colonel.

"He may *never* come back to America," she said to herself, in moments of despondency. "Perhaps Constance means to keep him abroad for the rest of his life."

She began at last to think of his return as the event upon which her whole future hung, and, until it should transpire, she must plod on her present way, and endure in silence.

As Miss Grey plunged into the throngs which moved up and down Washington Street this bleak afternoon, many a man, and woman, too, turned to stare after her, for she was not a person who could pass unnoticed in a crowd. Three years had added new loveliness to her striking face. The rich hair, shorn by Miss Prue Leith, now covered her small, proud head with massive braids. Her figure had gained in height and symmetry, and her shabby dress seemed only to increase her beauty.

Blind to all the admiring glances of strange eyes, intent only upon her errand, Miss Grey turned into Winter Street, and directed her steps toward Beacon Hill.

A treacherous, half-frozen slush covered the pavement—walking was difficult and dangerous. Presently a coupé, driven by a coachman in livery, rolled by the curbstone, so near to Meg that the mud and wet from the shining wheels were flung upon her black gown. She looked up quickly, and recognized the vehicle, which was often to be seen at the door of Madame Modiste's establishment. At the same instant she beheld, gazing languidly out from its rich interior, a man's face.

Blonde and debonair, blue-eyed and golden-bearded, like an ancient Norseman—she staggered, as if she had received a blow. Time had not changed him in the least. The old graceful ease was in his look, the old careless smile curled his lip. It was Danton Moultrie—the same as when he had left her at that little inn on the Sagamore beach, more than three years before.

The sight was so sudden, so unexpected, that it well-nigh took her breath. He was talking with some one on the seat beside him—a girl, dressed like one of Madame Modiste's fashion-plates. Meg had just time to observe this much, then the coupé turned a corner and vanished.

She stood like a stone, and stared blankly after it. It was as if a ghost from the grave had suddenly confronted her. Danton Moultrie again in the North—in this very city! and riding in Miss Fortescue's carriage! Meg had a good memory. Fortescue! Ah, she saw it all now! That was the name of Moultrie's hero—the man who had once nursed him through yellow fever and saved his life.

The impatient jostling of the passing crowd soon recalled her to herself. She recollected that she was now Miss Grey, the sewing-girl, bound on an errand for her employer, and she picked up her wits and hurried on again.

With a throbbing heart Meg entered that street which is the old stronghold of Boston aristocracy, and compared with which all the elegance of the Back Bay lands is as a mushroom growth.

The house she sought stood looking down with a stately air upon the brown, leafless Common and the swift streams of life flowing on its further side. Meg mounted the steps. She saw rows of glimmering plate-glass windows, draped in rich fabrics, an imposing door, and a silver plate inscribed with the name which Colonel Dysart had once commanded her to hate. Yes, blown thither, like a bird in the bitter wind of misfortune, Meg stood at Gerald Fortescue's threshold and rang the bell.

A colored servant answered it. Miss Fortescue was not

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at home—that the visitor already knew—but was expected shortly.

"I will wait," said Miss Grey.

She stepped into a superb hall, and followed the man up a broad, carved staircase.

Luxurious warmth and languid odors, as if from unseen jars of *pot-pourri*, steeped the air. From the cold, bleak day without, it was like passing into another world. At the head of the stair her guide opened a door and announced: "A lady with a message for Miss Fortescue," and the next moment Meg found herself inside the boudoir of Gerald Fortescue's only daughter and heiress.

It was a handsome room, furnished in rich crimson, with here and there a dash of old-gold. A velvet carpet covered the floor. 'Twixt curtains of figured satin the waning light fell softly along the paneled walls, lined with exquisite paintings. An inlaid Japanese cabinet for *bric-à-brac* stood in one corner; an upright piano in an ebony frame occupied another. There was an easel holding the last new picture, and a Japanese screen, embroidered in gold and crimson to match the deep square chairs and the high-backed sofa, upon which sat a fat old woman in elaborate toilet, nodding over the latest novel. She awoke with a start, as the visitor was ushered in.

"How d'ye do? Oh, yes. You are one of Madame Modiste's work-girls—I remember." She screwed a gold-rimmed glass into her sleepy eye. "You wish to see my niece? She is out riding."

Meg told her errand briefly.

"Sit down, and wait," said the duenna. "I know nothing about her laces. She will be angry if I meddle with them. You must stay till she comes."

She resumed her novel, and Meg sat down. In mingled sadness and delight her eyes wandered around the room. It was long since she had been in a place like this. A pug-dog lifted his stubby black nose from a satin-lined basket, and winked at her meditatively; a cuckoo-clock called the hour with its exquisite voice; an odor of crushed roses seemed to exhale from everything. Never till this moment, perhaps, had Meg known how deeply she had missed the luxuries of her own vanished past.

She waited.

The afternoon was rapidly dwindling, but she could not go back to the workroom without the lace. At last, thank heaven! the noise of carriage-wheels was heard in the street outside, and shortly after, Lilian Fortescue, sole daughter of one of the most learned and honored judges of the city, glided into the crimson-and-gold boudoir.

She was a little, frail, childish creature, dressed in the richest of gros-grain and velvet, wrapped in the most costly of furs. She reminded one of a bit of thistle-down that a strong wind might blow away. Beauty she had none. Her skin was colorless, sickly; her features indifferent. A pair of big black eyes, full of that far-off, melancholy look which superstitious people say betokens an early death, alone redeemed her spare little face from utter plainness. At sight of her visitor she uttered a delighted little cry.

"Dear Miss Grey, are you here, and waiting for me?"

Judge Fortescue's daughter was full of whims—the spoiled children of fortune often are—and strange to say, to no one living was she more amiable, more gracious than to this handsome, shabby sewing-girl. Meg delivered madame's message.

"Aunt Maitland," said Miss Fortescue, turning imperiously to her duenna, "ask Celeste to bring me two yards more of the point lace for my rose-colored faille."

The duenna arose with a meekly protesting air.

"My dear, where is Mr. Moultrie?" she asked.

"Below, in the drawing-room," answered Miss Fortescue, and she flung off her rich wraps, and advanced toward Meg, with her head to one side, like an inquisitive bird.

"How pale you look!" she said, quickly; "you have been sewing all day upon those tiresome dresses, have you not? Miss Grey, I am sure you were never born for such a life."

Below in the drawing-room! Suppose he should open the door, and enter without warning!

"I do not mind it—I am rather fond of sewing—yes, plainly it is my vocation," she answered, incoherently. Miss Fortescue lifted her eyebrows.

"Pardon me," she said in that gentle, childish voice of hers, "is that quite true? Anybody can see at a glance that you are out of place in a workroom. It is plain that you have known better days. Once I asked Madame Modiste to tell me something about you, and she answered that you were a person of birth and culture, but she was not at liberty to say more."

The color flew into Meg's face—she half arose from her chair.

"It is late, Miss Fortescue, and you have another visitor. Madame will be angry if I delay longer—allow me to go."

Miss Fortescue put out one frail hand, all ablaze with brilliants, and forced her gently back.

"My other visitor can wait. Tell Madame that I detained you, and she dare not be angry. Celeste has not found the lace—she is very stupid—she will be a long while yet."

Meg resumed her seat helplessly; she felt, somehow, as if the earth was shaking under her feet.

"Miss Grey," continued Lilian Fortescue, earnestly, "do you remember the first time I ever saw you? It was a year ago—I had just made my *début*. I went to Madame Modiste's with Aunt Maitland to order dresses, and Madame called *you* from the workroom to show us her Paris importations. I thought you the loveliest creature I had ever seen. Generally speaking, I rarely notice strangers, but to you I felt attracted at once. I said to Aunt Maitland, 'That Miss Grey is a princess in disguise—I am sure she has a history.'"

"It was very good of you to think of me—to speak of me. Yes, I remember the time," replied Meg, uneasily.

Judge Fortescue's daughter leaned forward, and laid her jeweled hand upon Miss Grey's. There was something irresistible in her coaxing, caressing manner.

"I see that you always wear black. You have lost friends—have you not?"

"Yes."

How she had lost them she did not explain.

"That is sad. No doubt you are very lonely. So am I, often, though you would not think it, perhaps. Papa is my only near relative. He is kind and indulgent, but oh! so dreadfully talented and learned. He knows everything. I am a pigmy in intellect, he is a giant. He awes and oppresses me with his superiority. I think I should love him more if he knew less. Then, too, there are so many things that money cannot buy, Miss Grey. I am not strong and beautiful, like you. I have absolutely no health—that is very hard."

"It is, indeed!" said Meg, with genuine sympathy.

"Sometimes," continued Miss Fortescue, sighing, "I long for a companion of my own age—one who would amuse me when I was ill or melancholy. I must mention the matter to papa—he never denies me anything. Tell me, is that peppery little madame kind to you, Miss Grey?"

"She is not unkind," replied Meg, evasively.

"That means that she can scold when the work goes wrong. Are you quite content to remain with her? Would you not accept better wages and less tiresome employment, if such were offered you by one who had your welfare at heart?"

Tears rushed to Meg's eyes. It was long since any one had addressed her in that tone of affectionate interest.

"I would, indeed, most gladly."

She had just time to answer, when the entrance of Celeste, Miss Fortescue's French maid, put an end to the conversation.

Meg took the package of lace, and arose to go. The judge's daughter arose also, and standing tip-toe, lifted her small, pale face to the handsome sewing-girl.

"Kiss me," she pleaded, gently.

Meg bent her head—she was much the taller of the two—and did as she was desired. Lilian Fortescue returned the caress with interest.

"*Au revoir!*" she said, brightly; "we will continue our talk some other day. Celeste, show Miss Grey out."

Celeste never wasted unnecessary attention on the wearer of a shabby gown. She conducted Miss Grey to the head of the stair—no further—and pointed calmly downward.

"That way, mademoiselle," she said, and vanished.

The gas had just been lighted. Its soft radiance streamed over the deep velvet and massive carving of the stair, and fell upon a marble Hebe holding out her cup from a niche on the landing.

With a great fear tugging at her heart, Meg descended. Danton Moultrie was in this house, divided from her only by a partition. Heaven forbid that she should encounter him now! To escape unseen into the street was her sole desire. She was half-way down the flight, when, to her dismay, she heard the click of a knob, and at the same instant a mahogany door at the foot of the stair swung back on its silver hinges, and a man stepped out into the hall.

"Has my daughter returned?" he asked of the colored servant waiting there.

"Yes, sir," the lackey answered—"a half-hour ago, sir."

It was not Danton Moultrie, but the Southerner's hero and friend—Gerald Fortescue.

A tall, thin, saturnine man, not yet fifty years of age. His figure was singularly erect and commanding. No thread of gray was visible in the intensely black hair which thatched his well-shaped head. His eyes, black also, had something of the hawk's far, fierce vision. Sharper than dagger-points they were—the most hardened culprits had quailed before their gaze, when his Honor administered justice from the bench. His skin was swarthy and sallow, his straight, thin features seemed cut from stone.

Never had Meg seen a face so full of power. Surely here was a man of iron nerve, without fear, without weakness. She had ample opportunity to take in his whole appearance before her soft step, the *swish* of her garments, attracted his attention. At last he looked up.

The gas-light revealed her face perfectly—dark, wondering eyes, and tuberose cheek, and dewy mouth. Judge Fortescue stopped, as if some unseen hand had grasped him. An extraordinary change swept his face, a livid hue overspread his swarthy skin. He stared at the lovely descending shape as if it had been Medusa.

And Meg? It was rather embarrassing to find herself thus observed by the most extraordinary man she had ever seen—one, too, who was connected with Moultrie and Colonel Dysart. She paused involuntarily on the carved stair, and looked down at him, as he gazed up at her. A strange thrill shot through her veins. She did not know it, but her color receded, her eyes dilated. She could not move—she could scarcely breathe. What strange thing did he see in her appearance, that he should stare like that? Men had regarded her often, with admiration, with curiosity, with interest—but never in this terrible way.

It was only for an instant, however; then Gerald Fortescue, stern judge, man of power, man of nerve, flung out his hand, as if to clutch some object, seen or unseen, and failing in that, "My God!" he cried, in a tone that Meg would never forget, and the next instant he staggered and went down, like a log, to the floor of the hall.

In the shock and fright of this unexpected climax, how she reached the door she never knew. The black servant had rushed to his master's aid—immediately the whole house would be alarmed. She waited for nothing, but flew down the stately steps, out into the street.

She had met Gerald Fortescue, and he had fainted at sight of her. Verily, it was strange!

She hurried away from the vicinity of the house. The Autumn twilight was fast gathering. She was late, and Madame Modiste had a temper. Thinking of the Fortescues—of the gentle kindness of the daughter, of the strange conduct of the father; thinking, too, of the rose-colored faille which must be finished at eight o'clock, Meg reached the crowded street which bounds the other side of the Common.

Here a blockade of cars, a jam of vehicles, threatened to impede her further progress. There was not a moment to lose. Meg dashed out upon the nearest crossing—it was covered with ice. Carriages were bearing down upon her from the right and the left. She rushed recklessly forward, but her foot slipped; the nose of an advancing horse rubbed her shoulder, the package of lace was jostled from her hand. She would have fallen, had not a stout arm whisked her promptly out of the danger, and deposited her safely on the opposite curbstone.

"The lace! the lace!" she half-sobbed, in her fright.

The person who had assisted her turned back, picked up the precious package from the frozen mud of the crossing, and, returning, placed it in her hand.

"Thank you!" she gasped; then, for the first time, she looked at him.

He was brown and broad-shouldered, and faultlessly dressed. A dark fringe of beard half hid the close, firm mouth, new lines of thought and study were graven on the rugged face, but other change there was none. She would have known him in the antipodes.

In her amazement, Meg stood like a statue. How many ghosts from her past was she destined to encounter this day? She made no sign of recognition, neither did he. Had he forgotten the lovely *riante* face which had wrought him so much ill in the old days? Like utter strangers they surveyed each other; then Robin Leith lifted his hat, as he might have done to any member, young or old, of the weaker sex, turned on his heel and disappeared in the crowd.

In a curious frame of mind, Meg went on to Madame Modiste's establishment. For three years she had lived and worked undisturbed by anything pertaining to her buried past; but now her long peace was broken up, old troublous elements had entered again into her life. She thought of Robin Leith with a sort of amazed resentment.

"I hear that he is winning fame and fortune," she meditated. "No doubt, for he no longer wears a shabby coat. He might have permitted me to ask about Miss Prue—but no matter; it is better, perhaps, as it is. Plainly he has forgotten me."

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CHAPTER IX.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"PAPA!" Gerald Fortescue stood at the window of his breakfast-room, lost in a brown study. An early riser, and a very methodical person in all his ways, was this learned and honored judge, whose talents had, within a twelvemonth, lifted him to the bench—this man, who was a terror to all evil-doers, for he administered justice with an iron hand, and rarely tempered his decrees with mercy.

The room was luxuriously furnished in brown and buff; jars of blood-red jacqueminot roses perfumed the air; the table was laid with the brightest of silver and the most exquisite of china. A brass clock on the velvet-covered mantel had just struck eight—the hour at which the judge usually drank his chocolate; but the sound had not reached his ears. With hands clasped behind his back, and a forbidding look on his sallow, sarcastic face, he stood gazing straight out into empty space. Of what was he thinking? It would have been a bold person who had dared to ask that question.

Judge Fortescue held his fellow-men at a severe distance. From his daughter alone did he permit familiarity. She was the only living thing that he loved.

"Papa!"

He started and turned. She was standing at his shoulder, dressed in a morning-gown of dark silk, bordered with bands of fur, and wearing upon her little pale face a tender, questioning look. His whole countenance changed in a moment.

"What is about to happen?" said Gerald Fortescue, laying one hand affectionately upon her frail shoulder. "You up at this hour, Lily, and the morning after a ball, too! Marvelous! Where is your Aunt Maitland?"

"She has a headache, and will breakfast in her own room," answered Lilian. "I could not sleep, papa; I feared you might be ill. Let me look at you."

He permitted her to search his face at her leisure, and he did not quail under her scrutiny, as a man of less nerve might have done.

"You are haggard and worn, papa. I fear you have not recovered from that fainting-fit of last night. Ah, what a fright it gave me! Do you think it could have been a symptom of—of—I scarcely dare speak the word—heart disease, papa?"

His thin lip curled in a forced smile.

"Heart disease? Nonsense, puss! What put that idea into your little head? I have been overworked of late. Yesterday I was greatly fatigued. That was undoubtedly the cause of my mishap. My darling, I am very sorry that you should have suffered uneasiness about such a trivial matter."

She drew a great breath.

"How can you call it trivial? Mr. Moultrie thought you were stricken with apoplexy, and as for my dear Miss Grey, I fear you alarmed her greatly. The footman said she went out of the house like a shot."

"And, pray, who is Miss Grey?" queried Judge Fortescue. She opened her big black eyes.

"Did you not see her? She was descending the stair from my room when that attack seized you—a lovely girl in black, with a little package in her hand."

He looked his daughter full in the face, and, without so much as the quiver of an eyelash, answered:

"I saw no one! I was suffering from vertigo at the time."

"Ah, that explains your blindness. Well, papa," with a bright little smile, "Miss Grey is a sewing-girl in the establishment of the Madame Modiste who makes my dresses. And this reminds me that I have something particular to say to you—a request to make, papa, and you must grant it, or I shall be heart-broken. Now, let us ring for breakfast."

They took their places at the elegant table. A servant brought in the meal—a roll, a delicate bird and a cup of chocolate for each—and then, at a sign from the judge, left the two together.

Gerald Fortescue looked across to his daughter, and said, whimsically:

"What bee have you in your bonnet now, puss? Has my Southern friend, Moultrie, been talking nonsense to you?"

"Mr. Moultrie! No, indeed!" stammered Lily, coloring high.

"He came to the North a month ago," pursued the judge, in a teasing tone, "to renew his acquaintance with me, and he likes our city so well that I fancy he may remain here permanently. A friend of mine has offered him a responsible position in a shipping-office, at a handsome salary, and ten to one he will accept it."

Her soft black eyes shone like stars.

"Papa, I understand—how good of you—how generous!"

He smiled grimly.

"Well, I am rather fond of the young fellow. Generally speaking, I like persons whom I have laid under heavy obligations. If he wishes to take up his abode at the North, I shall be happy to assist him. He tells me that he has recently met with heavy reverses in his own State, and though he is living somewhat expensively at a down town hotel, I conclude that he is not over-burdened with means."

Miss Fortescue was pouring cream from a wonderful old porcelain jug. Her white cheeks glowed as she bent over her cup.

"Of course I am glad to hear that he is likely to remain in the city," she said, with a vast show of indifference. "He is a rather agreeable party to fill an empty seat at dinner, you know, or to hold one's glass at the play. But let us not talk of Mr. Moultrie, papa—it is of Miss Grey that I wish to speak—I have a favor to ask concerning her."

He fixed his hawk-eyes upon his daughter, and waited for her to proceed. She gazed back at him with some anxiety.

"Papa, you are eating absolutely nothing."

"The pleasure of seeing you at table with me quite takes my appetite. What do you wish to say about Miss Grey?"

She toyed with the brown breast of her bird.

"Well, to begin, papa, I am very lonely at times. Of course, I have many friends, but none that I particularly care for—none that amuse me. As for Aunt Maitland, she is like a lay figure. I am often ill, you know, and bored, and I want to be amused, I want somebody all to myself—in this house with me. *You* have no leisure, neither can you stoop to my frivolous level. Tell me, may I have Miss Grey for a companion—may I ask her to leave Madame Modiste, and take up her abode with me at a stated salary? Say yes—do, papa, and I shall be quite happy."

He started. An expression of mingled surprise, aversion and pain flashed over his stern, sallow face.

"Lily, this is very extraordinary! Who is this Miss Grey? What do you know about her?"

"Papa, she is the loveliest creature you ever saw!" cried Lily, with vehemence, "and a lady to her finger-tips. She is educated and accomplished—Madame Modiste told me that—but all her friends are dead, and she is alone in the world. You know that picture which hangs in your bedchamber, papa—dear me! it has hung there ever since I can remember anything—well, Miss Grey is as like that as one pea is like another."

He was looking down into his plate now. Only one syllable escaped his lips. "Ah!"

"Dear papa," she pleaded, "you have never denied me a request in your life—do not begin to-day. I have set my heart upon Miss Grey. She will be invaluable to me in many ways. If you love me, papa, say yes."

He did not answer for a full moment. It was well that she could not read his thoughts. At last he looked up and said: "Cannot you find some other companion than a common sewing-girl, Lilian? Your choice seems to me rash and injudicious."

"Papa, she is *not* common," cried Miss Fortescue, with spirit. "She is a born lady, as I have already told you, my equal in everything but wealth. I wish for none but her—I will have none but her."

Her willful little mouth put on a look like her father's. One could see a strong resemblance betwixt Judge Fortescue and his daughter in a moment like this.

"How long have you known Miss Grey?" he demanded.

"A whole year, papa. I have seen her constantly at madame's rooms."

"And quite lost your heart to her, eh?"

"Quite, papa."

"Absurd child!" then, with an air of making a great concession, he put down his cup, and added: "No doubt you *are* lonely and bored at times—these tendencies you inherit from your dead mother. I cannot object to any reasonable plan by which your life may be made happier—above all things, Lilian, I desire your happiness. Let Mrs. Maitland make the proper inquiries regarding this Miss Grey, and if she finds her a suitable person, you have my permission to bring her here at once. I shall be glad to pay her a fair salary to amuse you."

"Oh, papa, do you mean it?"

"Most certainly."

She sprang up from her chair like a delighted child, and cast her arms around his neck.

"A thousand thanks! I venture to prophesy that you will not regret your indulgence when you see Miss Grey. Now let me go and banish Aunt Maitland's headache. She must be ready to visit Madame Modiste before lunch."

He smiled in his cold, sarcastic way, but kissed her with fondness.

"What haste! Well, go." And she ran off to Aunt Maitland's chamber, and left Gerald Fortescue to finish his breakfast alone.

The duenna was taking a cup of chocolate in bed. Like a small whirlwind her niece broke in upon her with the news. Mrs. Maitland bounced up on her laced and ruffled pillows in angry dismay.

"Lily Fortescue, you must be crazy! A sewing-girl, a dressmaker! Has the judge lost his wits?"

"Rise, Aunt Maitland; your headache is gone, I know. You must go with me to Madame Modiste, and make what papa calls the proper inquiries, *en vérité* you must!"

Aunt Maitland groaned. This frail girl ruled her mercilessly.

"One would think that I, your own flesh and blood, ought to be companion enough for you, Lilian. I do not approve of heiresses choosing associates from the gutter. How can a born aristocrat, like the judge, countenance such a thing?"

"*Is* papa a born aristocrat?" queried Lilian, planting her elbows thoughtfully on the silken counterpane. "I do not remember that I ever heard him speak of his antecedents. Are you *sure*, Aunt Maitland?"

No, she was not in the least sure—quite the contrary. Mrs. Maitland feared her rich and honored brother-in-law quite as much as she admired him. He was a reserved man, holding her always at a distance, never talking about himself, and promptly resenting anything like curiosity from others.

"Lily," she answered, impressively, "your father's relatives were all dead when he married my poor sister; nevertheless, I do not need to be told that in life they stood upon the highest round of the social ladder. Judge Fortescue's aristocracy is patent to any sane observer. As for your Miss Grey, if she comes under this roof, she will bring trouble with her—mark my words."

Miss Fortescue laughed.

"You dear old goose! As a chaperon you do very well, but as a companion you are a total failure. Aunt Maitland, I want Miss Grey—I will have Miss Grey. I am hopelessly in love with Miss Grey—women do sometimes fall in love with each other. I forbid you to speak of her in that disparaging tone. She is a lady, far more"—with a sudden pathetic change of voice—"to be envied than I. She has health and beauty—each a fortune in itself. I have neither, and I am ready to die with envy every time I look at her."

"Well, have your way!" cried Aunt Maitland, testily—"you *will* have it, of course—you always do. But send that French baggage, Celeste, here, to help me dress. I was out half the night with you at Mrs. Ryder's ball, and I did *not* expect to be called up this morning, to go about the city inquiring into the character of work-girls. It is true that one never knows what evils a day may bring forth."

Miss Fortescue rang for Celeste, and then went away to select a room for the coming companion. She was greatly elated with the easy victory which she had obtained over her father and Aunt Maitland.

"Papa can never say no to me," she mused, smiling. "Dear, good papa! He is so reserved, so exclusive, so grand generally, that I suppose it cannot be quite pleasant for him to receive into his house a stranger whom he thinks my inferior; but when he sees Miss Grey he will be reconciled, I am sure, to what he calls my whim."

The luncheon-hour drew near. The carriage was ordered to convey Miss Fortescue and her chaperon to Madame Modiste's establishment; but Aunt Maitland, slowest of all slow mortals, was not yet ready. While her niece waited impatiently, the door-bell rang. Up the stair came a servant, bearing a card on a silver salver.

"A gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Fortescue."

The judge's daughter took the card, and read the name written thereon—"Danton Moultrie."

The color flew into her pale cheeks. Woman-like, she turned straight to her mirror.

"Celeste, is this street-costume becoming?" she gasped.

"It is heavenly, mademoiselle!"

"I will go down for just fifteen minutes. Aunt Maitland, I fear, is taking a nap. On your peril, see that she is ready when I return!"

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Down the broad stair went Lily Fortescue, and opened the door of the sumptuous drawing-room. From a satin sofa there, Danton Moultrie arose eagerly, and advanced to meet her—the same fair, elegant Adonis who had worked woe at Gull Beach in the old days. None the worse he seemed for the experiences of the past—ready for fresh conquests he surely was.

Fortune had dealt rather roughly with Mr. Moultrie since that little episode at Beach Hall. Disgust at her caprices had led him, at last, to turn his back on the South, and seek better luck in the North. At present, Judge Fortescue was his sole hope. He was harassed with debts that he could not pay; and though he had managed thus far to preserve a decent style of living, and to keep his faultless exterior free from any seedy taint, the subject of ways and means made life a burden to him. The time had come when it was absolutely necessary for Danton Moultrie to concentrate his energies either upon drudging for a fortune or marrying one.

With a bright smile of welcome, Miss Fortescue gave her jeweled hand to her visitor.

"You are going out?" he said, holding the little palm much closer than the occasion demanded. "Your carriage is at the door."

"It can wait," she answered, lightly. "Sit down, Mr. Moultrie. How sober you look! What has happened—nothing unpleasant, I hope?"

He seated himself beside her upon the satin sofa. The great drawing-room was full of warmth and silence, and rich, glimmering colors. Fate had given him a golden opportunity. He drew a deep breath.

"A crisis has come to my life, Miss Fortescue, and I do not know how to meet it."

"That sounds very mysterious," she said, brightly; "pray explain your meaning."

His manner grew eager.

"You bid me do that? You invite me to speak to you frankly, Lilian?"

"Why not?" she answered, with a brave attempt to control her voice; "is not papa your sworn friend, and am I not papa's daughter, interested in all his affairs, all his friendships?"

He raised her hand to his lips. Danton Moultrie's days of romance and passion were well over. He had arrived at the sober conclusion that love is a great bore. He was satiated with its raptures and agonies. His desires had now taken a thoroughly practical turn. Beauty he must cease to sigh for. One cannot secure everything in this imperfect world.

"A month ago," he began, fixing on her drooping face the blue, insincere eyes which had made many a heart ache, "I came North, Miss Fortescue, to renew my old friendship with your father. You know how kindly he received me—you know the hospitality which I have enjoyed in this house. Never, while life lasts, can I forget the happiness of the last four weeks; and yet, it would have been better, perhaps, if I had never made this Northern journey—never renewed my acquaintance with the best of men, the preserver of my life."

"How flattering to papa—to us all; and only this morning he told me that some inducement had been offered you to remain at the North, and that—that you were likely to accept it."

"Miss Fortescue, my acceptance of the opportunity which your father has generously set before me depends entirely upon another person."

She raised her startled eyes.

"Who can that be?"

"Yourself."

The blood flew into her delicate, pale face, and out again. It was Danton Moultrie's custom to carry by storm the hearts of her sex wherever he went. For a month Judge Fortescue's heiress had seen him daily. Had she managed, despite his many fascinations, to preserve her peace intact?

"You cannot be serious," she faltered, making a movement as if to rise from the sofa. He held her gently back.

"I was never more serious in my life. Listen to me, Lilian—you promised to listen, did you not? If you bid me go, I shall go—if you bid me stay, I must stay. I am here to tell you that I love you—to ask you to be my wife. You hold my future in your hands. Only as your accepted lover will I remain a day longer at the North."

She was three years the junior of Meg, and his was the first voice that had ever stirred her girlish pulses. Being a novice in love, she did not perceive that it was a very calm voice, with no ring of passion in it. Intense emotion had driven every vestige of color from her little thin face. The great black eyes, her only beauty, filled up with amazed rapture. She trembled from head to foot. Suddenly she stretched out her slight, jeweled hands.

"Oh," she gasped, "is it possible that this happiness is for me? Danton, Danton, you must not go—you must not leave me, for—I love you!"

The next moment she was in his arms, upon his breast. This was always the way, he thought; women were easy game. None ever said him nay. He had only to speak the word, and they dropped into his hands like ripe fruit. Mr. Moultrie might have prized his conquests more, if the difficulties attending them had been greater. However, it was well for him now that Miss Fortescue was willing to be won. Her fortune, her father's friendship and influence, were the only things that could save him from ruin and disgrace, and, figuratively speaking, set him upon his legs.

And Lilian Fortescue lay upon her lover's heart, never dreaming of the thoughts that were passing through its secret chambers. After a space, in which Aunt Maitland and Miss Grey and the whole world were alike forgotten, she lifted her shy, tear-wet eyes, and whispered:

"How did you ever come to think of me in this way? It seems so strange! I am so small and frail and ugly! Aunt Maitland has always declared there was nothing for me in life but to fall a prey to some fortune-hunter."

He winced.

"My darling, I began by thinking of you for your father's sake; I ended by loving you for your own. Small? I adore diminutive women. Ugly? Hush! How can you talk like that? You are as lovely as an angel!"

He had made up his mind to stop at nothing now. A girl will swallow a big compliment as readily as a small one. He kissed her with fervor, wondering the while if the judge would be likely to object to a penniless son-in-law.

"Danton," she whispered again, with the foolish curiosity of her age and sex, "did you ever care for any one before? Mind that you tell me the truth! You must have seen many fair women in your own fair South."

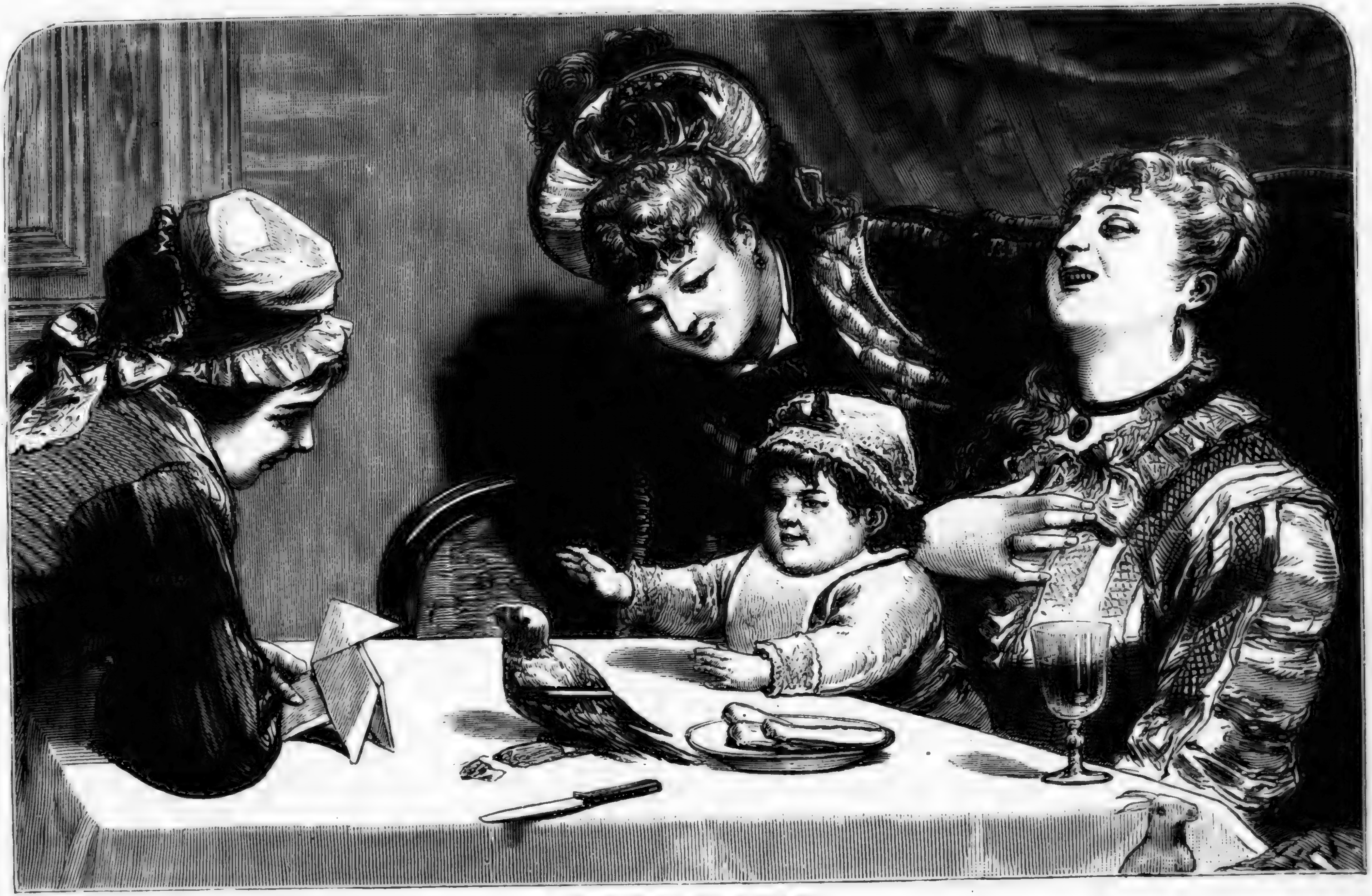
He colored faintly.

"No woman of the South ever possessed so much as a corner of my heart, darling."

"Oh, do you mean that you have never loved any one but me?"

This was what Shakespeare calls "damnable iteration."

"My dear child," answered Moultrie, with calm effrontery, "I have had my fancies—what man of nine-and-twenty has not? But I swear that I now feel for you the first



A MERRY PARTY.—POLL AND THE BABY.

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real passion of my life. Only one thing is needed to complete my happiness, and that is your father's consent to our union. I am not rich, as you know, as *he* knows, my darling, and it is possible that he may regard this fact as an obstacle in the way of our marriage."

She shook her head with a bright little smile.

"You do not know papa. He has wealth enough for us both. He will deny me nothing. Moreover, he is particularly fond of you. We have nothing to fear from him."

"And you will be my wife, Lily, upon the earliest day that we can persuade him to name?"

"Yes," she answered, with the happy tears in her big black eyes.

* * * * * *

It was high noon when Miss Fortescue's coupé stopped at the door of Madame Modiste's rooms. Aunt Maitland and her niece descended from the vehicle, and rustled, one with a sour, one with a radiant face, into madame's presence.

The poor little Frenchwoman, flushed, anxious and overworked, met the twain with that beaming smile which she kept only for her most profitable customers.

"Be good enough to show us to another room, madame," said Mrs. Maitland; "I have a word to speak to you in private."

To a private apartment the twain were led, and there Aunt Maitland proceeded to make what she considered to be the necessary inquiries regarding Miss Grey's character, and to unfold to madame her niece's plans.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said the Frenchwoman, with her hand on her heart, "you grieve and delight me. You will find Miss Grey all that you can desire. She is amiable, refined and cultured—a fit companion for any lady. I shall be heart-broken to lose her—she is most valuable to me here; but I cannot stand in the way of the little mademoiselle's wishes. No, no! what she desires she must have. I yield Miss Grey to you."

"Madame," said Aunt Maitland, "you have told me nothing about her family. It is important to know if she has objectionable connections."

Madame congealed suddenly. She was not a woman to betray confidence, under any circumstances.

"Pardon," she answered; "I know nothing upon that subject. I can tell you about Miss Grey, but her family—no, I go no further. She is altogether alone in the world, and she has good blood in her veins. More, I cannot say."

"Quite enough!" cried Lilian Fortescue, with impatience. "You have asked all the necessary questions, Aunt Maitland. Call Miss Grey."

Madame obeyed. The morning had been a trying one in the workroom. Vexatious blunders had occurred, sharp words had been tossed about, the work dragged wearily. Miss Grey entered the private room with a worn and depressed look on her handsome young face. At sight of Miss Fortescue, a smile leaped into her tired eyes; but before she could utter a word the judge's daughter stepped before Aunt Maitland and began to speak.

"Miss Grey, you told me yesterday that you would leave madame, should a better position be offered you. I have found one. I now invite you to accept the post of companion to Miss Lilian Fortescue, a very trying and disagreeable young person, at a salary of six hundred per year."

"And a very generous sum, I am sure," said Aunt Maitland, in the background, "for you have actually nothing to do. I only hope that such kindness and condescension may be properly appreciated."

Lilian laughed gayly up in Meg's bewildered face, then grew grave again, and taking the girl's shapely hands in her own, she briefly explained the matter.

"You have sewed in madame's establishment for years," she said; "would you not like a change? Are you not weary of this hard life? I want a companion, and I am sure you will suit me. You look quite stunned. Remain here, and think over the matter, while I transact a little business with madame outside."

She went away, drawing Aunt Maitland after her, and Meg was left standing in the centre of the floor, face to face with a formidable array of new possibilities.

Truly this offer was most flattering and unexpected. Should she take up her abode with Gerald Fortescue—the man who had fainted at sight of her? Colonel Dysart had charged her to hate his very name. Yes, but the Colonel tarried long in a foreign land—she had grown weary with waiting for his return; moreover, she could not forget that he had forsaken her in her sorest need. She felt little inclination now to assume his private quarrels, or let his unintelligible words stand in the way of a golden opportunity. Since he had not thought his hatred of Fortescue worthy of an explanation, she could not afford, at this late day, to concern herself about it.

Stay! there was another matter to be considered. In the Fortescue house she was almost certain to encounter Danton Moultrie. Did she shrink from that prospect? Not at all. Her proud eyes shone, the blood burned in her oval cheeks. Good-by to a hard, monotonous, uncongenial life, to madame's work-room, and madame's tempers. Welcome the old familiar atmosphere of ease and refinement, welcome all that a sojourn under Judge Fortescue's roof might bring!

After a space, Lilian Fortescue returned to the room alone, and found Miss Grey standing as she had left her, with a far-off look in her eyes, and a faint, cold smile on her lips. She touched her arm softly.

"Dear Miss Grey, have you decided?"

"Yes."

"You will come with me?"

"Most gladly."

"I have paid madame for all the trouble that your sudden loss will cause in her establishment. You see I am very impatient to secure you. Can you be ready to begin life with me to-morrow?"

"The sooner the better," answered Meg, drawing a deep breath. "Yes, let it be to-morrow."

So it was decided. The whim of a girl was about to bring Meg under the roof and into the daily presence of Gerald Fortescue.

CHAPTER X.

FACE TO FACE.

At noon next day the Fortescue carriage was sent to Miss Grey's boarding-house, to bring that young person to her new home.

In the judge's Beacon Street mansion Lilian Fortescue moved restlessly about her crimson-and-gold boudoir, looking out for the expected arrival. Odors of *pot-pourri* filled the air; hothouse flowers drooped in the Roman vases; a superb open fire made Summer warmth and glow in the charming room.

"Lilian," said Aunt Maitland from the depths of a luxurious chair, "you remind me of a child with a new toy. Fie! And you are now engaged. One would suppose that your lover might amuse you, without any help from Miss Grey."

"A lover is all very well, Aunt Maitland," laughed Miss

Fortescue, pulling her lap-dog's ears, "but, as an engaged girl, I need Margaret Grey more than ever. When I quarrel with Danton, I must have some sympathetic ear in which to pour my woes; when I make up with him, that, also, must be told; and by-and-by there will be a *trousseau* to think about—she is a person of exquisite taste. Hark! here is the carriage. Aunt Maitland, I must insist that you treat Miss Grey in a friendly manner, for my sake——"

The door opened, and a servant ushered in the new companion. Lilian met her with a glad smile, Aunt Maitland gave her a freezing little nod.

"Here is one person who does not like me," thought Meg.

"We lunch in half an hour," said Miss Fortescue. "Celeste will show you to your room; your luggage is there before you. Ring for Celeste, Aunt Maitland."

The duenna obeyed. Meg was conducted to a chamber adjoining Miss Fortescue's own—a jewel of a room, furnished in pink and white—two colors which gave it the look of a Summer dawn. A cloud of silk and lace fell about the toilet-table, which was garnished with rare bits of porcelain. Paneled walls, hung with Turner's water-colors; a downy bed, draped in pink and white; chairs of white wood, upholstered with pink; and a deep carpet, wherein the same hues largely predominated, made up a most attractive interior.

"Is this for me? Are you sure there is no mistake?" said Meg to the French maid.

"None," answered Celeste, crossly—she, too, was jealous of the handsome intruder. "Mademoiselle selected the chamber herself—she is as generous as an angel."

Meg disposed of her outer garments, and returned to the boudoir. A bell was just ringing for lunch. She sat down to that repast with Miss Fortescue and her duenna; the judge was never with his household at this hour of the day. Aunt Maitland opened fire on her at once.

"Your place is no sinecure, Miss Grey," she began, biting her truffle vindictively, and evidently determined to dispel any comfortable illusion which might be growing in the new companion's mind. "You will be required to read and sing and play to my niece (I mentioned as much at Madame Modiste's rooms, did I not? I hope you are proficient in music?), to go out with her, to help her entertain, perhaps—to make yourself useful in a hundred ways."

Meg bowed, undismayed.

"She will tax your resources to the utmost, I fancy. Before the end of three months you will wish to go back to Madame Modiste's work-room."

Lilian looked up at Meg with a bright reassuring smile.

"Do not mind Aunt Maitland—she is horribly jealous of you. Only love me, Miss Grey, and we shall get on famously together—never fear."

"It is easy to obey *that* behest," answered Meg, smiling quietly back at her.

When luncheon was over Miss Fortescue threw herself on her sofa with a tired air—she was always tired, poor child—and beckoned Meg to her side.

"Come and sit by me, Miss Grey—you are just like Tennyson's poem:

"'O, sweet pale Margaret,
O, rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me speak.'

Let us have what the girls at school used to call a 'good talk'!"

With her fat pug-dog squeezed to her side, and the firelight playing on her diminutive figure and meagre face, Lilian began the talk, and it turned first to her father. She had much to say about his greatness, his knowledge, his general superiority over the rest of mankind, and listening to her chatter, Meg could not fail to receive a favorable impression of Judge Fortescue. If he were not a superior person, she thought, his daughter would not so reverence him.

Aunt Maitland fell asleep, and presently the conversation began to flag. An unwonted color crept into Lilian's thin cheeks, she toyed with the golden fringe of the sofa pillow, and said, shyly:

"Now I am going to tell you a secret, Miss Grey—an enormous secret—I have a—a—lover!"

"Indeed!" answered Meg, watching the nervous fingers and shifting blushes with quiet amusement.

"Some time I shall probably marry."

"A natural sequence. Shall I congratulate you?"

"If you like," said Lilian, with a faint laugh. "Would it bore you to hear about him?"

"Not at all—quite the contrary," replied Meg with interest.

The pale-faced daughter of fortune drew a deep breath.

"He is grand and good and handsome—not rich, but that does not signify, for I am papa's sole heir. By birth he is a Southerner, and his name is Danton Moultrie."

Dead silence, save for the deep breathing of Aunt Maitland. Meg sat motionless, looking straight before her. So he was about to marry this little frail girl for her fortune! She gave no start, no sign of agitation.

"Several years ago papa made his acquaintance in the South," continued Lilian, all unconscious of the shock which her listener had received, "and nursed him through yellow fever—that was like papa, who loves to do noble deeds. Of course Mr. Moultrie never forgot it, and a few weeks since he came North, and made haste to call upon us, and express his undying gratitude, and all that. He was invited here constantly, and yesterday, only yesterday, he asked me to be his wife."

"Go on," said Miss Grey, as calmly as she had ever spoken in her life.

"Danton is anxious for an immediate union, but papa will not listen to that. He gave us his blessing, like the father in a three-volume novel, but he says I am too young to marry, we must wait two years at least—think of it! two interminable years! Danton is wild with disappointment, and I am cross and depressed because he is unhappy. There! now I have told you all."

Meg was watching the firelight, as it shot through the polished bars of the grate.

"Do you love him?" she said.

"Yes—oh, yes!" answered Miss Fortescue, with a fervor that left no room for doubt.

"And he loves you?"

"He swears it by sun, moon and stars."

There was a pause.

"I wish you joy with all my heart," said Meg, "and I hope Mr. Moultrie is deserving of his good luck."

"He thinks his luck very bad just at present," pouted Lilian, as she curled herself up like a kitten among the embroidered pillows. "It *is* very disagreeable in papa to compel him to wait so long for me. Miss Grey, did *you* ever have a lover?"

"Once upon a time," answered Miss Grey, with a chilly smile.

"And where is he now?"

"Gone out of my life for ever."

"He was unworthy?" said Lilian, opening her black eyes very wide.

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"I cannot judge of his worth. It is enough to know that he did not love me."

"Did he not? That is passing strange!" cried Miss Fortescue. "Were I a man, I should be at your feet in the twinkling of an eye. How grand and proud you look! I wish papa could see you now. You are just like a picture which he values highly. I am sure he would notice the resemblance—it is very striking."

Meg lifted her startled eyes.

"A picture?"

"The portrait of a lady, name unknown," said Lilian, smiling. "It hangs in papa's bedchamber. I will show it to you some day. Now I wish to hear you sing. Madame Modiste told me you had the voice of an angel. I am curious to know if she spoke truly. No opera, pray. but some old ballad—that is the music I love."

Meg went over to the upright piano in the corner—a superb instrument, made to delight the hearts of all true lovers of music. Her eyes brightened as she swept its responsive keys. The cracked and sorely abused boarding-house piano was the only one she had touched for years. It was long, too, since she had sung a note; but under the inspiration of those rich, swelling chords, and the expectant face watching her from the sofa, the old sweet desire rushed back to her lips; she lifted her strong, flute-like voice in the plaintive ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

Colonel Dysart had loved that song in the days at Gull Beach. Old memories crowded into her heart. The piano wept and sighed under her hand. She did not know what was passing in the room behind her, she was oblivious to everything till the sad story was told. Then she turned on her tufted stool, to find the aspect of the boudoir changed.

Aunt Maitland was wide awake. Lilian had dropped her pug, and was sitting bolt upright on the sofa. By her side stood a third person, who had just entered the room—a man, with a look of blank consternation on his handsome blonde face.

"That was heavenly!" cried Lilian to the musician. "Madame was quite right. It is plain that you have learnt your art of the best masters. Danton, let me present you to Miss Grey."

Face to face, at last! He stood as rigid as stone. A chalky hue crept over his lips.

"Pardon," he stammered, "I fear I did not hear the name aright."

"Miss Grey," repeated Lilian, distinctly.

Not a syllable escaped him. Meg came forward with an unflinching step. Like heat lightning her dark eyes flashed over Danton Moultrie. She bowed silently, mockingly. He retreated a step, raising one hand in a confused way to his forehead. Thus they met after three years.

Large as the world is, it is sometimes difficult, as one travels it, to keep from stumbling upon the very people one most wishes to avoid. Here, beneath Judge Fortescue's roof, was the girl whom he had deserted at the Sagamore inn—fairer, grander than of old, masquerading under an assumed name, but herself, and none other. Luckily for him Aunt Maitland spoke at that moment.

"Lilian, are you going out with Mr. Moultrie?"

"Yes," answered Miss Fortescue, rising quickly—"to look at a new picture. Celeste will make me ready in ten minutes. Take care of Miss Grey. She has some notes of invitation to write for me. You will find the list of names in my desk."

Danton Moultrie retreated toward the door.

"This room is very warm, Lilian—quite unbearable," he faltered. "Permit me to wait for you in the hall."

The next moment he was off down the stair. Coward! he had actually fled at sight of his old love.

Celeste arrayed her young mistress for the street, and at the foot of the stair Miss Fortescue found her betrothed waiting. She was struck with something odd in his look and manner as he handed her into the carriage.

"That young person—that Miss Grey—who is she?" he said, abruptly, as they rolled away from the house.

"A new member of the family," replied Miss Fortescue, her little pale face all radiant with the joy of this *tête-à-tête* ride with her lover. "Is she not handsome?"

"I did not notice. In heaven's name, where did you find her? What do you know about her? For what purpose is she living with you?"

A strange gloom had overspread his countenance. She looked at him in such surprise that he hastened to change his tone.

"You are mine now, darling, and everything connected with you is of superlative interest to me."

She slipped her wee gloved hand into his own, and promptly told him all that she knew about Miss Grey.

"And you have engaged her as a companion, Lilian?" he demanded, almost angrily.

"Yes; and you cannot think how dearly I love her already. I know of no person half as charming in all my list of friends."

"Ah, indeed!"

His *châteaux en Espagne* seemed tottering before his eyes. He would probably meet her every day of his life. What would she do? Tell the story of his desertion to Lilian? Small fear of that, for she had a secret involved in it which he instinctively knew that she wished to keep. And so she had been earning her own bread for three years! Good heaven! Then the colonel and Constance had cast her off for ever!

"My darling," said Moultrie, grasping the little hand as though he feared it was about to slip from him, "I shall be miserable until I make you mine—mine beyond recall. Promise to give your father no peace until he reconsiders his decision, and consents to shorten our time of waiting."

"I promise," she faltered, coloring high.

Meanwhile, in the crimson-and-gold boudoir, Meg wrote Miss Fortescue's invitations, starting involuntarily when she came to the name of Robin Leith in the list. Was she to encounter *both* of her old lovers under this roof? Before her task was done, Aunt Maitland went away to dress for dinner.

She placed the pretty notes in Miss Fortescue's carved desk; then sat down by the fire, alone with Bijou, the pug, who had crept into his basket and curled himself up on its satin cushion, like a Sybarite. Already the shadows of the short wintry day were gathering. Meg dropped her head on her hand, and stared meditatively into the red coals. It was as well to meet Danton Moultrie now as at some future day—meet him she surely must in this house. Had she forgotten the vow of vengeance made against him in her agony and humiliation at the Sagamore inn—the vow that she had asked heaven to record? No; Meg rarely forgot anything. There, in the bright fire, she seemed to see Gull Beach, dotted with sandpipers, and the blue, windy bay, white with foam, dazzling with sunshine. In her ear was a pleasant sound of lapping waves, and a murmur of winds in the tall firs, under which she had once walked with him. Unconsciously a sigh escaped her lips; at the same moment the door opened behind her chair, and a step crossed the velvet carpet.

"Miss Grey, I presume?" said a cool, interrogative voice.

She started and looked up, to meet a pair of eyes sharp and fierce as a hawk's. They seemed to take her measure instantly.

"It *is* Miss Grey, I feel assured," continued the voice; "and since no third person is present to announce the fact, permit me to say that I am Judge Fortescue, Lilian's father."

She arose to her feet with a thrill of alarm. Yes, before her stood the man that she had seen in the hall, dark, grand, imposing, yet with a smile of rare fascination on his lips, a reassuring sweetness in his voice. She bowed.

"Miss Fortescue is out."

"So I perceive. Pray be seated. I fear I have alarmed you, and already there is one offense of that kind for which I must apologize—I mean the fright which you received two days ago."

"How did you know I was frightened?" said Meg, throwing back her head, and looking at him with handsome, fearless eyes.

He laid one arm carelessly over a corner of the mantel, his fingers closed upon an exquisitely painted vase which stood thereon. He was gazing at her with keen attention, but she did not shrink—it was natural that he should wish to know what sort of a person his daughter had chosen for a companion.

"I guessed it," he answered; "what could be more probable? I was seized with a sudden attack of vertigo—I fell almost at your feet. It was very unfortunate, and you were greatly startled, were you not?"

"Yes," frankly.

"But you did not for a moment imagine that *you* had anything to do with my indisposition?"

She hesitated, then replied:

"Surely not."

Crash! The painted vase lay on the tiled hearth in a score of pieces. Judge Fortescue had flung it absently from his hold.

"Oh, what a pity!" murmured Meg, with womanly regret at such costly destruction.

He quickly recovered himself.

"I will ring for a servant to sweep up the bits," he said, with a cold smile. "Miss Grey, my daughter has conceived a violent attachment for you, and shown, I must confess, more discrimination in the matter than I ever gave her credit for. As she is my one only treasure, her friends must be my friends."

He held out his hand. He could be, when he so willed it, one of the most affable and fascinating of men. Meg laid her slim fingers in his clasp, thrilling with something that was half pleasure, half fear.

"I am not often attracted to strangers," he said, lightly. "but the spell you have laid upon Lilian is working, I think, on me. May I ask you one question? Were you born in this city?"

She was on her guard in a moment.

"You may think it strange," she answered, with composure, "but I do not know my own birthplace—I never heard my friends mention it."

He lifted his eyebrows, but he was too well-bred to express surprise in any other way.

"One meets with people of your name every day," he said, slowly releasing her hand. "Have you relatives here?"

"No."

"There are many unaccountable things in this world, and one is the striking likeness which sometimes exists between utter strangers."

He turned his baffled eyes from her face, and rang for a servant to gather up the broken vase. Immediately after, with a rustle of silken garments, Lilian and Aunt Maitland entered together.

The elder lady looked suspiciously from the judge to Miss Grey. Might not this girl, who had subjugated the daughter, make the father also the captive of her bow and spear? But Lilian's face brightened.

"What! have you two been cultivating an acquaintance?" she cried. "Excellent, papa!"

"I found Miss Grey quite deserted," replied the judge, coldly—"a stranger in a strange house. We have exchanged the common greetings. Where is Moultrie? I thought he was to dine with us."

Her countenance fell.

"While we were looking at the pictures, papa, he was seized with a violent headache. He begs to be excused from keeping his engagement."

The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear, I do not believe he ever had a headache in his life."

"I assure you, papa, that he was very pale and *distrait* to-day," said Lilian, in an aggrieved tone, "and altogether out of spirits. You know the cause—he thinks you very unkind."

"I should richly merit his opinion," replied the judge, dryly, "if I allowed him to persuade me against my better judgment. No, no! I must know Danton more thoroughly before I trust *you* to his keeping. Two years are not an eternity, child."

"They seem so—to Danton," she pouted.

Dinner followed. Meg was placed beside Aunt Maitland at the elegant table. It was plain that she was to meet with nothing but kindness and consideration under this roof. Colored servants came and went noiselessly around the board, the *menu* was perfect, the conversation delightful. The judge was a brilliant talker, and on this occasion it pleased him to lay aside his usual forbidding air, and exert every charm of voice and manner which he possessed for the benefit of this handsome young nobody—this unknown Miss Grey.

All through the meal he paid her flattering attentions—none knew the art of flattery better than he—and covertly watched her every movement. She saw that he could not keep his eyes from her face, but she did not know how that face chilled his very blood, and made the soul within him shrink and quail. Meg was bewildered and half frightened.

"Why should he try to please poor me?" she queried, inwardly; "he is a human Koh-i-noor, and oh, how he dazzles one!"

Aunt Maitland was angry and alarmed—Lilian, delighted.

"Papa," she whispered, touching his arm as they arose from the table, "it is very good of you to be kind to Miss Grey for my sake."

Was it for her sake that he was kind? The ladies returned to the boudoir, and he followed them.

"This is a great surprise, Gerald," said Aunt Maitland, tartly. "You do not often condescend to spend an evening with us."

"An era of strange things has begun," he answered, carelessly; "be not surprised at anything now."

He lingered long enough to hear Meg sing one of Christina Rosetti's songs, then kissed his daughter, bowed to the others, and retired, to be seen no more that night.

An era of strange things! He had spoken a truth, unawares.

Meg went to sleep in her pink-and-white chamber, thinking of Lilian Fortescue and the dark, hawk-eyed, silver-tongued judge.

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"He is a most agreeable person, Colonel Dysart," she said, as if speaking to one across the sea, "and I like him immensely."

And below the broad stair, guarded by the marble Hebe, Judge Fortescue paced his library till long after midnight, back and forth, back and forth, as if he would never sleep again. On a table near lay important papers waiting for examination, letters to be opened, read and answered. He had no thought for these things now. Outside was the great city, where he was known, feared, honored by all classes of men—of nothing there was he thinking.

A maddening, appalling thing pursued him at every step, goaded him forward, would not let him pause. He could not shut it from his shuddering sight. Like the sword of Damocles, it hung above him in thin air, looked at him with strange menace. He quailed before it, as he would not have done before a legion of demons from the bottomless pit.

And what was it? Only a girl's face, made up of dark, dewy eyes, red lips, soft curves and flower-like color—the *riante* face of his daughter's new companion, Meg Grey.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAHRATTA REBEL.

THE remarkable trial of Wassadeo Phadke for treason, at Poona, though little noticed, is a very noteworthy incident in Anglo-Indian history. Wassadeo, an educated Brahmin, according to English ideas—that is, educated in their colleges and their way—obtained some small appointment in a revenue office, and probably, in the opinion of his class, was a very fortunate man. He, however, had little prospect before him except of a long life as a clerk—he was a man of a dreamy ambition, and he was eaten up with envy. That, at least, we take to be the meaning of his frequent references to the oppressiveness of the salaries and pensions allowed to English officials, which naturally seem unjust to the permanent native staff of the offices, who think they do all the work, but which are far below the incomes that natives in the same position would have made irregularly, and which have never formed the ground of popular complaint. Wassadeo, however, pondered over them, until he came to hate the Government under which such payments to foreigners were possible, and then, looking around, he found in the condition of his countrymen ample materials for disaffection. To use the powerful native expression, "his heart burned within him" at the British *régime*—he could, as he says himself, neither eat nor sleep for it—and he resolved to overthrow it.

His plan was the old native one, and was radically different from that of any European conspirator of modern times. He thought if he could get together a few brigands, he could commit some successful gang robberies, or possibly plunder a local treasury, then seize a jail, and release the convicts, probably fifteen hundred in number—numbers of them passed soldiers—and then, with a band so swollen, he might achieve a small success, which, exaggerated by native rumor, might attract to him an army. He himself, with cynical candor, confesses in his diary, of which unfortunately only detached portions are preserved, that his main confidence was in the ignorance of his countrymen.

The plan was, in principle, perfectly sound. Sivajee succeeded in just such an enterprise; and there is nothing in the condition of western India, *except* the British Government, to render Sivajee's plans unworkable. If Wassadeo had become a great brigand, he would have gathered a band; and the band, on the first success, would have become an army, with which he might have struck a blow for the Mahratta cause. There would have been no opposition from the people, who all through understood that he was not a brigand, but a rebel; and while they refused to join him, as being too weak and timid, told him they would be glad to see the British overthrown; and when he was condemned, followed him through the streets of Poona, crying, "Victory to Wassadeo!"—a novel and not a pleasant phenomenon for the English.

Unfortunately for his career, Wassadeo, instead of trying to get together a band of roving soldiers in the Nizam's country—an idea which afterward occurred to him, and which he made an attempt to realize—betook himself to the ramoosies, or hereditary robbers by trade. They were willing enough to help him in dacoity, but they were unequal to rebellion, ran away at critical moments, and quarreled about the booty. Even of them he never could get together the hundred men with whom, as he says himself, he could have released the convicts and made a formidable band.

His grand attack, therefore, failed; he sank into a mere village dacoit, and he was forced at last to fly to the Nizam's country, where he commenced hiring soldiers at ten rupees a month each, but where he was arrested by Major Daniell, whose determined pursuit, carried on day and night, proved too much even for a native's power of endurance or of flight.

He was tried fairly and openly in the old Mahratta capital, before a jury consisting of four Brahmins and a Jew; and as the Government did not ask a capital sentence, in which case the Brahmins would have hesitated, and as the evidence was quite irresistible, he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life, we presume to the Andamans.

It should be noted, as a singular illustration of the juxtaposition of two civilizations, that Wassadeo's counsel, a native, set up the newest scientific defense, and pleaded for acquittal on the ground that his client was a monomaniac, always dreaming of kingdoms, and had imagined all the occurrences written down in his diary, the heaviest evidence against him.

As we have said, the attempt illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of the British position in India. It is weak, because there must be thousands of men like Wassadeo, ambitious, semi-educated and able men, who would risk life to overthrow British dominion, who enjoy the passive sympathy of masses of their countrymen, and who can appeal, in the first place, with a certain assurance of success, to the multitudes of violent men who, armed with swords, spears or matchlocks, are ready in any part of India for any violent or illegal enterprise.

Wassadeo was unlucky; but had he carried out his second idea at first, he might easily have appeared in Poona with a determined band, have released the convicts, and have then gathered a force, as the new Sivajee, sufficient to be formidable. Tantia Topee, also a Mahratta, did it in 1857, though no doubt his force had a nucleus of regulars; and in the vast extent of western India, men who can march thirty miles a day and live on the plunder of small villages, can always escape pursuit for a time.

But it is precisely at this point, when an insurrection has become successful enough to be visible, that the British Government, at first so weak, becomes suddenly and irresistibly strong. The band, long screened by the tacit conspiracy of the people, is at last perceived by Government, and instantly an organization is set in motion which the band must either evade or defeat or perish under fire. Escape is impossible without subdivision, which means the dissolution of the band, for the Government has cavalry, and the telegraph, and the command of endless spies; and in a week the armed police and soldiery of half-a-dozen districts are in motion to every point at which the insurgents may be expected, while so long as the band exists the pursuit is never given up. The only alternative is to fight, and a fight between native insurgents, however brave or determined, and the troops, is, after all, only a fight between a mob and regular soldiers. The defense, if the country is very difficult, may be protracted; but the soldiers, guided by trained officers, supported if needful by artillery, and fully supplied, can never be beaten in the end. The rank and file of the insurgents slip away, the ringleaders are either betrayed or surrender, or are hunted through India for months or years, and the end is a trial and an increase to the population of the Andamans. It is easy to see how a popular insurrection could succeed in the Deccan for a time, but almost impossible to perceive how, if the soldiers remained faithful, it could fail to be put down; and that is, no doubt, the native conviction also—a conviction which only disappears when a success, however trifling, has been gained over the troops, or a regiment itself has mutinied. Then the danger becomes real and great.

ANOINTING IN INFANTILE DISORDERS—SCARLET FEVER.

More than twenty years ago a correspondent communicated to the *Scientific American* the following simple treatment for scarlet fever:

When the first symptoms of the disease appear, anoint the flesh of the victim from head to foot with the inside of the rind or fatty portion of a smoked ham, and renew the application as often as the flesh becomes dry.

We are reminded of the above by reading in a recent number of the *Lancet* the following testimony of H. Guard Knaggs, M.D., F.L.S., on the value of anointing in infantile disorders of various kinds, reporting a number of remarkable cases in support of his theory:

"During the past eleven months I have been testing, with uniformly successful results, the value of a very simple method of treating such infantile complaints as atrophy, bronchitis, convulsions, diarrhea, febrile disturbances generally, and, indeed, all disorders of childhood which are accompanied by an unnatural state of the skin.

"The treatment simply consists in smearing with salad-oil the whole surface of the body, from the crown of the head to the tips of the fingers and toes, the process being repeated every twelve, six, or even four hours, according to the urgency of the case. Of course, the use of a long flannel gown or small blanket is obvious, and the fluid should be slightly warmed.

"The application of oil possesses the following immense advantages over the ordinary warm bath:

"1. Skin-action is more completely and permanently restored.

"2. The danger of reaction is avoided, for there is no sudden change of temperature; and, moreover, the sheet of oil protects the surface from atmospheric influences.

"3. It acts as a fuel-food, not only preventing waste of tissue, but actually increasing the bulk of the little patient.

"4. It does not depress, but, on the contrary, appears to exhilarate.

"It will scarcely be credited by many that the formidable affections above mentioned will frequently yield to this treatment, or, at any rate, show signs of abatement in from twenty minutes to four-and-twenty hours; but such is the case, though sometimes forty-eight or even seventy-two hours will elapse before any decided signs of improvement occur."

THE COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

Jakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, is on the left bank of the River Lena, latitude 62° 1′ north, longitude 119° 44′ east, and distance from St. Petersburg 5,751 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85°, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 53° below zero.

The entire industry of the place—population about 500—is comprised in candleworks, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting-tribes of the Jacats and Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of cattle and horses, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsh. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens, hares, squirrels, bears and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which with May is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth-tusks, sold at fairs, amounts in value to 400,000 roubles ($300,000).

ANTS.

Mr. E. Gittins, of Tivoli, Queensland, communicates some interesting facts concerning ants. He writes: "If meat shows the least possible tendency to decompose—and it will do so in the course of twelve hours in Summer—the ants will find it, though suspended by a wire or string from the housetop or the top of a tent. The ant perceives decomposing animal matter at a long distance, and does not go exploring for such matter, but goes straight to it from the ant-hill. A snake killed in the 'bush' is generally placed on the branch of a tree, so as to be seen by travelers, and as soon as decomposition sets in the ants find it, and the flesh is soon carried off to the ant-hill; even their own comrades, when killed, are carried off to the underground cells. They never stay to feed, but they take up the booty and off they go."

The writer then describes a number of experiments, showing that portions of meat placed near ant-roads were overlooked till putrefaction set in, and were then eagerly carried off. He remarks that "ants that feed on saccharine matter are as difficult to keep off as the carrion-feeders; they smell the sugar, and endeavor to get at it wherever it may be placed. The largest kind of sugar-ants will feed until the cold air of night comes on, then fall into a stupor and there remain.

Can the two following points be determined: Whether meat ants prefer tainted meat to fresh when both are placed equally near, as, *e.g.*, close to one of their roads; and whether they will attack animal matter in an advanced stage of decomposition? It certainly seems that they occupy a more prominent place among "Nature's Scavengers" than has been hitherto supposed.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

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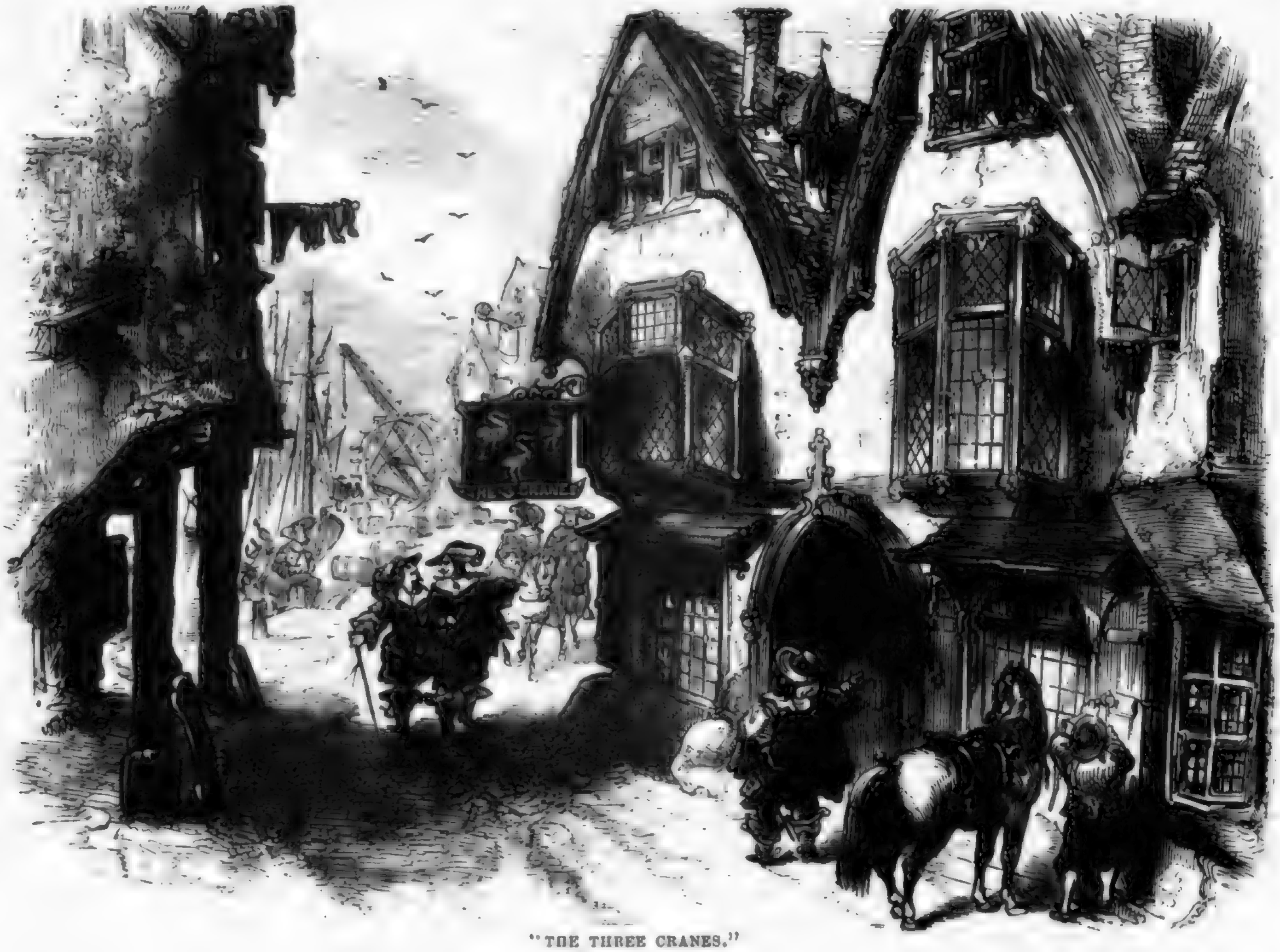


"THE THREE CRANES."

THE OLD TAVERN LIFE IN ENGLAND.

By Henry Barton Baker, Author of "Mirabeau," "French Society," Etc.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a tavern-chair was the throne of human felicity, and that there was no private house in which people could enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. "As soon as I enter the door of a tavern," he said, in one of his oracular utterances, "I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine then exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I delight."

Alas for the instability of all human institutions! the old taverns have passed away with so many other better and worse things, and the Doctor's words have no more significance in the present age than though they described the customs of the Assyrians under Tiglath-Pilezer. The cozy old tavern, in which every customer was known to and welcomed by the host and hostess, greeted with hair-pullings by the men-servants and courtesies by the women, has swollen into the huge, comfortless hotel, with its pompous manager—to whom guests are merely items in an account-book, and who would not deign to be a personality to any one under a duke or a cabinet minister—with its automatic servants, who, like prison warders, know the people they wait upon only by their numbers; vast wildernesses of dreariness, pretentiousness and shoddy gentility. Or, worse still, the cozy old parlor, with its red curtains, its beam-crossed ceiling, dusky with the smoke of generations, its sawdusted floor, long tables, comfortable wooden chairs and settles and blazing fire, has degenerated into the flashy bar of the gin-palace, with its gilded mirrors and execrable tawdry decorations.

There is no phase of the domestic life of Old England which has been so graphically and lovingly described in our literature as that of the tavern. It meets us on the very threshold, in the opening pages of Chaucer's famous poem. A stirring sight must it have been upon that April evening, looking down from the wooden galleries of the "Tabard," to see that goodly company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims entering the great courtyard; the grave, soberly-clad Knight, on his good horse; the lusty young Squire, with his long curling hair, his embroidered dress, that looked like a mead,

"All full of freshë flowrës white and red";

the Yeoman, in his coat and hood of green, with his sheaf of peacock arrows; the pretty, gentle Nun, in neat cloak and seemly wimple; the Monk, in fur-trimmed gown, gold-fastened hood and "supple boots"; the stout begging Friar, with his tippets stuffed full of knives and pins

"To given fairë wives";

the Merchant, "in motley," with his forked beard and "Flandrish beaver hat"; the Clerk, Chaucer himself, in threadbare cloak; the Sergeant of Law, in "medley coat" and striped silk sash; the Shipman, in gown of coarse cloth; the Doctor of Medicine, in red and sky-blue; and all the rest of that wondrous epitome, each a distinct figure of the days before dull Fashion had reduced the presentment of humanity to a hideous uniformity.

What a clatter of hoofs, what a Babel of tongues, what a running to and fro of servants, what a commotion in kitchen and cellar there must have been that night! But the "Tabard" was equal to the occasion:

> "The chambers and the stables weren wide,"

and all were accommodated with the best. And when the meal was prepared—and what a meal of beef and venison and giant pasties, and cakes perhaps for the ladies, good ale and wine and mead, it must have been!—for men and women had digestions in those days, and drank water only when they could get nothing better; and when all was served in the long, rush-strewn, low-ceiled "pilgrims' room," lit up by a blazing fire of logs, and by red flaring torches, all sat down to supper, according to each one's degree, but all at the same board: Knight and Yeoman, Franklin and Ploughman, Abbot and begging Friar, Sergeant-at-Law and Shipman, in a simple equality that could exist only in an aristocratic age. What a jovial company it must have been! What platterfuls of the good food the Monk, the Friar, the Sompnour and the Miller must have devoured! for

> "His mouth as widë was as a furnäce."

Not an appetizing sight, to our modern ideas, to see those huge fingers groping in the pasties for savory morsels, especially to the dainty Nun, who reached out her hand so seemly after her meat, that never

> "... let no morsel from her lippës fall,
> Ne wet her fingers in her saucë deep."

What quips and cranks, and jests and laughter, and snatches of song—not always of the most decorous, and at which the pretty Nun must have blushed, and the Knight and the Man of Law have looked grave—were bandied between Pardoner and Sompnour, and Miller and Friar, between Franklin and Wife of Bath! But the presiding genius of the feast is mine host:

> "A seemly man our Hostë was withal
> For to have been a marshall in a hall;
> A largë man he was, with eyen steep;
> A fairer burgess is there none in Chepe:
> Bold of his speech, and wise, and well ytaught,
> And of manhoöd ylacked him right naught."

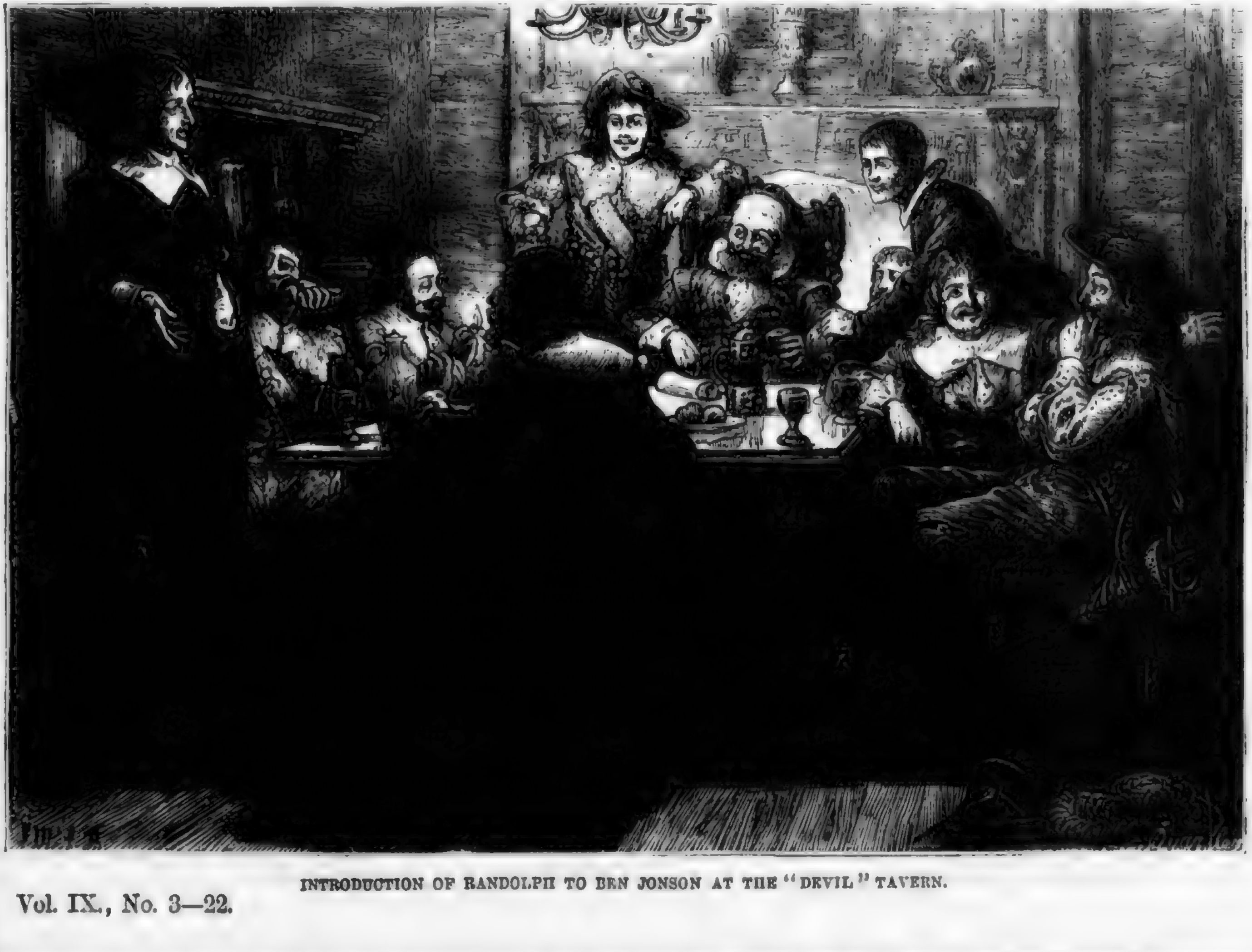
This is no humble, bowing sycophant, but a man who holds his own with the best of his guests, sits at table with them, arranges their entertainment on the road, proposes to treat the best story-teller to a supper on his return from Canterbury, rides with them as their guide, and stipulates that any person who shall gainsay his judgment

> "Shall pay for all we spenden by the way."

In fine, he becomes the director of the pilgrimage, and every person, of whatever condition he may be, must defer to him. The tone of perfect equality in which he addresses his guests, which is rather that of some rich gentleman extending a magnificent hospitality than of a public caterer, is highly significant of the social position of the tavern-keeper of the day, and Harry Bailly is drawn from life.

A famous place was the old borough of Southwark in those days for noble inns, for its main thoroughfare was the highroad to Kent and to all the southeast of England, and bodies of pilgrims were ever wending their way to the shrine of saintly Thomas, and all who traded with Kentish towns, or journeyed backward and forward to France and the Low Countries, either for war or pleasure or commerce, must pass along that way. So that these inn-keepers did a thriving trade, and were men of mark among the burgesses.

Mine host was a very centre of news—a kind of living



INTRODUCTION OF RANDOLPH TO BEN JONSON AT THE "DEVIL" TAVERN.

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newspaper to all the neighborhood, for he was usually the first to hear the tidings of the world beyond. Sitting beside his blazing hearth of a night, he would listen to the merchant discoursing of trade and the price of wool, how the wars were impoverishing the kingdom and closing the foreign markets against him. Here the maimed soldier would "fight his battles o'er again," and "show how fields were won," and tell of great battles and defeats of the enemy; and stories, a little exaggerated, of the prowess of noble English captains. The monk and the pardoner would relate the last new discovery of saintly relics, and describe the last new miracle accomplished by the nail-parings of some holy ascetic, and, perhaps, the last ecclesiastical scandal. The traveled gallant would discourse eloquently upon the last new Italian fashion in shoes and gipsires, and perhaps chime in with the merchant in talk upon brocades and velvets; while a yeoman from some distant part and some trader from Southwark would talk in grave, low voices, upon the extravagance of the Court, the tyranny of the favorites, the oppressive taxation, the starving people, and the fierce discontent that threatened every day to burst into rebellion.

Passing from the dark days of the Edwards and Richards, of French wars, and unlettered barbarism, into the bright effulgence of the Elizabethan era of genius and letters, we come upon quite another aspect of tavern life, and quit the "Tabard" and the "White Hart" for the "Mermaid," the "Devil," the "Mitre," and the "Boar's Head." The "Mermaid" has been immortalized in that famous letter of Master Francis Beaumont, written to Ben Jonson from the country, while he lay and dreamt "of your full Mermaid wine."

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then, when there hath been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town
> For three days past: wit that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk foolishly,
> Till that were canceled; and when that was gone,
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

The "Mermaid" was situated in Bread Street, Cheapside, with another entrance in Friday Street. Here, according to a tradition we are loath to reject, Raleigh instituted a club of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others were members; here it was that some of the famous wit combats took place between Jonson and Shakespeare, which Fuller * compares to a fight between a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. "Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and his invention."

No less famous than the "Mermaid" was the "Devil," in Fleet Street, which stood upon the site now occupied by "Child's Place," and in which was held the Apollo Club, of which rare Ben was the president. The inscription in letters of gold upon a black ground, written by Jonson, and placed over the entrance to the room in which the meetings were held, is still preserved, together with the bust of Apollo, in Child's Bank; the merry, rollicking lines show what jolly topers these worshipers of the Sun God were. Thus they run:

> "Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo.
> Here he speaks out of his pottle,
> Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
> All his answers are divine,
> Truth itself doth flow in wine.
> Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,
> Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers,*
> He the half of life abuses,
> That sits watering with the Muses.
> Those dull girls no good can mean us;
> Wine it is the milk of Venus,
> And the poet's horse accounted:
> Ply it, and you all are mounted.
> 'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
> Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker:
> Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
> And at once three senses pleases.
> Welcome all who lead or follow,
> To the oracle of Apollo."

"Old Sim" was Simon Wadloe, the landlord, a man of Falstaffian proportions, and a witty fellow himself, as the host of such wits ought to have been, and upon whom, it is supposed, was written the famous catch "Old Sir Simon the King." Over the clock in the kitchen was inscribed in Latin a motto which signified, "If the wine of last night did not agree with you, take another glass in the morning and it will serve for medicine."

So fond was Ben Jonson of this tavern that he is said to have lodged at a combmaker's, just outside Temple Bar, in order to be near it. He wrote the "Leges Conviviales" in choice Latin, in imitation of the rules of Roman entertainments, and they were engraved in black marble, and fixed up against one of the walls of the room. They enjoined that each one should pay his own shot, unless in the case of a friend being brought in; they banished the sad, the lewd fop and the sot as the plagues of good company, for their state was to be composed only of the learned, the witty, the jovial, the gay, the generous, and the honest; and to exalt the delight, no one was to be debarred from his choice female mate; the cooking was to be good, and the taste of each guest was to be consulted; there was to be no disturbance about place or precedence, for the sake of showing nice breeding or vain pride; the waiters were to be always on the alert, and always silent, and the wine was to be of the best, under pain of a broken head to mine host, and no sober bigot was to think it a sin to push round the moderate bottle; the contests were to be of books rather than of wine; the company were to be neither noisy nor mute, all serious and divine subjects were forbidden, and the entertainment was to conclude with mirth, wit, dancing and singing, that every sense might be regaled with delight; raillery was to be without malice, dull poems were not to be read; but a snug corner was to be found for the love-sick to sigh in; there was to be no fighting with goblets, nor breaking of windows, nor destroying of furniture in wanton pranks; and whoever published what was said or done at these assemblies was to be for ever banished.

If that dull, cold marble bust of bright Apollo, now slumbering in the dusty, uncongenial atmosphere of the old banking-house, could but be endowed for one hour with the faculty of speech and memory, what rare stories, what wit it could rescue from everlasting oblivion, telling

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* Fuller's description, however must have been gathered from tradition; he could never have been present at these meetings, as he was only eight years old when Shakespeare died.

* Cup-bearers.

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us more of the man Shakespeare and his glorious companions than biographers and commentators have been able to glean in a hundred years' search. Imagination may picture something of the scene and the characters, may image forth the great president's herculean form seated in state, his rugged ill-carved features, redeemed by intellectual fire, gleaming with witty malice, as he hurls some terrible bolt of satire at an adversary; the noble, pensive face—so full of the divine afflatus, and with its vast superstructure of forehead—of the gentle Shakespeare, lit up by the merry humor of the moment; that model of a handsome, gallant gentleman, Francis Beaumont—and how handsome the men of that age were! what a refined type of countenance was theirs, so different from the coarse, sensual visages of those of the post-revolution period, and the mean vulgarity of the nineteenth century! Beside him is his fidus Achates, with whom his name is to be so inextricably associated that the one can never be thought of without the other following like a final syllable. Thither, too, doubtless, came Raleigh, with his fine face, bronzed on the Spanish main, to give a flavor of the sea and the camp to the rich medley dish of wit. Some of the players, too, would walk up from the "Blackfriars" with Shakespeare, after the play was over—the stately Burbadge and witty, roystering Will Kempe, not to know both of whom was to be a person of very little consequence in those days.

And so we may go on imaging, until we have assembled all the wit of the age, as doubtless it was at different times, around Jonson's elbow-chair. What a symposium! Could the ancients have shown anything like it? Perhaps; but certainly not the moderns of any other era. What flagons of canary and sack, and clary and sherris, must the jovial crew have dispatched, amidst the fumes of the Virginian weed, from the pipes of Jonson and Raleigh, and all who had studied the "noble" art introduced by the gallant Sir Walter.* And thus, leaning back in our easy-chairs, we may conjure up a faint picture of those nights at the "Mermaid" and the "Devil," but the airy phantoms are speechless; and they may laugh, and drink, and smoke, and move like puppets—we may even fancy we hear the thunder of Ben's stentorian lungs—but no imagination, however vivid, can bring forth out of the silent past the glowing words, the soul of those symposia; *they* have vanished into eternal silence.

One or two stories, apocryphal, maybe, have come down to us, but they are scarcely worth repeating. Here is a specimen: it is told of a country squire, brought to the club one night by a member, who doubtless thought to deeply impress this wanderer from bucolic regions by the brilliant company he would find himself among. But the yokel, instead of listening, talked, and all his conversation was about his own importance, his daily habits, and his large property; until Jonson, losing all patience, roared out, "What do your diet and your clods signify to me? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit." To which the man of clods replied sharply and readily, "Have you so, good master wiseacre?" which was a retort Ben did not look for, and he growled forth, amidst roars of laughter, for all loved to hear the dogmatist put down, that he had never been "so pricked by a hobnail before."

Another famous tavern of the day was the "Mitre" in Fleet Street; therein is laid one of the scenes of "Every Man Out of his Humor," and Carlo falls into as great rapture over the wine as would a puff advertisement in this present year of grace; it is nectar, the very soul of the grape, it will heat the brain and kindle the imagination. The house was celebrated for its suppers, and "a 'Mitre' supper" passed into a saying to describe all that was excellent in the way of feasting. An old MS. song bearing the title, "Shakespeare's Rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleet Street," and believed by Mr. J. P. Collier to be genuine, has been preserved, which runs thus:

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's (drink) and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted
> Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

A century and a half later we shall look in at the old Fleet Street tavern again, to catch a glimpse of quite a different group. The "Three Cranes," in Thames Street, is another inn mentioned by Jonson as being frequented by the "'Mitre' and 'Mermaid' men," and there were doubtless many others where Ben's herculean form and Shakespeare's gentle face were familiar. But the tavern of all taverns the most famous, in a Shakespearean sense, is the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap. It is said to have stood upon the exact spot now occupied by the statue of William IV. The old inn, of course, went down in the great fire, and among the *débris* was found a boar's head carved in bas-relief upon wood, set in a circular frame, formed by two boars' tusks mounted in silver; upon the back was an inscription: "William Brooke, landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566." The tavern was rebuilt in 1668, and it was in the new house, not Shakespeare's, with its oak floor, Gothic windows and ponderous mantelpiece, that Goldsmith ruminated so pleasantly, by the pleasant fire, in the very room, as he loved to think, "where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, and in the very chair which was honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions." The old "Boar's Head" must have been a favorite house of Shakespeare's, or he would scarcely have selected it to be the scene of the most exquisite comedy the world possesses. What a picture of the old tavern life is there presented! at an inn, as in the grave, all men seemed to be equal; the soldier of fortune, the bully, the drawer and the prince jostled each other with equal freedom. The "Chepe" was once famous for wit and wassail, "the clattering of pewter pots, harp, pipe and sawtrie." Alas, how changed the picture now! for dirt and dullness commend me to that hideous neighborhood above all others in London. The elder tavern dated as far back as the time of Richard II., and might have numbered Chaucer among its guests as well as Shakespeare. When the second house rose, after the fire, it was not unmindful of its immortalizer, for the figures of Sir John and Prince Hal, carved in oak, supported a beam on each side of the door. But it ceased to be an inn long before it was finally demolished.

The advent of Praise-God-Barebones put an end to these jovial days. Poets, wits and players were banished as unclean things, and the taverns that were allowed to keep open resounded with the doctrinal disputations and nasal hymns of the saints, in place of the merry laugh and witty jests of the ungodly. The Restoration did not bring back to the taverns their old importance, the introduction

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* Smoking was regarded as "a noble art" upon its first introduction. Every druggist's or tobacconist's shop was an academy, where professors initiated aspirants in the gulan ebolitis, the euripus, the whiff, how to suppress and when to emit the smoke; and tobacco was accredited by its venders with the most wonderful medicinal properties—was proclaimed to be a panacea for almost every ill that flesh is heir to. Ben Jonson and nearly all the old dramatists abound in allusions to it; all except Shakespeare, who never once makes any mention of it—a most strange and unaccountable omission in so universal a genius.

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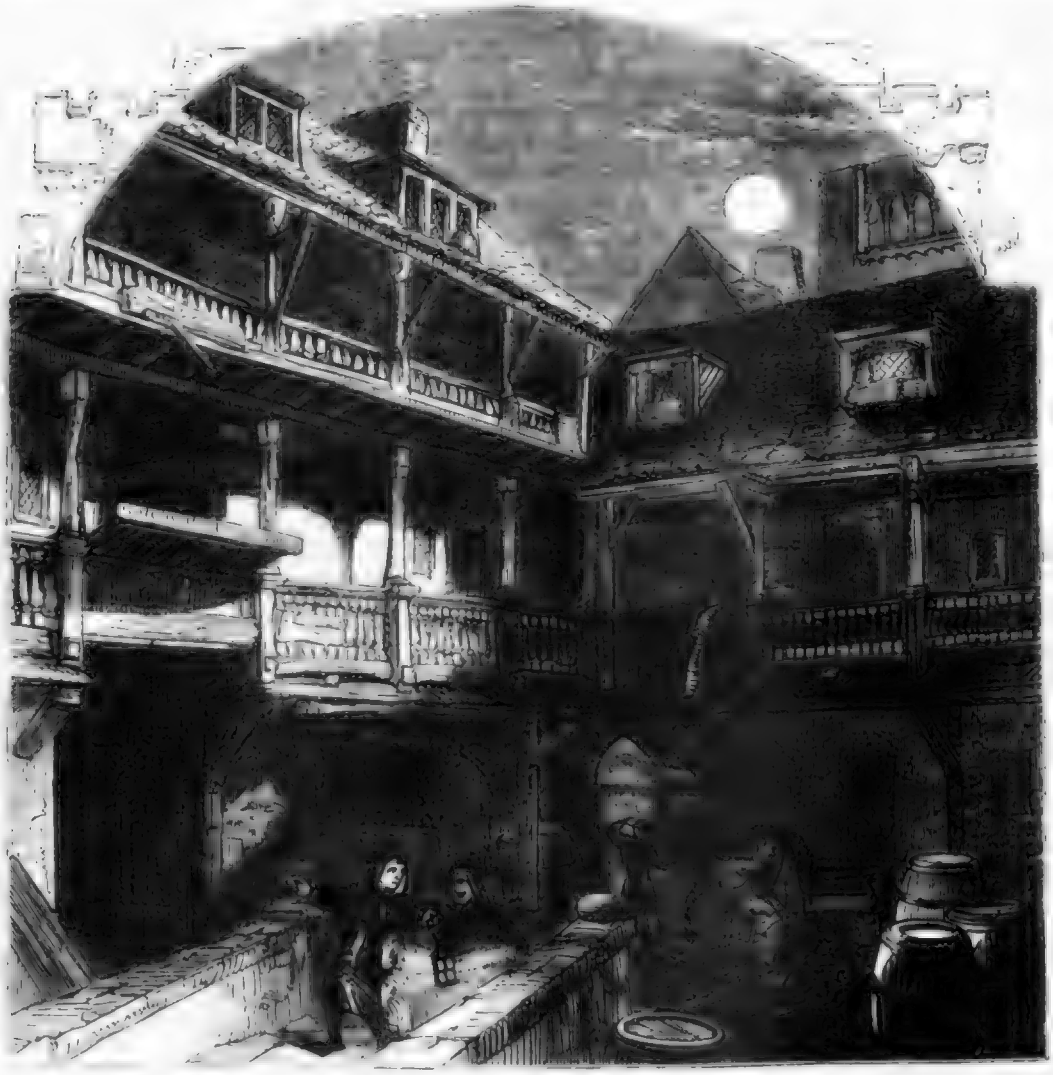

AN OLD-TIME TAVERN AT WINCHESTER.

of a new beverage raising up a formidable rival in the coffee-houses. Bitter were the diatribes fulminated by the old topers against these exotics. It was prophesied that men would become as unfruitful as the deserts whence the berry was brought, and that the race would ultimately dwindle into a nation of pygmies and apes. Ben Jonson's manly ghost and the noble phantoms of Beaumont and Fletcher, "who drank pure nectar with rich canary ennobled," were apostrophized to look down upon these sons of naught, who gave up the pure blood of the grape for a filthy drink, syrup of soot, essence of old shoes, the aroma of which was called a stink, and its drinkers "horses at a trough." But its introducers accredited it with as many virtues as its traducers did with evils; it was said to make the heart light, was good for sore eyes, for a cough, was a cure for gout, dropsy and scurvy, king's evil, spleen, hypochondriac winds; it would keep the skin white and clean, and, however hot it might be drunk, would never burn the mouth or tongue. The coffee-house, as the newer fashion, won the day, and wit and learning migrated from the "Mitre" and the "Devil" to "Wills," the "Bedford," and the "Grecian," and the tavern never won back its old position. Every man who pretended to make any figure in the world was not a day absent from the coffee-house he affected. "At twelve," says Defoe, in his "Journey through England," "the *beau monde* is assembled in various coffee or chocolate houses, of which the best are so near one another, that we can see the society of all in less than an hour. We are carried to these places in a kind of chair, or litter, at the very reasonable cost of a guinea a week, or a shilling an hour,"

"Wills," through Dryden's patronage, was the resort of the wits; so was the "Bedford" in after years; "Child's," in St. Paul's Churchyard, of the clergy; "St. James's," of the military and Whigs; the "Cocoa Tree," of the Tories; the "Old Man," or "Royal Coffee House," of the beaux, etc. Like the taverns, each was distinguished by a sign—as, indeed, was every place of business in those days—and, except in a difference of beverage, the life of the two resorts was much the same. If there were no strong drinks, tobacco was smoked in very large quantities at most of the houses, and especially at "Wills," where "Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze," all pressed to get near the chair of glorious John. Ned Ward, in "The London Spy," gives a striking contrast to this picture in his description of the "Old Man." "We ascended a pair of stairs which brought us into an old-fashioned room, where a gaudy crowd of odoriferous Tom Essences were walking backward and forward with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their intended use, lest it should put the foretops of their wigs into some disorder. We squeezed through till we got to the end of the room, where at a small table we sat down, and observed that it was as great a rarity to have anybody call for a dish of Politician's Porridge, or any other liquor, as it is to hear a man call for a pipe of tobacco; their whole exercise being to charge and discharge their nostrils, and keep the curls of their perriwigs in proper order. The clashing of their snush-box lids, in opening and shutting, made more noise than their tongues. Bows and cringes of the newest mode were here exchanged 'twixt friend and friend with wonderful exactness. They made a humming like so many hornets in a country chimney, not with their talking, but with their whispering over their new *Minuets* and *Bories* (a Spanish-French dance), with their hands in their pockets if only freed from their snush-box." *

The ages of Anne and the Georges were hard-drinking

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* Johnson, in his Life of Dorset, gives a strong and not agreeable picture of the tavern life of the Restoration. "Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language that the public indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house."

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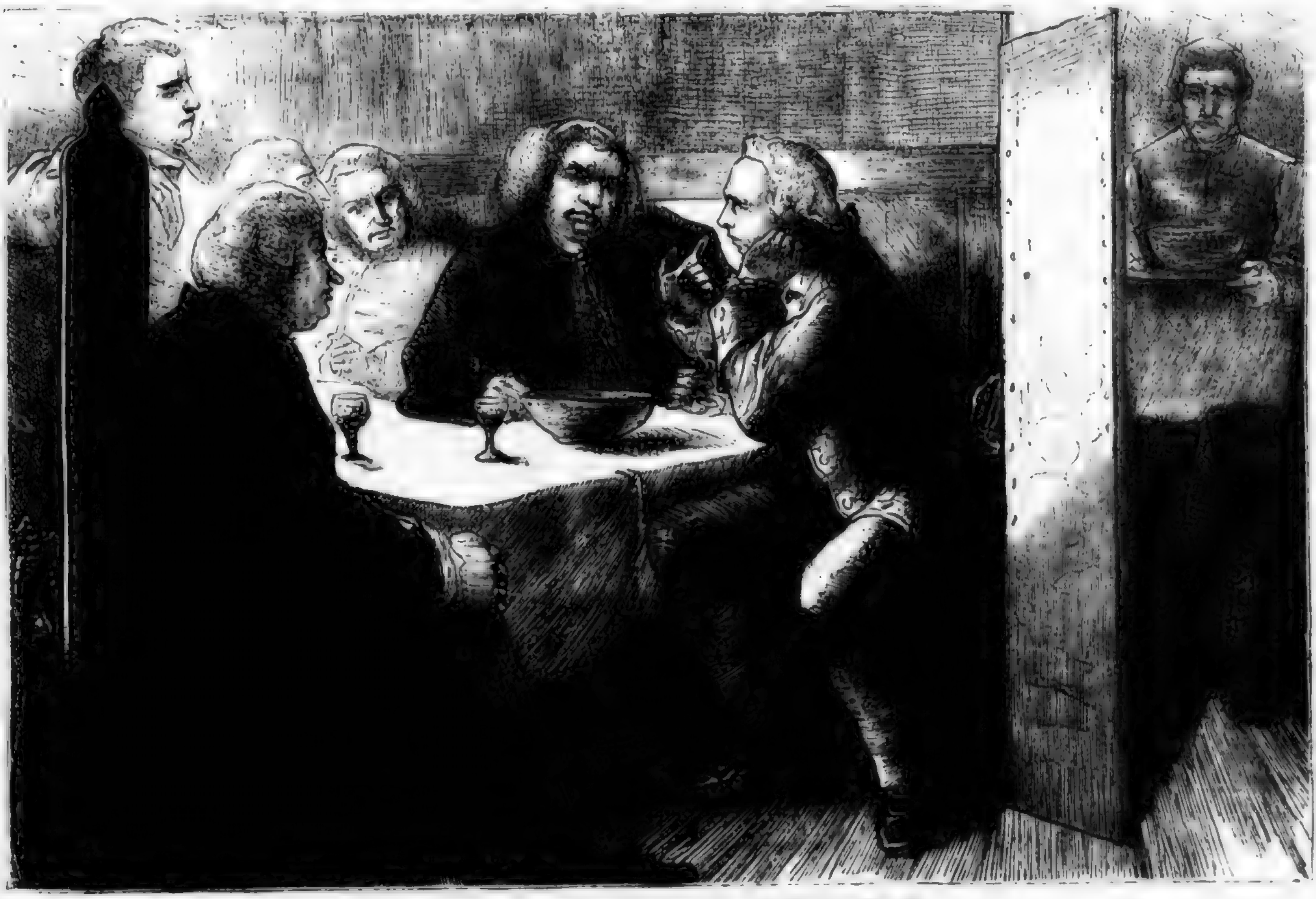
times, and if the morning was devoted to the coffee-houses, the taverns still claimed the wits at night. Dick Steele frequently drank himself under the table at the "Kit-Kat" club, in Shire Lane, and had to be carried to his chair. That same delightful writer gives us a striking picture of another phase of old tavern life, the dull and prosaic, in his description of the club held at the "Trumpet." The original fifteen members have been reduced, by the severity of the laws in arbitrary times and the natural effects of old age, to five. Sir Geoffrey Natch, the oldest member, has possession of the right-hand chair, and is the only one privileged to stir the fire. He is a gentleman of ancient lineage, who has run through his estate in hounds, horses and cock-fighting, but who is always descanting upon his pedigree. Major Matchlock has served in the civil wars, and believes no action in Europe worth talking about since Marston Moor. There is old Dick Reptile, who speaks little himself, but laughs at all jokes; he always brings his nephew, a youth of eighteen, with him, "to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world"—but whenever he opens his mouth he is told by his uncle, "Ay, ay! Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are." There is also a Bencher, the wit of the company, who tells stories of Jack Ogle, and, having got ten distichs of "Hudibras" by heart, never quits the club without repeating them. The fifth is Isaac Bickerstaff himself. Each night Sir Geoffrey traces his descent on both sides for several generations, and tells the story of Old Gauntlett, a cock upon whose head he had once won five hundred and lost two thousand; the Major gives a description of the Battle of Naseby; the Bencher recites his "Hudibras," and Old Reptile repeats his formula. The club meets at six, and at ten Isaac's maid comes with a lantern to conduct him home. Very decorously put, Mr. Bickerstaff, but we know you have been found at the "Kit-Kat" frequently at two or three in the morning, and when you pay a visit to Dick Estcourt, the actor and incomparable mimic, at the "Bumper," in St. James's Street, your "dear Prue" has to wait up for you long after ten o'clock.

Passing on to the Johnsonian era, we find the coffee-houses begin to decrease in popularity, and the tavern is once more in the ascendant. We hear little of the dear old Doctor at the coffee-houses, but much of him at the "Mitre." It was there, perhaps in the very room which had witnessed the revels of Shakespeare and his boon companions, that Jonson and Boswell took their first supper together, and it became thereafter their favorite resort.

There were some strong points of resemblance, both personal and mental, between Samuel Johnson and Ben Jonson. Each was abnormally ugly and of leviathan proportions; each was fond of ancient learning, and each was caustic and dogmatic. If the ghosts of the old days ever revisited this scene of former revelry, they must have been startled at the oracular thunderings of the later guest, and have fancied that mighty Ben had been brought back from the world of shadows, and clothed anew in the flesh. Cozy but somewhat ponderous in their gayety must these meetings have been—very different from the wit combats and wild revelry of "the 'Mermaid' men."

We can picture the scene on a Winter's night, the blazing fire flashing upon the old beams and rafters and dark wainscoted walls, putting to shame the feeble glimmering of the tallow candle, imparting a ruddier glow to the crimson curtains drawn across the deep-set window, and dropping a carbuncle into each glass of generous wine. Johnson, seated in his own sacred chair, holding forth with oracular pomposity; fat little Boswell on the opposite side, eagerly drinking in every word, making mental notes, and casting now and then a deprecatory, half-contemptuous glance upon Goldy, who is fidgeting in his chair, and occasionally interrupting the Doctor by throwing in some


AN EVENING WITH DOCTOR JOHNSON AT THE "MITRE."

of those haphazard flights which made Garrick say of him that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." In the background is six-feet-six Langton, sitting with one leg twisted round the other, his hands clasped upon his knee, casting upon the fire-lit wall a strange, grotesque image that might be taken for a stork on one leg; near him, perhaps, the handsome, cynical face of his friend Beauclerck, who now and then chills the very marrow of toady Boswell by dropping in a sarcasm even upon the Leviathan, who, however, takes it with an indulgence he would not yield to any other man. But unless Burke be there—and we do not hear much of him at the "Mitre"—Johnson dominates the conversation. Now and then a more jovial humor may seize upon the Doctor, as when he was roused out of bed at three o'clock one morning by Beauclerck and Langton, to have "a frisk" with "the young dogs" in a Covent Garden tavern, where he roared out a drinking-song over a bowl of bishop; then took a boat to Billingsgate, and resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day. The Doctor usually drank but little, yet he once confessed that when young he could take his three bottles of port and feel none the worse.

In Hawkins's "Life" we catch a glimpse of him at the "Devil." There, one night in 1751, he gave a supper to celebrate the birth of the first novel of Mrs. Lennox, an authoress of some fame in her day, but now almost forgotten; and it was agreed that the whole night should be spent in festivity.

> "About the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband (a tide-waiter in the Customs), a lady of her acquaintance, with the club, and friends, to the number of twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant. Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and, further, he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which—but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows. The night passed, as might be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshment of coffee and tea. About five A.M., Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colors of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

But within the old tavern life was already sown the germ of its destruction; at the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho, Reynolds had started a club, which afterward became famous as the "Literary Club," and which may be regarded as the progenitor of that race which has robbed the tavern of all its glories.

One more glimpse, however. At the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden, there is an old inn called the "Salutation," which is now only supported on crutches, and seems to be rapidly going the way of all bricks and mortar. In an upper room of this house, on certain nights, some time during the closing twenty years of the last century, there assembled a company composed of the Prince Regent, Hare, Fox, Selwyn and Sheridan, who, under assumed names, although their persons were well known to the landlady, used to hold high wassail here, and, when well charged with wine, would sally forth into the regions of St. Giles's in search of adventures.

A little later, at another "Salutation," in Newgate Street, we have quite another picture. "When," writes Lamb to Coleridge (1796), "I read in your little volume your nineteenth effusion, or the twenty-eighth, or twenty-ninth, or what you call 'the Sigh,' I think I hear *you* again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the 'Salutation and Cat,' where we have sat together through the Winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy."

A strange place it would be thought nowadays for two youths to discuss poetry in; but the inn parlor was formerly an institution; it was there men sought society and an exchange of ideas—it was a meeting-place, a relief from the cares and troubles of home, from scolding wives and crying children. Well, after all, things have not much changed; the club is but another name for a tavern, on a vaster and greatly improved scale, where you may choose your own company.

With the present century we have become more aristocratic and exclusive, and the tavern, when it ceased to be the resort of the gentleman, looked for its best customers among the well-to-do tradesmen; but these have long since deserted it, and even in country towns the linen-draper and stationer would blush to be found in a public-house parlor, although the butcher and the baker, if their wives be not too genteel to permit such indulgences, still smoke an occasional pipe there.

The old tavern life now exists for us only in the pages of our novelists, and with them, from Smollett and Fielding to Dickens, and even to George Eliot, it has been a favorite subject. What a capital bit of painting is that description of the "Maypole" and its company in the opening chapter of "Barnaby Rudge"! Who, after reading it, has not wished he had been seated in that spacious chimney corner, on that gusty March night, listening to the wind howling dismally among the bare branches of the trees, and rumbling in the wide chimneys, and driving the rain against the windows, while the flickering light of the fire made the old room, with its heavy timbers and paneled walls, look as if it was built of polished ebony—listening to the dogmatisms of sturdy Joe Willet, to Solomon Daisy's ghastly story, and to the subdued utterances of Parkes and Tom Cobb! Such coziness could surely be found nowhere out of an inn parlor. Yet, perhaps, still more graphic is that scene in the "Rainbow" parlor, in "Silas Marner." Being a night when the gentlemen customers are absent, the parlor is dark, and the company are assembled in the kitchen; the more important customers, who drink spirits, sit nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, keep their eyelids down, and rub their hands across their mouths as if their draughts of beer were a funeral duty attended with embarrassing sadness.

Who that has ever spent an evening in a country inn, and not been too proud to drink a glass in the common room, has not heard some such conversation as that carried on between Bob Winthrop the butcher, Mr. Macey the tailor, Mr. Tookey the parish clerk, and the rest of those village oracles! But even here the great novelist is describing long-past days, when the squire's sons did not disdain to smoke a churchwarden clay and drink punch, and discuss the "burning questions" of the day, chiefly parish grievances, with the tradesmen of the village.

A more roystering, jovial picture of the last of the old tavern days is that given by Washington Irving, in one of the delightful papers of "The Sketch Book," of the club called the "Roaring Lads of Little Britain," held at the "Half-Moon," kept then by one Wagstaff, in whose family it has been for many generations. The club has a collection of glees, catches and choice stories, that are traditional to the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker, who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club is bully Wagstaff himself, a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot-belly, a red face, with moist, merry eye, and a little shock of gray hair behind. At every club night he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old trowl from the old English comedy "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the burden of which is:

"Back and sides go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

It has been a standing favorite at the "Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes" ever since it was written, and Wagstaff affirms that his predecessors had often the honor of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas anniversaries. "It would do one's heart good to hear, on a club night, the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the discordant bursts of half-a-dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steam of a cook-shop."

But all this is only the pleasant and picturesque side of tavern life; the reverse of the medal would not be agreeable, and another hand might paint scenes of sottishness and debauchery that would make the reader very thankful that those old times have passed away. Yet it is not because there are beasts in the world that there should be no more cakes and ale. As an essential part of the times and the men of whom England, as a nation, has most reason to be proud, we must always look back upon the old tavern life with a lingering, indulgent fondness, much as we think of some pleasant scapegrace who is, in our secret heart, endeared to us even by his very follies and naughtiness.

"BUT ONE BOOK."

Off the City of Rio de Janeiro, surrounded by its lovely mountains and bay scenery, and on the rippled waters of the latter, lay at anchor a taut, rakish frigate, bearing at her peak the flowing flag of the Great Republic.

On the frigate's gundeck, aft, was the captain's cabin, the sanctum-sanctorum, whose sesame was by permission of its occupant, and that, too, through his orderly, who paced up and down in front of the door, guarding its approaches as Cerberus did those to the infernal regions.

A tall, neatly-dressed young officer approached the sacred precinct, and requested the orderly to say to Captain Tarpaulin that Lieutenant Marlinespike desired permission to see him.

The orderly disappeared in the cabin, and in an instant returned to notify Lieutenant Marlinespike that Captain Tarpaulin had condescended to receive him.

Reclining on a divan in the after cabin, and gazing contemplatively from the stern port at the beautiful Corcovado Mountains, was an old gentleman in the uniform of a naval captain.

His head was remarkable; it was one which phrenologists and physiognomists would have delighted to gaze at. It would have been pronounced that of a philosopher, or one gifted with unusual perceptive faculties. Indeed, Captain Tarpaulin had a fine head, piercing blue eyes, and an *ensemble* which indicated a man of brains.

When Lieutenant Marlinespike entered the presence of Captain Tarpaulin, the latter raised his eyes, gazed at him, and then at the book, and remarked, pleasantly:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Captain," replied the young officer, "we have exhausted the reading stock of the wardroom and steerage, and solicit your permission to obtain books from the cabin library."

"Books, sir—books!" briskly exclaimed the captain. "What do you want with books, sir? I never read but one book in my life!"

Lieutenant Marlinespike thought the moment propitious to solve the mystery of the captain's favorite work. He seized it, and, in a beseeching tone, asked:

"May I make so bold, Captain Tarpaulin, as to inquire what book it was?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir! The 'Arabian Nights,' sir. And hang me, sir, if I believe more than half of it—no, not more than half of it!"

For the first time, the captain was rude to his inseparable companion; he struck it with violence when he reiterated the words, "Don't believe more than half of it, sir!"

Lieutenant Marlinespike bowed, and retired in haste.

A moment afterward there was a roar in the wardroom; it was echoed from the steerage, and so loudly as to cause a message from the captain to the executive, "that there was too much noise below."

And thus a brief sentence dispelled the illusion that Captain Tarpaulin was a scientist, a deep thinker.

THE THREE WISHES.

(Francois Coppée, translated by O'Shaughnessy.)

Blushing, I see her linger,
I see her smile as of old;
Make for the loved one's finger
A beautiful ring of gold!

All's over. Still I shall find her;
I wait and scarce repine;
For all that she left behind her
Make me a silver shrine!

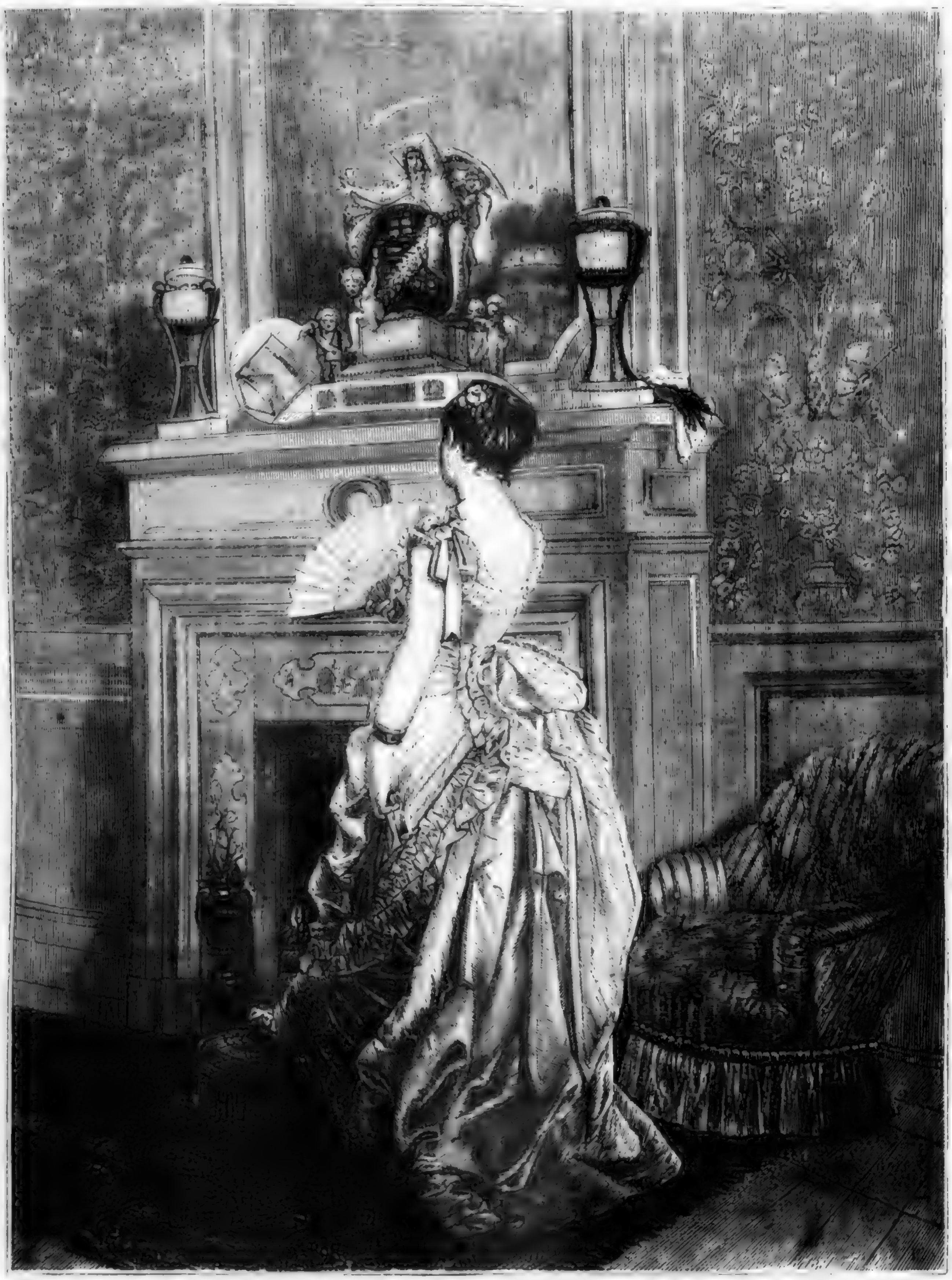
Nay, but life grows too dreary,
Heavy the heart and head;
Oh, exile! I am a-weary:
Make me a coffin of lead!

THE NEXT HEIR; Or, A FATAL COMPACT.

I PROPOSE to tell you a remarkable occurrence, and my only regret in its narration is, that I could never use it, as proof, to criminate the man of whose sin it convinced me.

It was several years ago that I left the heat and glare of London to spend a furlough of some weeks with an old friend and comrade, Bernie Esterley, at his family seat, Esterley Court, a grand old place down in a pleasant county bordering on Wales. Bernie was an only son, the heir of a large landed property—God help him!—from his father, and a greater heritage of dashing beauty and unflagging spirits from his mother. She had been a *petite* Irish belle, who married the old baronet because his persistent attachment touched her warm heart, married him, and found herself less happy in the great house than in the tumble-down old mansion far away in Ireland.

So she died while Bernie was a boy, and he grew up, with winning, gallant ways, dashing on the fashionable *paré*, a pet of society from the outset. They called him the handsomest man in the cavalry, and even men conceded him the palm, all the while envying his magnificent physique and herculean muscles.



"WILL HE COME?"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 350.

The women raved of his Saxon style, his bright hair, violet eyes, and mustaches *à la militaire*.

Mothers talked confidentially of the broad acres in that fine old Esterley place, stretching to the sea on one side and far out to the blue hills on the other. He was an enviable *parti*, this gay, laughing officer. I reached the court at sunset, and drove up the long avenue to the stone steps of the great entrance just as Bernie, in advance of several companions, came out of a coppice on the right. His fowling-piece was slung across his broad shoulders, the heavy boots and rough hunting-suit mud-splashed and torn by briers, but imparting a brigandish, Green-rider air that would have driven an artist wild with delight.

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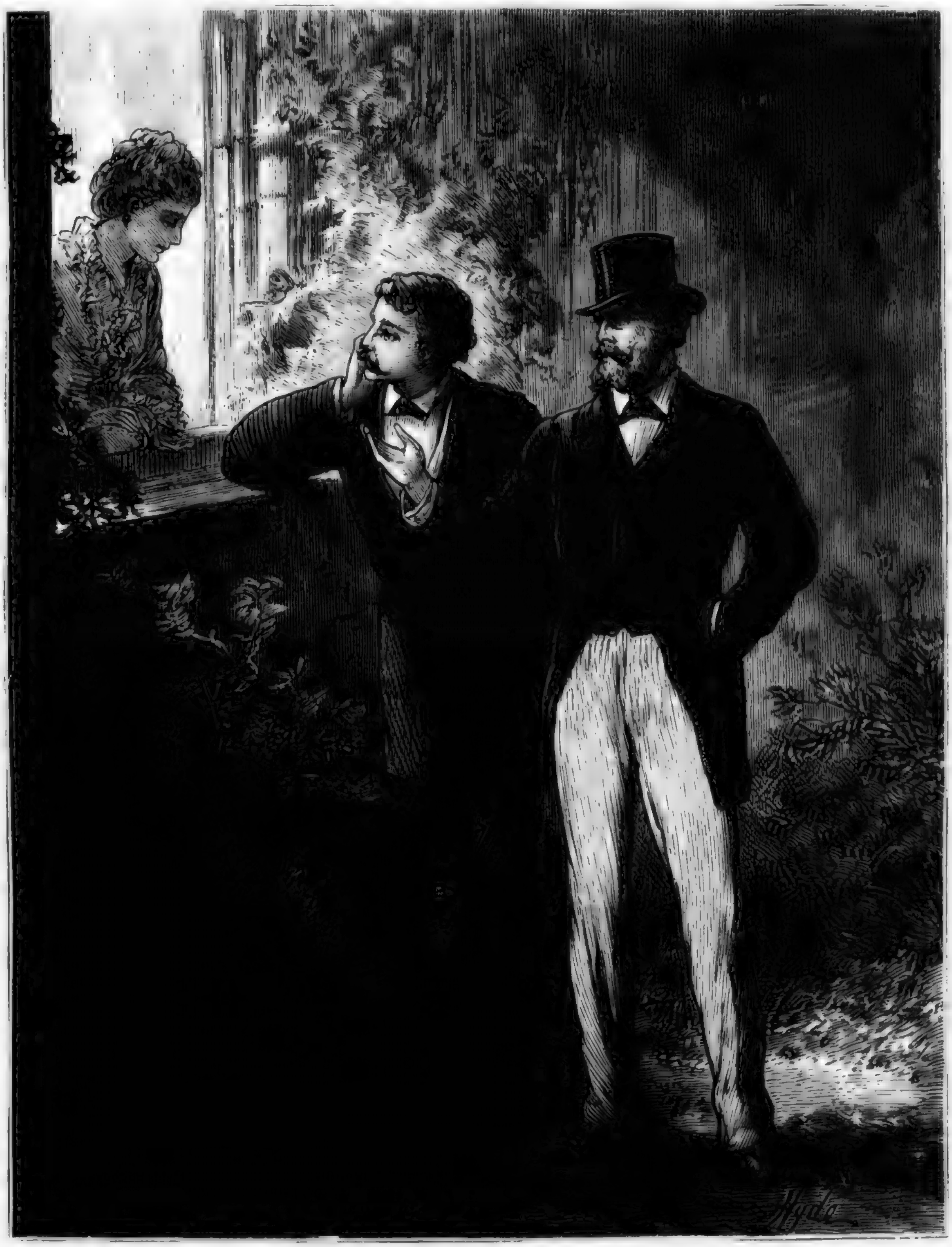
An hour later he came into my room, in faultless necktie and Paris coat, to welcome me, with his glad, free tones, to Esterley Court.

"Who have you here, Bernie?" I asked, after answering his many questions of the news in town, and the gossip of the mess, for ever rife with queer canards about people we both liked and disliked.



THE NEXT HEIR; OR, A FATAL COMPACT.—" 'COME OUT AND SEE,' ANSWERED BERNIE, ADVANCING CLOSE TO THE WINDOW TO LOOK AT AND COMPLIMENT HER CLASSIC COIFFURE."—SEE PAGE 343.

"Oh, half-a-dozen good fellows—Curran of the Fifth, Bannock and Adams of ours, Hamilton of the Coldstreams, and two or three 'dips,' meditating imbroglios and tanning their complexions over the moors, and—and you know them all, except, perhaps, Fergus Esterley."

"And who is he?"

"My cousin," Bernie said, with abated ardor. "The next heir when I follow my ancestors to the chapel-vault. He is an Esterley all over—at least, that is what my father says. So the old baronet and the young one, for aught I know, are mutually attracted. Fergus is unscrupulous as a Borgia, and ambitious as an Antony."

"Then you are very inimical to his interests," I suggested, catching a certain bitterness in his tone.

"Yes; but as the days of free daggers and poison are obsolete, I don't apprehend any danger from my cousin's thwarted interests. My dear Danby," he added, as I was about to say more on a subject evidently distasteful to his pride of race, "if he sends me out of this world, I'll certainly give you the satisfaction of knowing it that very moment. Now, unless you fancy the old-fashioned

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sobriquet of 'fool,' don't hint to our set that you have made a compact to see me, when Fergus makes a ghost of me."

I perceived the drift of his injunction; he disdained the possibility of a taint in the "blue blood" of the Esterleys, and already tired of this obtrusive Fergus. I said, "Make that a solemn promise, Bernie; it shall be the proof to me whether or not Fergus——"

"Puts a knife across my windpipe or a bullet through my heart," interrupted Bernie, half jocosely. "*Très bien*, old fellow," he added, seeing how much in earnest I was, "I'll pledge my honor to present my ghostship at the proper moment—there's my hand on it. It's an odd agreement, though," he continued, pensively, as I finished my toilet, reflecting that it *was* an odd agreement for two men of the world who were not supposed to heed such things; nevertheless, I would not laugh at it, or do aught than retain the promise.

"There is the dinner-bell. How negligent I have been, not to post you up as to the points of our fair dames," Bernie said, vivaciously, as the tones of the bell echoed through the endless corridors and saloons. "Those are our two beauties *par excellence*. You will fall a victim to one or the other. The Amazon is Helene d'Aubray, and the little bay is a thoroughbred, Laura Trevanion by name," whispered Bernie, as the guests swept by us into the dining-hall, and a moment after, by his management, I was near Helene, and Bernie himself on one side of the "little bay."

As we entered the dining-room, I saw Fergus standing near the door. He received me with a *hauteur* verifying Bernie's assertion, viz.: an Esterley all over—so genuine an Esterley that, from the moment of introduction, a barrier of dislike and distrust rose magically between us, repelling every future effort to regard him favorably.

Fergus watched his cousin with an eager, sinister look often in his eyes, positively startling on that classic, impassive Esterley cast of features. It recalled many of the floating stories hinted of him, and disregarded until chance brought us together, and then, oddly enough, I believed them all.

The expression of his countenance sank so deeply into my mind, that I wondered how Bernie could be unconscious of it, and go whispering to Laura Trevanion things that brought a peach-like bloom to her cheeks—things that made the long lashes droop shelteringly over their almond-shaped auburn eyes.

She was a lovely, piquant creature, a vivid contrast to Helene. Both gained by it, however. Preferring the blonde, nevertheless I acknowledged the peculiar fascination of this most unusual style, the sunset-tinged beauty of Laura Trevanion, who, with her sweet, naïve simplicity, her subdued, refined gayety, was too dangerously beguiling and captivating for a man not caring to be a pretty woman's toy. I aspired to no such honor, so I kept away from her.

"What do you think of her, Danby," asked Bernie, when the ladies had gone back to the drawing-room, to yawn and gossip, leaving us to discuss the last *on dits*, political and social, over the baronet's costly wines.

Fergus sat almost beside me. The question was as distinct to him, and I remembered that Helene had said he entertained a chilling sort of penchant for the shy-eyed auburn belle—therefore he threw a few careless words, more of a sneer than anything else.

"The best thing of the season, Captain Danby—at least, they tell me so. I am no *critique* myself, and don't profess to appreciate their charms; but Major Esterley does."

Bernie sipped his wine in leisurely amusement; the "slings and arrows" of the "next heir's" bitter envy merely entertained him.

"Take care that you are not made to pay the penalty of rashness," he remarked, filling his glass most tranquilly.

"I will take care of that. I have had few failures. It will be strange if I have to chronicle one this late day in my history," answered Fergus, coldly, and revealed a glimpse of that merciless, indomitable will which they said never turned from its purpose for any man.

I reflected, vaguely, that this "genuine Esterley" was capable of many things which other men, less polished or more worldly, rejected in horror.

I smoked my meerschaum on a low balcony fragrant with the scent of a clambering woodbine, twining its dark green leaves round and round the fragile trellis. Through an arch, with the curtains drawn back, I could see Helene singing, and Bernie devoting himself with the *empressement* of a cavalier skilled in the countless caprices of a woman's heart.

At last she sang an inspiring boating-chorus, and Bernie's deep, magnificent voice blended with hers and rang out on the night air, hushing the laugh and coquetry, thrilling into silence the groups of high-bred triflers.

They could not choose but listen, for a finer chorus never echoed along the shores of the Rhine than we heard that night as Bernie stood under the chandelier, with the softened rays of light streaming down on his Murillo head.

"The handsomest man in society," whispered Laura Trevanion, leaning back on her *fauteuil*, with two or three of the best men all attention, and drooping her lashes slowly, in that silly way of hers, that she might covertly watch for his approach—wholly in vain.

The *écarté* table won him first, rivaling too successfully the combined charms of *les beaux dames*, expending their fascinations rather resentfully upon Bannock and others, good fellows enough, when Major Esterley withdrew his resistless presence.

The old baronet loved *écarté*. It was the passion absorbing his failing faculties, as some such trivial pastime so often becomes the ruling passion of an existence shorn of its youth and energy. His *écarté* table was invariably rolled into one recess, doubly lighted by wax-candles, burning lower and lower in their wrought brackets, while the gray-haired *écarté*-player pursued his game with breathless interest far into the night, until younger men abandoned it in sheer exhaustion.

He seldom vouchsafed his son (in Bernie's brief visits to the court) more than the most distant politeness, and rarely asked him to join the game; but to-night the music possibly softened him, so he bade him take a hand.

I had a panoramic view of the scenes within from my balcony, where Helene joined me, magnanimously forgiving the meerschaum for the moonshine. Fergus had afforded many a theme for speculation, wreathing itself into the curling smoke, drifting on the night-breeze, and away among the pale, dew-covered flowers.

Oddly enough, we both glanced at Fergus when the old baronet and his son commenced their game. He had been deeply engaged in a low conversation with Laura Trevanion—one of those rare opportunities eagerly sought and improved—nevertheless, he turned instantly from her, yielding his place to other impatient admirers, turned abruptly away, and gave Bernie one swift look of scathing aversion.

"Fergus is not Major Esterley's *cher ami*," Helene

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remarked, catching the look as it sped toward Bernie, and divining its meaning with a woman's errorless intuition. "He is cursing him now in his heart for playing *écarté* with such matchless skill as to compel his father's approbation. That old man has a large fortune at his disposal, besides the entailed estates, and Fergus don't forget it," she added, satirically. "Don't say that we poor women, envying each other her adorers, contesting the shade of a ribbon, have monopolized the green-eyed monster."

"I never believed it, mademoiselle," I answered, rather meekly, for Helene prided herself upon plain-speaking. It was her style to be positive and direct, and a very unpleasant style sometimes when the sentiment displeased her.

"No, Captain Danby," she said, energetically; "the jealousy of your sex does not take in matters so trivial. Fergus envies Bernie his fair inheritance, his baronetcy prospective, his family influence, and will wrest it from him if he can. Look at the man now," she continued, abruptly. "See how well a woman can read even Fergus Esterley. He has a head and heart of marble. Laura Trevanion must be second to his interest and ambition. They rule him, and will crush every obstacle remorselessly."

Fergus leaned back in his chair, motionless and silent, his pallid, perfectly chiseled features rigid as the sculptured work of art in the niche opposite, and apparently not more capable of sensation or more aware of the confused murmur around him. There he remained, unmoved, intent, perhaps, on nothing, solitary in a bright, *riant* scene, without the twitch of a muscle or the flutter of a nerve.

The *finesse* of Laura Trevanion's pretty coquetries, the shafts of mocking pleasantries, glanced harmlessly against the impervious armor of this fathomless, companionless Esterley.

Nothing disturbed his frigid calm, save when the Chessvilles, by making their "*bon-soir*," signaled the ladies to close their *affaires d'amour*, and allow the masculine party to enjoy such matters as Havanas and rest.

Then Fergus raised his hand to detain Helene in passing, and said, quietly: "You have read me aright."

"You heard me, then?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"It was no compliment, but you had no right to listen," Helene fearlessly remarked, walking on with the grenadier step characteristic of her.

"I shall make it prophetic," Fergus slowly said, resuming his seat, and relapsing into the same statuesque oblivion of his surroundings.

There I left him, late that night; there he still sat, silent as death, when I looked back from the hall-door and saw him—Bernie playing *écarté* with his father, and Fergus opposite the bust of Catiline, with an odd resemblance between the two.

Long afterward, I believed I had discovered the subject of this intense concentration of thought—at least, I condemned him for it, and never altered my decision.

Night after night the old baronet would have Bernie take at least one game of *écarté*, though sometimes sorely against his will, and often late—late, when the guests of Esterley Court had been slumbering for hours, when the gray dawn hung over us, the stillness was broken by the low, excited words, "*je marque le roi*," and the same tableau reproduced of the *écarté* table, the intent face of the white-haired player, the half-interested, *virant* countenance of the handsomest man in society, and Fergus maintaining a gloomy vigil from his chair opposite the bust of Catiline.

The mirth of the drawing-room did not prevent all observing how reserved and bitter Fergus had become; they talked of it in the seclusion of the boudoir, and even when the partridges were less shy than usual, it was discussed.

His natural *hauteur* permitted no one to cross the bounds of mere acquaintance; besides, his acrid satire saved him from any importunate desire for his friendship; and yet, with his fine intellect and cultivation, Fergus was capable of rendering himself very charming when these miserable humors left him.

The men ceased to regard him, the women only occasionally aroused themselves to charm away the devils that possessed him, and usually received a cutting epigram or two for their pains; yet they found him more tolerable than we did.

"There is a great deal in him when you get him off Major Esterley's track," Helene always said, with her free comments on people and things, an unabashed freedom inducing you to hope that her *griffes* might not close on either your not very shining virtues or very glaring vices. "There's bad blood between those two Esterleys, but Bernie's good angel guards him. He soon goes to Scotland for the grouse, and then to dazzling Paris, where those tawny brunes spoil him abominably."

Helene said this in the billiard-room one morning, where the bad weather compelled us to while away the hours between lunch and dressing-bell.

Just opposite us, the major had been standing, lending, no doubt, very valuable assistance to a handsome brunette.

In the excitement of the game, he slipped off, unperceived by any save a few feminine eyes, and—Fergus.

I found him in the library, laughing at *écarté* between his father and Laura Trevanion, who, with pretty, indolent tyranny, would have the grim old baronet teach her the game.

Reclining lazily among the cushions of her great chair, looking unusually lovely, only occasionally lifting her soft eyes to the man, handsomer by far in his way than herself, Laura played another game than *écarté* with the elder Esterley—a game of more exquisite *finesse*, of poesy and tenderness—but the sole game for which, at that moment, she could have felt a throb of agony at being the loser.

She was a witching little thing, and her eyes were beautiful; they challenged that stern, absolute Esterley, who viewed a blunder in *écarté* as a personal offense, to be out of humor with her if he could.

There we lingered until the bell rang out a summons to boudoir and adornment, too precious in female estimation to forego.

In the hall, as she ran up-stairs, laughing back some light mockery at the baronet's discomfiture, we met Fergus, wandering gloomily.

"Don't be disheartened, man. I am not in your way," Bernie said, pleasantly, as he nodded significantly at the retreating Laura.

Fergus drew away coldly, with the barbarous gleam of Catiline in his eyes.

"I care nothing for women. You are not in my way *there!*" he answered, imperturbably.

"Then what the deuce is the matter with the fellow?" Bernie asked, when he was in my apartments, lounging indolently on a sofa, the very picture of supine enjoyment, lying there, indolently smoking a perfumed cigarette, and puffing the smoke through his amber-hued mustaches.

I tried to give him a little advice, to insinuate a suspicion of Fergus, for I felt that he stood in danger from this

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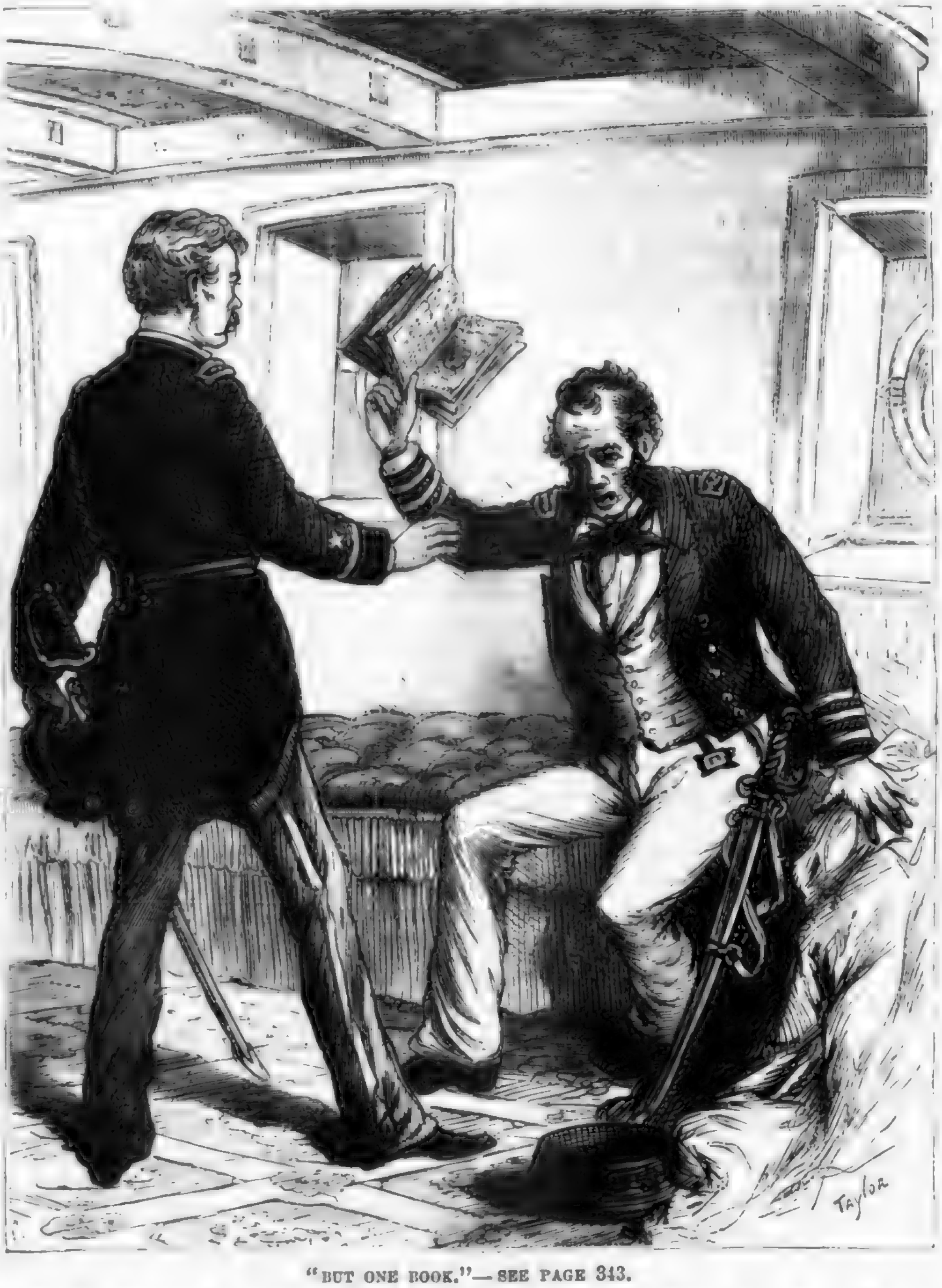
man's brooding jealousy and dislike; but he seemed in love with all the world, and rejected the insinuation.

"None of his race have been traitors," he said, half closing his eyes and laughing at my gravity. "You will join our hunt to-morrow, on the Ferndown Hills, Danby?" he asked, suddenly tossing away a half-smoked cigarette, and forgetting Fergus, everything, in his enthusiasm for their great expedition, the event of the hunting season. "The sport will be fine—you must come, old fellow!"

"Impossible, Bernie! Those abominable reports must be made out, and returned. An inexorable necessity holds me here."

It was hard to refuse, but the reports must go by the next post, so Bernie could only lavish execrations on the service, and its confoundedly inconvenient requirements—fruitless enough, but the only satisfaction we had.

However, I had no desire to prove my devotion to Nimrod by foreswearing Mars, or, in other words, to stand a court-martial as a sequel to the day's sport. Besides, a chosen party were going to Scotland in the Autumn, and Bernie had urged me to join them, and enjoy our unrivaled sport among the crags and bleak little moors, where we had no women, no flirtations, no *déjeuners*, nor balls.



"BUT ONE BOOK."—SEE PAGE 343.

"One can't expect you to barter a captaincy for a day's fun," Bannock remarked, as we walked up and down that night under the trees and smoked.

"What is it—what are you persuading Captain Danby to do?" demanded Laura Trevanion, leaning out of an arched window, in the light of which we were sauntering, and through which we occasionally addressed her whenever the fair young face, shadowed by myrtle-leaves twined aristically into the burnished hair, turned toward us.

"Come out and see," answered Bernie, advancing close to the window to look at and compliment her classic coiffure.

She had exquisite taste, and that coronet of myrtles, woven here and there with a rosebud, was a triumph of simplicity and natural beauty.

"No, no; mamma is calling me. Wear these to-morrow," she whispered, pressing an exquisite bouquet of myrtles and rosebuds to her lips, then handing them to him. "*Tenez!* adieu, adieu!" and she was gone, with that sweet, musical farewell, so like her.

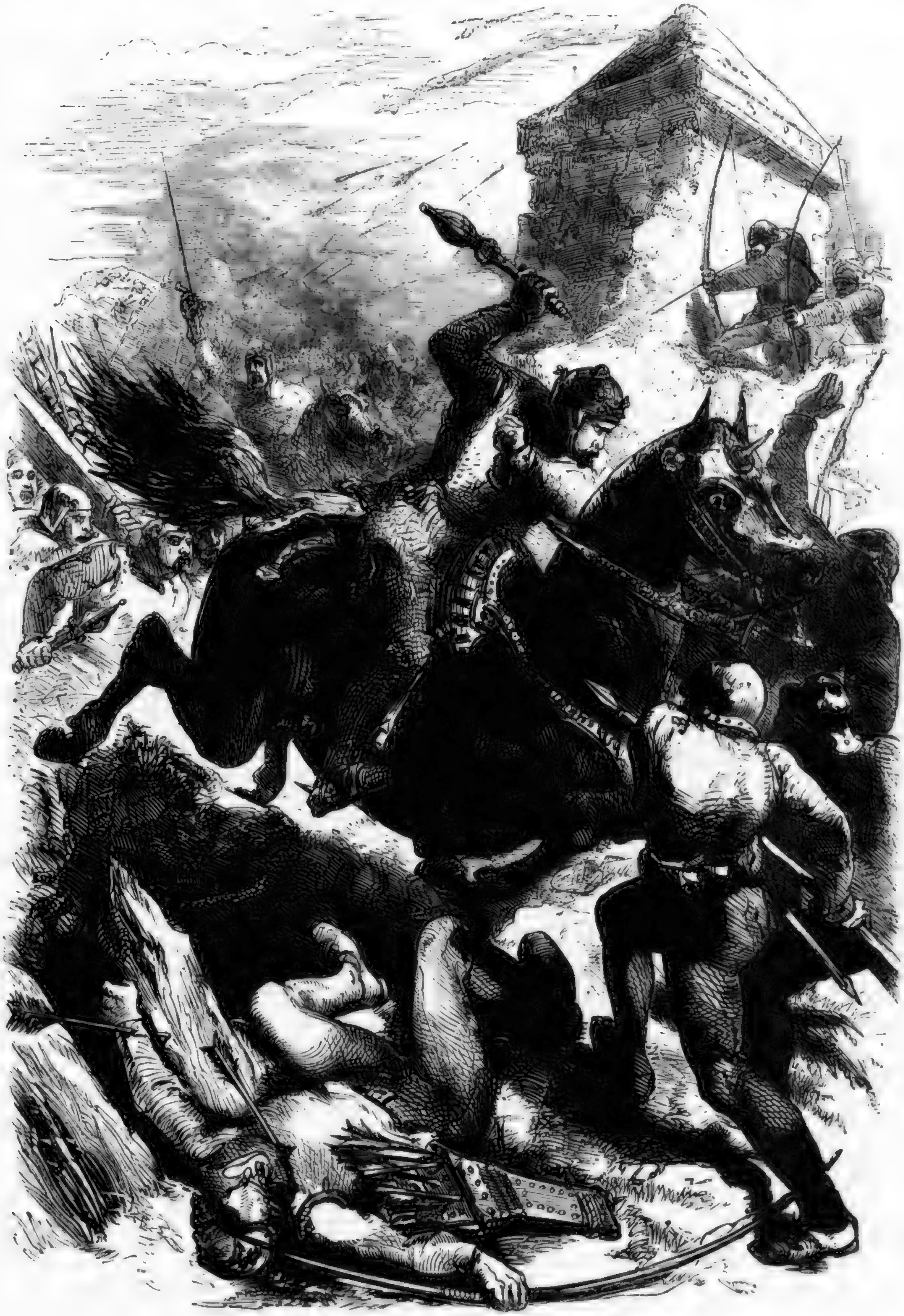
Fergus had joined us, and was noting silently and contemptuously the whole scene—a contempt never relaxing ten minutes later when Bernie tossed the flowers over the terrace.

"Beware of Fergus," I said, when the major looked in upon me at dawn, while the horses pawed the graveled walk, and grooms and valets hurried hither and thither, with fowling-pieces and game-bags.

"Fergus is not a social fellow, Danby, but he is not so bad as you imagine," Bernie said, good-naturedly. "Well, if Fergus won't be a scoundrel, I can't be a ghost and keep my compact. Make the best of the day, dear old fellow; we shall be here by luncheon to-morrow. I hope the belles will be amiable to-day."

He ran down-stairs, whistling a bravura, and a moment after I saw them move away, the misty sunrise glistening on Bernie's golden hair as he sat above the rest, holding the ribbons, and driving four-in-hand at a break-neck speed down the avenue.

It was not a long day; I had no time to be bored; the "dips" had their protocols, I had my reports; consequently we abjured the drawing-room until dinner and evening peremptorily demanded us. The belles were not especially charming—a scarcity of men is always provoking, or perhaps I was unusually tired.



THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.—SEE PAGE 350.

Neither Helene nor Laura could retain my allegiance—my spirits were probably depressed. I felt *triste*, silent, *ennuyé*, and embraced the first opportunity of escape to the woodbine balcony, where the moon, now at its full, shed a pale, poetic light over a spot meant for poesy.

The night air was heavy with the subtle fragrance of roses and honeysuckle, creeping up like a spirit in that treacherous moonlight. Perhaps I may have become sleepily unconscious for an instant or two; I don't remember falling asleep, don't remember taking my eyes from the light and shadows of the artistically grouped evergreens; but I do remember feeling wretchedly weary,

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when it seemed to me somebody called my name. At least, I started, thoroughly awakened, and certain some one called. I looked around, and there, standing at the end of the balcony, gazing straight at me, his face rather pale, was—Bernie.

His fixed attitude appeared unusual, and the bright violet eyes were riveted on me with an expression of such melancholy that it clings to me now with the fearful power of reality

I never doubted my senses; I saw him distinctly, his face pale, as if the moonlight gave it an ashen hue.

"Bernie, old fellow, when did you come?" I exclaimed, hurrying forward to the end of the balcony.

No one was there. All was painfully still. He had gone, but the conviction, the certainty, was so strong that Bernie had been there and called me, that, fearing my imprudence in mentioning his name so loudly had occasioned his sudden disappearance, I leaned over the balcony and said, softly:

"Bernie, come around to my rooms. They don't know you are here."

All was still—not a sound, save the water of the fountain breaking on the marble, and the laughter of guests within. No one answered, no one could be seen, yet the moonlight was clear as day.

I waited several minutes, perfectly sure that I had seen him. The sound of my name had aroused me from sleep or reverie, and I saw Bernie as distinctly as I now see this page, and even noticed the strange pallor of his face.

I walked down from the balcony, and searched fruitlessly, of course; nevertheless, the impression remained with its original force. I could not shake it off, even when Carruthers joined me, and I told him of the delusion.

"Imagination plays us cruel tricks sometimes," he said, carelessly; then pointed out the fact of the balcony being at least ten feet above the ground, and the end at which I had seen Bernie totally unsupported from below, and closed by a railing. "It was a delusion. He is the life of the party just now at Ferndown," added Carruthers, dismissing the subject. "Suppose we go in? There is a premium upon us to-night, in the absence of fifteen or twenty fellows. It is now eleven."

"So late as that?" I asked, in surprise.

"*Vraiment!* ten minutes after!" answered Carruthers, glancing at his watch as we unclosed the glass doors and passed in, merely to see anxious chaperons already *en route* for the boudoir, their respective charges disgusted with the talk of *femmes aux femmes.*

I found it impossible to shake off the deep anxiety fastening itself upon me, consequently it was late when I fell into a sound sleep, from which the unceremonious and noisy opening of my door, flung back on its hinges by regardless hands, rudely awakened me.

"Danby!" exclaimed a voice I knew to be Carruthers's, although its tones were intensely excited and fraught with a certain horror and alarm, chilling the blood in my veins. "Danby! for God's sake get up! The major has been killed, shot through the heart. A courier has just arrived with the frightful intelligence."

"Killed!" I repeated, only half comprehending his terrible words, though they were brief and concise enough, God knows.

"Yes—blast it, can't you understand! Last night, about eleven. An accident, they suppose; nobody can tell. Good God! he was found shot through the heart," he added, shudderingly. "We are going to Ferndown at once."

* * * * * * *

They found him shot through the heart, lying on the turf, dead, "the handsomest man in society," our splendid Bernie—shot like a dog by an unknown hand, among the wilds of Ferndown.

We brought him home, with the lofty head laid low, the violet eyes closed, never more to open, and the gay voice hushed in the unenvied repose of death.

No one accused Fergus openly, but there were dark whispers in every circle, the servants' hall, the drawing-room, and messroom, for Bernie was idolized by high and low; and there were muttered execrations, but Fergus went away, silent and impenetrable, to shoot grouse and ptarmigan at Arvoch, the Esterley hunting-box among the Highlands to which Bernie had invited a gay party of his own companions.

Fergus went off; it was all his, in prospective, so he asked none of us, and he had no friends.

Lady Laura Esterley I met long afterward at the opera. The "little bay" had remembered the next heir, and married him, and, the world said, found her master; nevertheless, she coquetted as dreamily as in the old days.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later, Fergus Esterley was thrown from his horse and died of the injuries, but with his last breath admitted that he had fired the fatal shot ending so abruptly his cousin's life—the life of the only man in his way, the man who kept with me the compact made in idle jest to be realized so swiftly in fatal earnest.

"WILL HE COME?"

Break into the beautiful blossoms,
  Oh, buds of the sunny May,
And sing, my robin, and bluebird,
  Your sweetest carol to-day;
For my love has written a letter,
  And the world is all in tune—
He is coming with the roses
  In the fairest days of June.

I am counting the days between us,
  I am counting the moments and hours—
Telling my beads, like a solemn nun,
  On a rosary of flowers;
For he said when the buds of the roses
  Are flushing in royal red,
He is coming to claim a promise.
  (I wonder what I have said!)

Break into songs and blossoms,
  Oh, birds and buds of Spring;
Lilies, scatter your fragrance,
  And sweetest song-birds sing;
And skies, drop golden sunshine
  In the beautiful days of June;
For my love is coming to see me,
  And the world is all in tune.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Surrounded by a few faithful followers, Bruce prepared to carry on a predatory warfare; darting suddenly out from his fastnesses and falling on straggling bodies of the English, or by rapid and sudden attacks obtaining possession of strongholds and castles. This species of warfare he carried on successfully, and now fortune began to favor him. The fame of his exploits spread in all directions, and his numbers were daily augmented, while the English began to tremble at his name. His movements were so rapid that his enemies could never obtain knowledge of his whereabouts, until he would suddenly appear before them.

His career became now one uninterrupted course of success. And to increase his advantages, Edward of England died, and was succeeded by Edward II., a weak, inefficient prince, from whose utter incapacity Bruce derived great advantages. Castle after castle, and town after town, now fell rapidly into the hands of Bruce, and the English King saw the conquests that had cost his father so much valor and valuable life rapidly fall from his hands.

The heroic spirit of Bruce transfused itself into the peasantry of the country; and the King began to reap the fruits of this popular spirit in the capture of the Castle of Lithingow by a common countryman named Binny, who was known to the garrison, and had been employed in bringing hay into the fort. He communicated his design to a party of Scottish soldiers, whom he stationed in ambush near the gate. In his large wain he contrived to conceal eight armed men, covered with hay. A servant drove the oxen, and Binny himself walked carelessly by his side. When the portcullis was raised, and the wain stood in the middle of the gateway, interposing a complete barrier to its descent, the driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen; upon which signal the armed men suddenly leaped from the cart, the soldiers in ambush rushed in, and so complete was the surprise, the garrison were put to the sword and the place taken.

About the same time, Sir James Douglas heroically obtained possession of the Castle of Roxburgh, in the following manner:

"On Fasten's Even, immediately before Lent, when the soldiers and officers of the garrison were indulging in wine and wassail, Douglas, with about sixty soldiers, favored by a dark night, and concealed by black frocks thrown over their armor, cautiously approached the castle, creeping on their hands and feet through the trees which studded the park. They at last approached in this way so near that one of the sentries observed them moving; and, deceived by the darkness, remarked to his fellow that yonder oxen were late left out. Relieved by this fortunate mistake, Douglas and his men continued their painful progress, and at length succeeded in reaching the foot of the walls, and fixing their ladders of rope, without being discovered. They could not, however, mount so quietly but that the nearest sentinel on the outer wall perceived the noise, and ran to meet them. All was like to be lost; but the first Scot soldier had now mounted on the parapet, and he instantly stabbed the sentry, and threw him over before he had time to give the alarm. Another sentinel shared the fate of the first, and so intent were the garrison upon their midnight sports, that the terrible cry of 'Douglas! Douglas!' shouted in the great hall, was the first thing which broke off the revels. In a moment the scene was changed from mirth and joy into a dreadful carnage; but the resistance became hopeless, and Douglas gave quarter.

"At this time, Randolph, Earl of Moray, was besieging the Castle of Edinburgh. Six weeks had been spent in the siege, when an English soldier, of the name of Frank, presented himself to Randolph, and informed him he could point out a place where he himself had often scaled the wall, and by which he undertook to lead his men into the castle. This man, in his youth, when stationed in the castle, had become enamored of a girl in the neighborhood, and for the purpose of meeting her had discovered a way down and up the steep and perilous cliff, with which custom had rendered him familiar; and Randolph, with thirty men, fully armed, placed himself under his direction, and resolved to scale the castle at midnight. The surprise, however, was not nearly so complete as at Roxburgh, and the affair was far more severely contested. Besides, Randolph had only half the number of men with Douglas, the access was far more difficult, and the night so dark that the task of climbing the rock became extremely dangerous. They persevered, nevertheless, and on getting about half-way up, found a jutting crag, on which they sat down to take breath. The wall was now immediately above them; and it happened that the check-watches at this time were making their round, and challenging the sentinels, while Randolph and his soldiers could hear all that passed.

"At this critical moment, whether from accident or that one of the watch had really perceived something moving on the rock, a soldier cast a stone down toward the spot where Randolph sat, and called out: 'Away! I see you well!' But the Scots lay still as death, and the watch moved on. Randolph and his men waited till they had gone some distance. They then got up, and clambering to the bottom of the wall, at a place where it was only twelve feet in height, fixed the iron crochet of their rope-ladder on the crib-stone, and began to mount. Before, however, all had got up, the sentries, who had heard whispering and the clank of arms, attacked Randolph, and shouted 'Treason!' They were soon, however, repulsed, and the Scots rushed on to the keep, or principal strength. The whole garrison was now in arms, and a very desperate conflict ensued; but, discomfited by the suddenness of the attack, it soon yielded to Randolph and his valiant followers."

It was by deeds like these on the part of Bruce and his adherents that the King obtained his ascendency in Scotland, and struck terror and dismay into the ranks of the English. Alarmed at these successes, Edward was at last aroused to energetic action. He raised an immense army of 100,000 men, and marched into Scotland. Bruce's force, all told, was but 40,000, but securing a very advantageous situation, where the immense body of English cavalry could not act, he determined to await the attack of his enemies, and once more risk his crown upon the issue of a battle. His position was near the river called Bannockburn, which name was given to the celebrated battle there fought by these belligerents. Every precaution was taken to secure his position, and to increase its strength. In the Scottish army all were united, determined, and sanguine from recent victories; in the English army there were dissensions, weakness and misgivings. In the first there was great military genius, prudence and valor, with which to out-balance a great superiority of numbers in the other.

On the evening previous to the battle a striking adventure occurred to Bruce. He was marshaling the ranks of his vanguard, meanly mounted upon a small horse or pony, but clad in armor, and carrying a battle-ax in his hand, and distinguished from his attendants by a golden coronet which he wore on his helmet. A part of the English vanguard made its appearance at this time, and a knight amongst them, Sir Henry de Bohun, conceiving he saw an opportunity of gaining much honor, and ending the war at a single blow, couched his lance, spurred his powerful war-horse, and rode against the King at full career, with the expectation of bearing him to the earth by the superior strength of his charger and length of his weapon. The King, aware of his purpose, stood as if expecting the shock; but the instant before it took place, he suddenly moved his little palfrey to the left, avoided the unequal encounter, and striking the English knight with

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his battle-ax as he passed him in his career, he dashed helmet and head to pieces, and laid Sir Henry de Bohun at his feet a dead man. Upon this, the Scottish King's soldiers raised a great shout, and advanced hardily upon the English van, which retreated in confusion to the main army.

On the 24th of June, 1314, commenced the battle of Bannockburn. It is not our office to follow this great battle through all its details. It was a terrible and a desperately fought battle, but the genius of Bruce was superior to the numbers of Edward, and the English King was conquered. The English army first wavered, was then broken, and eventually became a complete rout—that whole vast concourse fleeing in every direction, pursued with much havoc and dreadful carnage. The victory was most complete, and although a desultory warfare was kept up for some time after this, yet the battle of Bannockburn established the independence of Scotland, and eventually led to the expulsion of the English from her soil. Robert Bruce to this day is justly the pride and veneration of Scotland.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult, things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to encompass and hold it in.

LINDLEY HALL.

By Eleanor Kirk.

The Lindleys were a proud race. Sir Edward Lindley, born in the beginning of the last century, and almost the last of the male Lindley stock, was perhaps the proudest of them all. By some of the facetious among his tenantry he was nicknamed "Cornwall Ned," so fond was he of tracing his ancestry from the renowned Richard, Earl of Cornwall.

At this time there were only two of the male Lindleys—Edward, and Austin, the son of Edward's brother. The grief of Edward's life was that he was without male issue, and it is said by those who knew Lady Lindley intimately that she died of a broken heart, caused by her husband's disappointment in this regard. She gave birth to four daughters, the last three dying in infancy. The poor lady survived the last one only a few months.

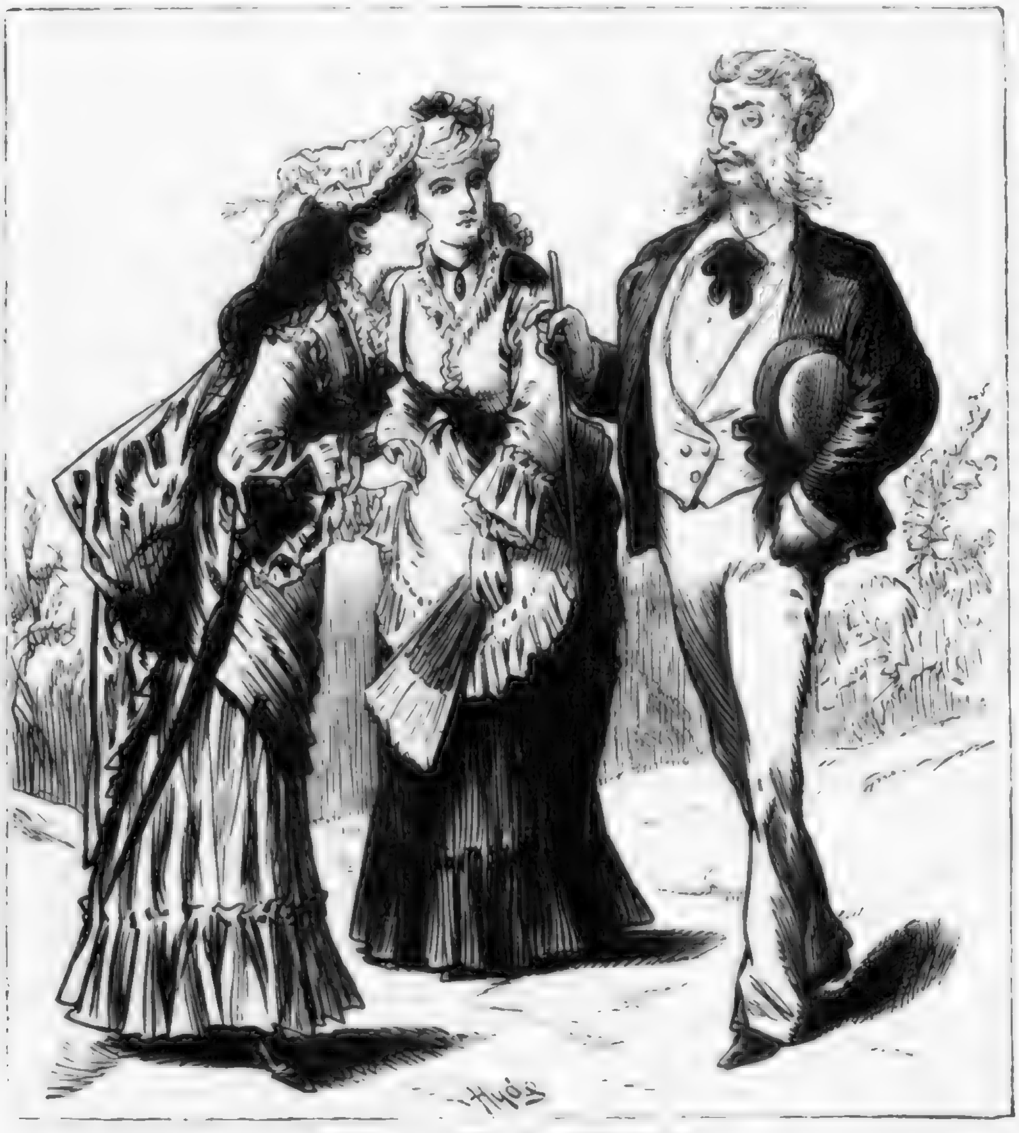
Blanche, the first-born, was now eighteen, and had been betrothed to her cousin Austin from her childhood. This was the only way to preserve the noble name of Lindley, and the gentleman disposed of his daughter with far less ceremony and thought than he would have bestowed upon the very least of his hereditary possessions.

Blanche was very beautiful, very talented and very wild. She was a good rider and a good shot, as fearless as a man, and as modest as a woman should be. She was of medium height and slight figure. Her face was oval in shape, mouth and chin firm and delicate. Her complexion was wonderfully fair, her eyes large and dark-brown, fringed with heavy dark lashes, and her hair was of very light color, and of great abundance. When the sun struck it, it was golden; in the shade, blonde.

She adored her father, but he had never recovered from his disappointment in regard to her sex, and kept her at arm's-length. This had once been a great grief to her, but she had finally taught herself not to notice it, and after a while, as health failed, and he began to be more and more dependent upon his daughter for society and care in illness, they became, as Blanche said, "better acquainted, and quite like lovers."

For prudential reasons, Sir Edward had never allowed his daughter to mingle much in society. It would be time enough for all this after she was married, he told her, and this marriage was to take place on her nineteenth birthday.

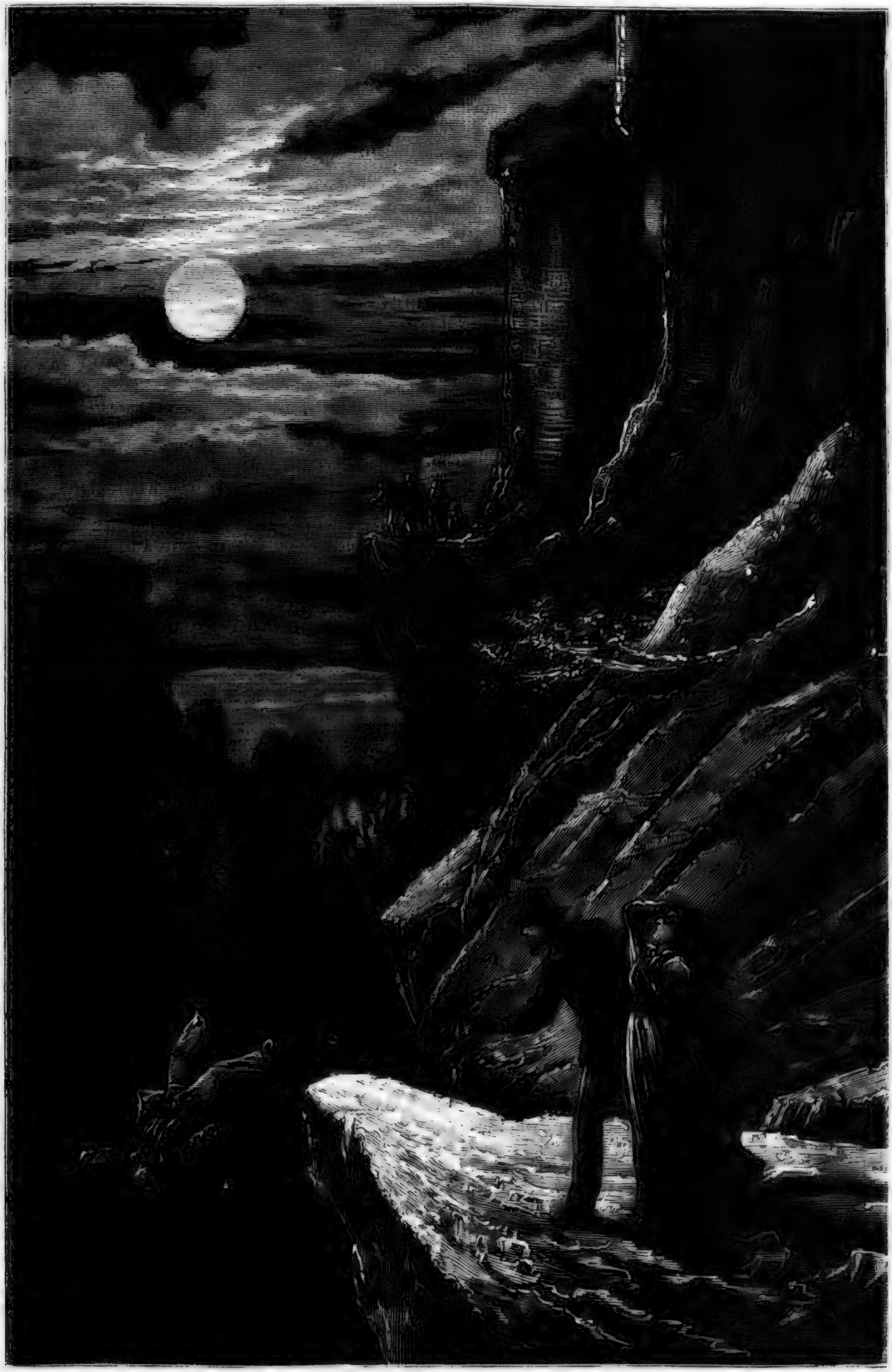
Years before, some wandering old fortune-teller had foretold that the marriage



OUR SALTY YACHTSMAN.

Bella—*"Oh, Captain Hawser, we've just been to the pier to see your lovely yacht. Didn't you have a very stormy passage?"*

Captain H.—*"Eh! ah! I'll go and ask my sailing-master. You see—fact is, I came on by rail, to avoid the sea-sickness, you know."*



LINDLEY HALL.—"WITH A FEARFUL OATH THE MADDENED MAN STARTED ON HIS LAST JOURNEY—ANOTHER OATH, A SLIP, A CRASH, A TERRIBLE SHRIEK, AND AUSTIN LINDLEY WAS PRECIPITATED HALF WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."

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which would be consummated on this day would be happy and prosperous beyond compare, and any attempt to bring it about earlier would be fraught with indescribable wretchedness and disaster.

Sir Edward was by nature superstitious, and the singular knowledge the witch had displayed in reference to many episodes in his own life which he thought sacred to himself, induced him to hearken to her warning, and disregard all appeals for an earlier date.

Blanche herself would have been glad of this change. She longed to see the world, and, though not in the least in love with her cousin, was quite willing to be his wife for the sake of the advantages such a position would give her.

For this the young lady was not to blame. Familiar from childhood with the thought of this union, and entirely debarred from the society of gentlemen, it had become quite a matter of course, and the only way out of a position she was heartily sick of.

Lindley Hall was a lonely place, indeed. It was situated on a high point of land, about a mile from Dartmoor, in the County of Devon. Not far from this place, Richard, the Earl of Cornwall, had lived and died—a good many years before, it is true—but portions of the castle still stood, and to this drear and romantic spot Blanche, when tired of everything else, would repair to read, and build castles about the time when she should see the world, and only return to the Hall when quite worn out with sight-seeing and society generally.

The Lindleys had no near neighbors, and had Blanche not possessed the sweetest and most sunshiny disposition in the world, she would have fared hard, indeed. As in the matter of society, so about books. Sir Edward selected his daughter's reading very carefully, and at eighteen she had never read a love-story. He was quite determined that her imagination should have no outside helps, and that she should be kept, until her marriage at least, in this delightful state of indifference in regard to her affections.

Sir Edward—a connoisseur in affairs of the heart—knew that hers had not been touched; and so completely did he trust the Lindley honor that, once married, he was sure that Blanche would never disgrace the name. That she might suffer, probably never occurred to him. If it had, it would have made no difference.

One fine morning in June, Blanche, a little lonely, started for her favorite place of resort—the deserted old castle. Her lover had just bade her good-by, and her father was to accompany him on horseback a part of the way to the village.

Blanche saw them off, and then wended her way in the opposite direction. Austin had broken in upon the monotony a little; but, as she said to herself as she walked on:

"It will be more lonesome than ever, now. Why does my father keep me such a prisoner? Oh, if I could only be married and done with it!"

And then she laughed, as she thought how silly it was for her to be so disconsolate, when she had so much to make her happy—the sunshine, the beautiful hills and clouds, and the birds and the old castle! She always was discontented after Austin went away, and she never could tell why—not that she was particularly happy in his society, and it was worrisome to have to submit to his caresses. She wondered why there must always be kissing when two persons were engaged.

And so thinking and speculating, she clambered up the steep hill, and reached the castle-wall, where it was her habit to sit and enjoy the wonderful beauty of the surrounding scenery. On the other side, a few feet from her, sat a gentleman sketching. He rose, lifted his hat, begged pardon for the intrusion, mischievously remarking that he had no idea any of the family were at home, and resumed his work.

Hundreds of times had the young lady visited this place, and this was the first time any such thing had ever happened, and for a moment she was far too surprised and disconcerted to speak. She was on the point of returning, when the artist came forward, deprecatingly, and said:

"Please do not allow me to interfere with your rambles. I came down to sketch a few bits of scenery, here and there, and chanced upon this spot. Will you forgive me, please?"

"I have nothing to forgive; and you are quite welcome to the Castle of Cornwall," she answered. "I have often wished I could sketch myself, the views are so beautiful from these walls."

"And did you never try?"

"Oh, never, sir! I am not a born artist, who must sketch or die. I think I am a born musician, though, for without music I am sure I should not care to live."

This was evidently quite as rare an experience to the gentleman as to Blanche. The *naïveté* and sweetness of her manner puzzled and pleased him. It certainly was a most uncommon episode, and he determined to make the most of it.

Here was the sweetest and most innocent face he had ever seen; and she was conscious of a sensation of pleasure in this acquaintance which she had never before experienced.

The stranger was tall, finely-built, not slight, as artists are generally described, but of firm, muscular development. His complexion was dark, eyes dark and large, hair almost black and inclined to curl. He had a sensitive mouth, which Blanche thought could express a great deal of contempt on occasion.

"If it would give you any pleasure to look over my portfolio, Miss——"

"Miss Lindley, of Lindley Hall," Blanche answered, with dignity.

"Arnold De Vere, at your service;" and Blanche, with the utmost friendliness, extended her hand, and the acquaintance commenced.

Two minutes afterward, the young lady and gentleman sat side by side in the castle wall, and Blanche was expressing her opinion about the sketches with great freedom and judgment, the artist was obliged to confess. This was a long and bewildering *tête-à-tête*. Was it any wonder that Mr. De Vere promised to bring more pictures to the old castle the following day, and that Blanche promised to come and look at them? And is it any wonder that they met every day for a week, Blanche all the time deciding to tell her father, and have her new friend invited to the Hall, and all the time putting it off, as she took it into serious consideration? And is it any wonder that in this beautiful eyrie the girl learned the definition of love?

"I am acquainted with a gentleman of your name," De Vere remarked on one of these occasions—"a Mr. Austin Lindley."

"Indeed!" said Blanche, feeling the color forsake her cheeks. Not once had she spoken of her engagement, and now, as the dreadful truth stared her in the face, it seemed as if the blood was forsaking her heart also, so cold and deathlike she grew.

"I do not think he can be any relative of yours," he continued, as he put some extra touches on a head he was drawing.

"And why not, pray?"

"Tell me first if he is, please."

"Austin Lindley," she repeated. "Austin Lindley? It seems to me as if I had heard that name before, somewhere. Does he live in London?"

"I believe not, though he is usually to be found there. Mr. Austin Lindley and I fought a duel last year."

"Fought a duel!" whispered Blanche, in terror.

"Yes; he insulted my adopted sister, and I called him out. He got the worst of it; though, I regret to say, I didn't kill him."

"And is this Mr. Lindley a very bad man?"

"The very worst man in London. He gambles, and does not pay his debts. Nobody is safe in his society, and no lady's reputation is safe in his hands. Now, I have put too many scowls on that brow. Wait a moment, and I will show you Mr. Austin Lindley." Sure enough, with a few strokes, Blanche looked down upon the face of the man she was engaged to marry.

"Mr. De Vere," she said, after a moment, "swear to me on your honor that Austin Lindley is the bad man you have represented him."

"My dear girl"—and De Vere's pencil fell from his fingers—"I see what I have done, and it is too late. Austin Lindley is a relative of yours?"

"Austin Lindley is my cousin, and I am engaged to him."

"I beg your pardon." And, after a moment, "Would to heaven we had never met! Do you love this man?"

"I do not!" said Blanche, proudly.

"There is no man living whom I consider so utterly unworthy the hand of a good woman as this Austin Lindley. He is everything that is vile, and I tell you so because I know."

The birds and the breezes and the blue sky must have listened to many whispers and promises that day; for when they separated, Blanche had told him all about her father, the long engagement and her utter indifference, and they had sworn to live for each other alone, and to deal as cleverly as possible with the obstacles they would inevitably be compelled to encounter.

De Vere's letters were to be sent to Dame Marjery, once Blanche's nurse, now landlady of the Double Heart, in the town of Cornwall. With her their secret would be safe, and a secret it was to remain until Blanche could satisfy her father of the bad character of her cousin. This De Vere had made easy, and the lovers separated with tears and protestations.

That night Blanche was aroused from a deep sleep by a summons to her father's bedside. She found him unconscious and rapidly sinking. Attacks of a milder form had been common for some years, but all knew that this was the last. He revived only for a moment, and whispered to his daughter these words:

"Marry your cousin on your nineteenth birthday, and let nothing prevent it."

"Oh, father, I never, never can! Do you not hear me, father?"

But the eyes were fixed now, and no sound would ever issue again from those pallid lips.

For days Blanche moved about like one in a trance. Her cousin was now the devoted, self-sacrificing lover. He came to the Hall and remained. He did all in his power to cheer and console. Her grief was excessive because of her despair. Her father's last words rang in her ears from morning till night: "Marry your cousin on your nineteenth birthday, and let nothing prevent it."

Dame Marjery was taken entirely into her confidence, and in her society she was rested and refreshed.

Letters were delivered regularly, and Blanche poured out all her fears and sorrows to her lover. It was sometimes difficult to account for the time consumed in this correspondence, for her cousin, in proportion as his passion increased, became correspondingly exacting.

He was jealous of the old nurse, jealous of her maid, jealous of the books she read, and Blanche shuddered as day by day brought out the true character of the man she was engaged to marry.

The will of Sir Edward was read, and it was found that his daughter had inherited the bulk of his estate, but in case of her dying without issue, the property was to revert to her husband—Austin Lindley.

One morning, as Dame Marjery was on her way to the Hall with a letter, as usual, for Blanche, she was overtaken by Austin.

"If you have any letters or messages for anybody at the Hall," he said, somewhat rudely, "I will take them up."

"I am going up to see Lady Blanche," said Marjery, "and my errand there, good sir, is my faithful love."

"Well, if that's the case, you can take your wares to another market. You have been there quite enough lately, and I don't care to have any more of your society at present."

Dame Marjery saw that the man had been drinking, so she said, very quietly, turning about as she did so:

"I can wait till another day."

"Come up, and I'll throw you into the horse-pond, old woman," was the brutal reply.

Blanche, who had been sitting for more than an hour under a tree by the side of the road, heard the whole of this conversation.

Her first impulse was to go out and confront her cousin; the next, to let them go in their different directions, and when Austin was out of sight to follow the nurse, and get the letter she was so anxiously expecting.

This was a new revelation. The whole character of her cousin stood confessed, and then and there she vowed that, come what might, she would never be his wife. Dame Marjery had trudged on about a quarter of a mile when she was overtaken by Blanche.

"I heard it all," she said, "dear nurse, but I would not come out for fear of making matters worse. Give me my letter, nursey, darling!" and then Blanche burst into tears.

The kind-hearted woman was deeply distressed. She felt sure that Austin had discovered or suspected something, and was fully impressed that a most disagreeable crisis was at hand, and in the midst of all she was powerless to be of service. By the dame's advice, Blanche had destroyed her lover's letters as soon as read, and after going over this one a dozen times at least, she passed it over to Marjery to burn when she got home. Then she started back to the Hall.

Austin met her at dinner, a little flushed, it is true, and a little unsteady, but his voice was pitched in the sweetest possible key, and his little civilities were more numerous than usual. In the letter just read De Vere had written:

"Keep quiet for a while longer, and I shall be with you. If you are uncomfortable or afraid, let me hear from you at once."

She was extremely uncomfortable, but up to this time she had felt no fear. Now she was oppressed by a nameless horror. For the present Austin should not know that she had overheard his conversation of the morning.

He was talking of going to London for a month, and then Blanche decided she would take her fate into her own hands. A quarrel now would be productive of the most

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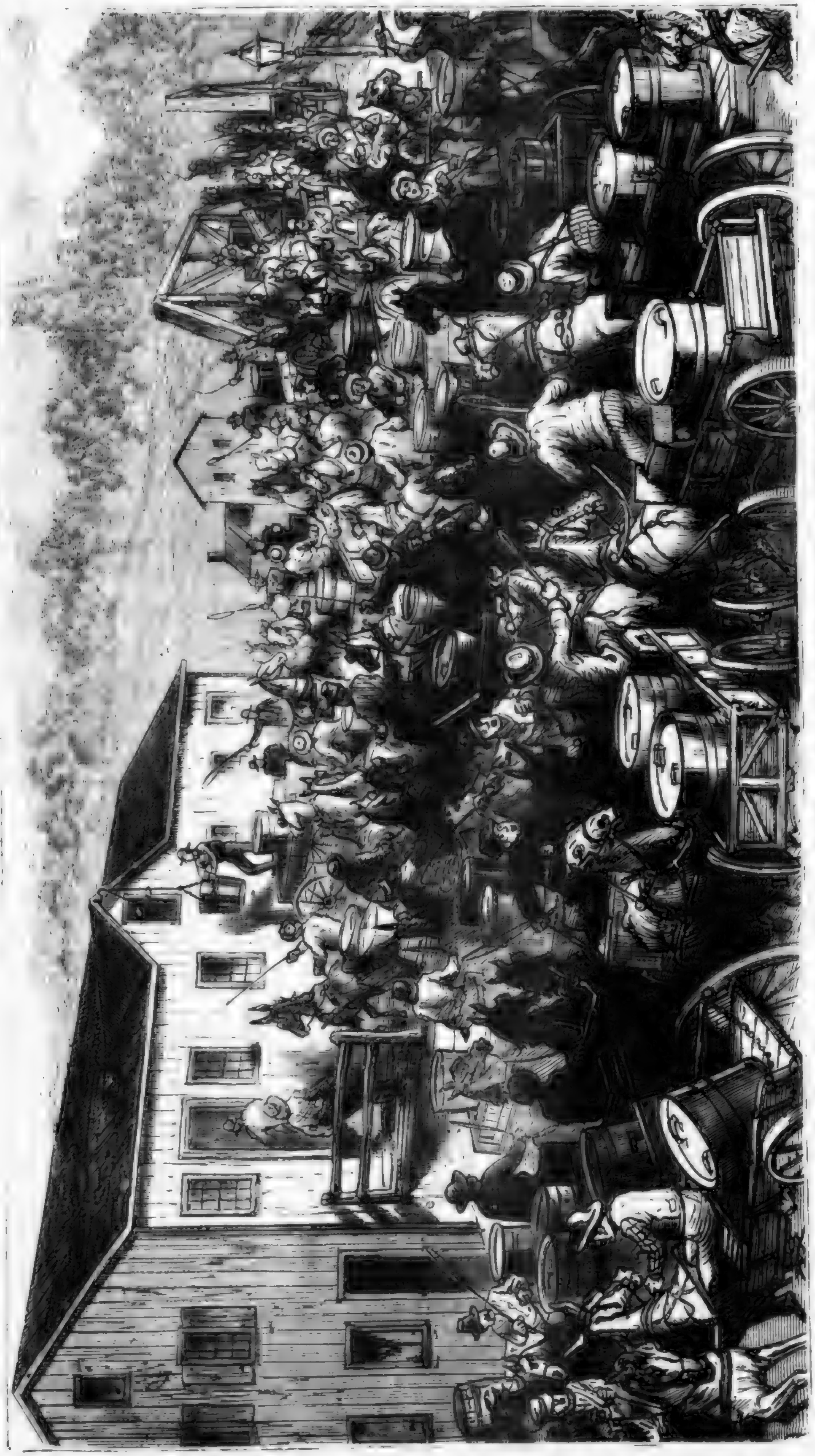


DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—DELIVERY OF MILK AT A GREAT CHEESE-FACTORY.—SEE PAGE 358.

desperate results, she was sure, so she forced herself to appear as usual.

"I think I shall start for London to-morrow," he remarked, casually, after dinner. Blanche was a good actress, and her face betrayed nothing. "My aunt will remain," he continued, "and see that you don't get into mischief."

Aunt Lindley was staying for the sake of the proprieties, and was so thoroughly harmless that Blanche cared very little what she did.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, abruptly, as Blanche made no answer.

A falsehood here seemed imperative, but Blanche shrank from uttering it, so she said:

"Did you not tell me you had important business in London?"

"What if I did? Do you not know that women in love are impatient of business, and would rather a man were ruined than leave their society to attend to it?"

"I don't know anything about such love," she replied.

"Do you know anything

about any kind of love, do you think?"

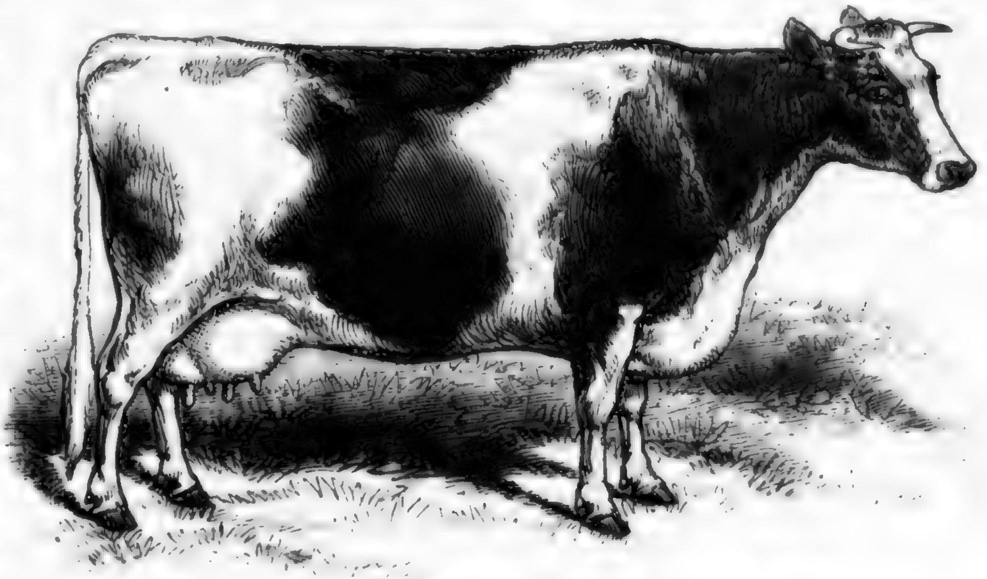
Blanche flushed crimson. Austin's eyes were searching her face. Finally she said:

"I would like you to recall our experience as so-called lovers. Did I ever, Austin—do you remember one single time when I told you that I loved you?"

"Can't say that I do, but then that was understood. What are we going to do as married people if you have no love for me?"

"Heaven knows, Austin! Does it not appear to you that this should have been thought of before?"

Not once did this heart-broken girl think of appealing to her lover for release. She had sounded him too deeply for that, and her only thought was to get him away as quietly as possible, and then to decide what steps she should take for her own happiness.



DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—A FULL-BLOODED HOLSTEIN HEIFER.

Without another word the gentleman arose and walked to the window; then whistling to his groom who had just ridden into the court, said:

"Get everything ready for a start to-morrow morning." Then turning to Blanche, said, laughingly, "It is rather late to do the sentimental, now. We shall get on well enough, I've no doubt."

The next day Blanche was comparatively happy. The dreadful incubus of her cousin's presence was removed, and in spite of the last words of her father, she found herself building high hopes in regard to her union with the man she loved.

"I will go to London with you," said Dame Marjery to Blanche, "and then we will see Mr. De Vere, and talk the matter over with legal advice, which I think necessary; but do not send for him to come here at present."

Blanche did not share her old nurse's anxiety in reference to this visit, and the Lindley pride forbade her leaving her own home. De Vere was to come after she had formally dismissed her cousin by letter. This was her plan, but Dame Marjery would not hear of it.

"Take my advice in this, my dear child," said the dame. "Once maddened, I do not think your cousin would hesitate at anything."

De Vere once at the Hall, Blanche believed everything could be accomplished. Her faith in her lover was absolute, and of course the good woman's fears were entirely disregarded.

So De Vere was summoned to his ladylove, and the expectant girl counted the hours until it was time for him to arrive. After the first few days succeeding Austin's departure, De Vere's letters ceased entirely. This was a terrible blow, and utterly unexplainable.

"The villain has intercepted them," said the old nurse. There was but one way for this to be accomplished, and that was by robbing the Dartmoor mailbag on the last few miles of its journey, and this could be done only by bribing the carrier, a man whom the dame had known as an honorable man for over twenty years.

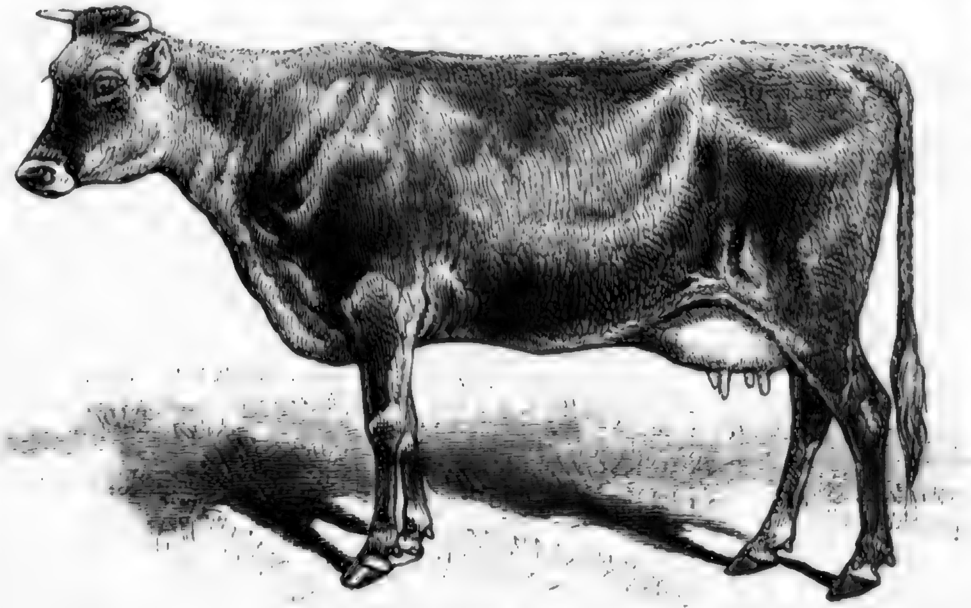
Blanche pined and fretted, and was only hopeful in Marjery's society. So two weeks passed without any tidings, and Blanche had almost completed her preparations for a journey to London. This her faithful friend had planned and hastened, all the time impressed by a sense of danger from further waiting.

One night, during a fearful storm, Marjery was surprised by the sound of Austin's voice in the barroom of the inn. She had seen Blanche that afternoon, and they were to start for London the next morning. Fearful and wondering, she walked into the room, and took a seat behind the counter. Sure enough, it was Austin Lindley, and very drunk. Two or three rough-looking men accompanied him, one of them in quite as bad condition as his master. Another man—from his garb, a priest—sat by the table and read.

"I'll take another drink to steady my nerves," said Austin to the priest, in a drunken whisper, "and then we'll start up the hill."

The priest smiled, and Marjery's heart sank within her.

Determining to send her trustiest servant to remove Blanche



A FULL-BLOODED JERSEY COW.

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from the Hall instantly, she was startled again by the entrance of another man, in an india-rubber cloak and hood, whom she immediately recognized as De Vere. At that moment Lindley was dozing on the bench. De Vere was about to speak, when a signal from Marjery stopped him.

"Who the deuce are you?" said the intoxicated man, rousing for a moment.

De Vere did not reply to this question, but in a disguised voice requested Marjery to show him to a room. She lit a candle, and as she did so, said:

"Will you not have a bite to eat?"

"If there's anything ready," said De Vere, in the same tone.

Doors closed between, Marjery said:

"That is a wedding-party in there. Go to Blanche for your life. They intend to surprise and marry her in the dead of the night."

"You must give me a fresh horse," he answered; "mine is completely fagged. I have kept in the rear of those rascals for the last ten miles, and the last mile I lost them."

In five minutes De Vere was off, and when about half-way to the Hall, was surprised by the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, coming on at a rapid rate.

It had now stopped raining, and the moon struggled through the clouds just as he galloped into the court. His quick eye caught sight of a little figure on the piazza.

"Blanche!" exclaimed De Vere, almost under his breath.

"Arnold!" she answered, "is that you?"

"It is I. Get a wrap quickly, and come with me," he said. "I will explain when you are by my side."

In a moment Blanche was mounted before him, and in another moment they were on their way to the old castle, where De Vere believed was to be found safety as well as shelter.

"To run away like this," said he, "seems cowardly; but there were four of them, all well paid and desperate characters, ready for the money they are to receive to do the bidding of the wretched man at their head. To-morrow Austin Lindley will be arrested, ostensibly for a duel, but really for treacherous conduct in a duel, and will have his choice of leaving the country for a term of years or a life in prison. Then will come my revenge."

This conversation was interrupted by fiendish yells, and De Vere knew that they were pursued. He put spurs to his horse and dashed on.

In their long rambles amid these ruins, they had found a niche where it was easy climbing to the most deserted and dangerous spots.

At this place De Vere and his frightened companion dismounted. De Vere gave the animal a sharp cut with his whip that sent him plunging ahead, for there was no other way to prevent this entrance from being discovered; and then, taking Blanche as some men might carry an infant, he flew up the rocks, only stopping to take breath when he found by the yells of his pursuers that they were on the wrong track. On the broad ledge where the lovers had first met they halted.

"Oh, Arnold!" whispered the trembling girl, "if they ever find us, your life will pay the forfeit. I feel it—I know it!"

At the left of this ledge was a precipitous set of stones and earth leading to the side of the mountain. Down this, in the daytime, De Vere and Blanche had often ventured; but now the moon was shining only fitfully, and one mis-step would be sure death.

De Vere listened. They were certainly climbing up from the other side, and this precipice was their last resort.

"Come with me, darling," said De Vere, tenderly; "and do not be afraid, for I will certainly deliver you from the hands of your enemies."

They were not a moment too soon, for directly the party stood on the ledge.

"I thought you said you saw them!" said Austin. "Curse you! you have led me a pretty race! I'll tell you where they have gone—down to the old hag at the inn. There's another road round these infernal ruins. Let us go, or we shall be too late."

"There they are, now," said one of the men, as the moon came out from the clouds once more.

"Where?" roared Austin.

"I swear I saw two people—a man and a woman—right there," continued the first speaker, drawing the group to the very edge of the precipice.

"Yes, by——!" roared Austin, as the moon once more shed her light, and, with a fearful oath, the maddened man started on his last journey—another oath, a slip, a crash, a terrible shriek, and Austin Lindley was precipitated half-way down the mountain.

The men fled in terror, and five minutes after were on their way to London.

More dead than alive, De Vere drew his precious charge to the rock again, and after a while succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

At daylight, search was made for the body, and De Vere, Blanche, Dame Marjery and the old priest, who waited at the Hall for the return of the wedding-party, gave their testimony to the occurrences of the previous night.

The mangled body of Austin Lindley was borne to his town-house, and a week after this funeral there was a quiet wedding at Lindley Hall. Dame Marjery gave the bride away, and left the inn a year after to nurse the happy mother with her first-born, a healthy boy, whom she would call Arnold De Vere.

DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.

By A. S. Fuller.

Dairying in America is being rapidly reduced to one of the exact sciences; not by the majority of farmers, it is true, but by the thoroughly educated dairymen.

The old idea that any kind of a cow would give rich milk, and in abundance, in proportion to the kind and quantity of food supplied her, is now known to be one of the fallacies begotten of ignorance. It took a long time to convince farmers that it was not the food, but the breed, or individual cow, that insured rich or poor milk; and even at this time some affect not to believe it, although the truth may readily be determined with a very few experiments, in almost any farmyard. A cow in one sense is only a living machine, that turns out good or poor work according to her peculiar make-up or characteristics, irrespective of the quality of food supplied her, and while the quantity of milk given may be increased or decreased at will, the quality is fixed by the individual animal or breed, and is susceptible of but slight variations. If the quality of milk could be as readily changed as the quantity by a change of food, then almost any mongrel cow could be made to yield as rich milk as the famous Jerseys, by merely giving her an abundance of rich food; and there would be no occasion for selecting special animals or breeds for special purposes. But as this is not the case, breeders have recognized the fact, and exerted themselves

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during a long series of years to develop and fix certain characteristics, that are now considered peculiarities of certain breeds.

It is certainly true that the great bulk of dairy products of this country are not derived from any one or all of what are strictly speaking the dairy breeds of cattle; in fact, these as yet form no considerable part of the cows of this country; still, as their value is admitted, it remains only as a matter of time to see them take the place they are specially qualified to fill.

The three best known dairy breeds of cattle are the Channel Island, or as commonly called, Jerseys, Ayrshires, and Holland, or Holstein.

The Jerseys are the most noted of all the dairy breeds for their rich milk, not so much for quantity, although the yield is fair, and often will compare quite favorably with animals of other breeds generally considered to be much deeper milkers. There are several strains of blood or varieties of these Channel Island cattle, but for all practical purposes they may be classed as one breed, as all are alike noted for the extreme richness of their milk; and to use the language of a noted author, "The business of the Jersey cow is emphatically that of butter-making—and she can be kept for nothing else so profitably." When, how or how long ago these cattle were introduced to the island in the British Channel is not now definitely known, but their fame has been world-wide for a century, and diminishes not a whit as time rolls by. The Jersey cow is far from being a symmetrical, polished animal, for in her make-up she is rather small and angular, laying on flesh slowly under the most favorable conditions—the development of body appearing to be sacrificed to the contents of the milk-pail. The typical Jersey cow of modern herds, as shown on page 360, is much improved from those seen thirty or forty years ago in this country. Her milk is richer, and the butter made from it more delicate in flavor than that of any other breed, commanding the highest price in market; but it may be well to add that pure Jersey butter, which often goes under the name of "Gilt Edge" has a reputation of not keeping well.

Valuable as the Jerseys are in their purity where milk of the finest quality is desired, and the requisite care can be bestowed upon them to keep them up to the proper standard, their great work is undoubtedly the improving of our native breeds, through judicious crossing. A little Jersey blood introduced into almost any herd of native cattle, some of which are usually deep milkers, will greatly improve the quality of the milk without lessening the quantity to any considerable extent. By a little judicious crossing of this kind our dairymen can readily increase both quantity and quality of their butter and cheese, without adding anything to its cost.

The Ayrshire cattle are of quite a distinct character from any other of the foreign breeds, and, as their name indicates, come to us from Scotland, and are supposed to have originated in the County of Ayr, although upon this point there is some disagreement among those who have undertaken to write the history of the various breeds. For a long time it was claimed in England that the Ayrshires were the greatest lactiferous breed known; and while they still hold a good position among dairy breeds, they have lost some of their former prestige for milk and butter. Like the Jerseys, the Ayrshire is of only medium size, the cows seldum reaching a thousand pounds weight. The Ayrshires are rather more symmetrical in form than the Jerseys, but still lack roundness and fullness, as seen in the short horns. The length of the body is greater proportionately than the height; the legs short, face broad, but rather short; while the expression is gentle but dull. The horns are short and turned up. The colors are red and white, sometimes mixed with black, but always arranged in blotches, as shown in our illustration. One peculiarity of the Ayrshire cow is her immense flattened udder and small, short, cylindrical teats, set very far apart. European accounts of the great yield of milk, reaching in some instances to a thousand gallons or more annually, have not been realized in this country; still, the universal testimony of our dairymen who have pure Ayshires is that they are among the most valuable breeds known for dairy purposes. The milk is rich and abundant, and the animals easy keepers; and being originally from a cold climate, are quite hardy even in our most northern States.

The Holland, or Holstein, is a comparatively new breed in this country, as it is less than twenty years since the first importation of what have been variously termed the Dutch, Dutch-Friesian, Holland, and lastly Holstein, reached our shores; but it is doubtful if any breed has gained so many friends in so short a time. A cow of this breed was recently awarded the sweepstakes prize as the best milker at the International Dairy Fair at London. This breed comes from North Holland, where it has been bred for many years, and with the greatest care in regard to purity. Their colors are what is termed piebald, black and white. They are large, the cows weighing twelve hundred pounds or more, very gentle, and giving an enormous quantity of moderately rich milk. Several cows of a herd in Central New York are credited upon the best authority with giving a quantity of milk which may well be considered as marvelous. One is credited with 15,760 pounds in 1878, and two others under five years old over 14,000 pounds. Already a herd-book has been commenced for the "Holstein," a name of American origin, as the breed is known as the Dutch or North Holland cattle in Europe. They are without question noble animals, and will eventually have a most beneficial effect upon the dairying interests of the United States. It is not so much what the few imported animals may yield to their owners, but by using them in crossing upon the neighboring stock, the latter can be much improved and frequently doubled in value. Then, again, the appearance of a few superior animals in a town or county soon begets a spirit of rivalry that in the end brings good to all parties concerned and the country at large.

Soil and climate limit to a great extent the regions of country wherein dairying can be carried on with any considerable degree of success, just as they do the successful cultivation of different kinds of fruits. The great bulk of all our dairy products come from cool climates and where the soil is adapted to the growth of the perennial and most nutritious grasses. Of course a small quantity may be produced outside of the range of what are known to be the best dairy regions of country, but at a greater expense and of inferior quality to those from within, and consequently are only of local value and importance.

Wherever the perennial pasture grasses, like timothy, red-top rye-grass and Kentucky blue grass thrive, all of which, and several other species, furnish the most nutritious food for stock in Summer as well as dry forage in Winter, there our best dairy regions are, and probably always will be, found. Nature has settled this question of location, and a man would be very foolish to disregard the signs that are plain and intelligible to the most casual observer; and it is preposterous to talk, as some writers have of late, about the Southern States competing with the Northern in dairy husbandry, for the farmers of Maine or New York might as well talk of competing with the South

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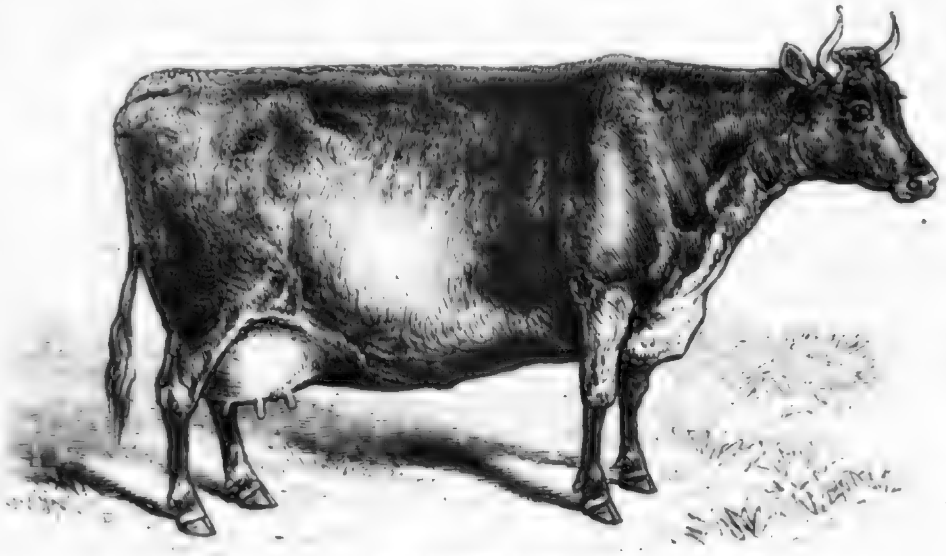


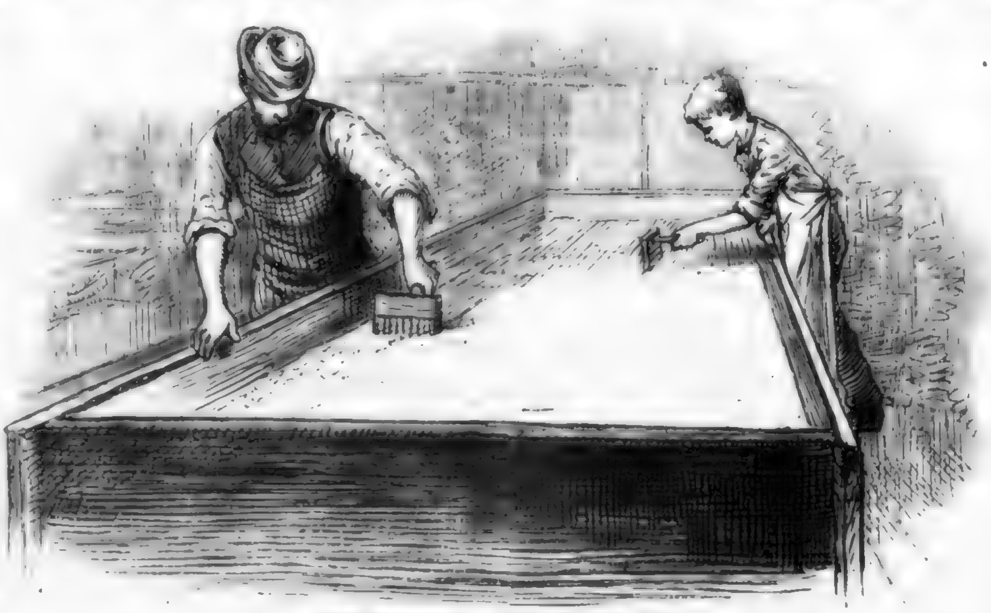
AN AYRSHIRE COW.

in raising cotton, rice or oranges. It is true that there are circumscribed regions in the more elevated and mountainous parts of the northern tier of the Southern States where dairying may be carried on with a moderate degree of success, but these are merely exceptions to the general rule. Neither can the dairymen of the most extreme northern localities expect to successfully compete with those in the milder and more favorable regions, as there are parts of our Northern States where the Summers are too short and the Winters too long to admit of much profit being made from the dairy. Still, if the growing season is sufficiently long to allow of raising and gathering an abundance of food for stock, the making of good butter may proceed without interruption throughout the entire twelve months of the year. Climate, however, though limiting the range of successful dairying, is not everything, for if the soil is not adapted to the growth of the species of grasses we have named, all else goes for naught. A light poor sand, gravel or low red undrainable clays and vegetable molds are of little value for dairy farming, no matter in what region of country they may happen to be situated, for these will yield little out of which good butter and cheese are made. We have in this country what have long been appropriately termed cotton, corn, and wheat belts or regions of country, extending from the Atlantic westward toward the Rocky Mountains, and we may now add the dairy belt; and while dairying may be considered legitimate anywhere within the prescribed limits, it is also well known that certain towns, counties, or even larger areas of the different States, produce a better article of butter and cheese than others adjoining, or at most not far distant. For instance, at the recent meeting of the New York Dairymen's Association held in Oneonta, N. Y., the question was asked "Why Delaware County butter excels that made in Otsego?" and while no one denied the fact, a satisfactory explanation was admitted to be difficult. The opinion, however, seemed to prevail that the slaty formation of the rock in Delaware County had some influence in making the water of the springs, wells and brooks sweet, and this of course had its effect upon the butter.

It is quite probable that the fine quality of the butter made in Delaware County is due to the care and skill in making, as it is well known that its dairymen have long made a specialty of butter-making, and have not, like many of the farmers of Otsego, turned their attention to hop-raising and other crops not belonging to legitimate dairying.

The climate, soil, water and all the natural advantages may be at hand and available, and still poor butter and cheese be produced through a lack of skill and experience on the part of the dairyman or his assistants. The natural advantages are, of course, of the first importance, because they are the foundation upon which to build; but with these at command, and in their greatest perfection, the products are frequently unsatisfactory, both to the producer and consumer, as seen in a vast quantity of inferior butter and cheese coming from the best dairy regions of the country. Of course this will be rectified in time; but the majority of farmers and professional dairymen are slow to learn, or to give up old ideas and methods and adopt the new and improved.

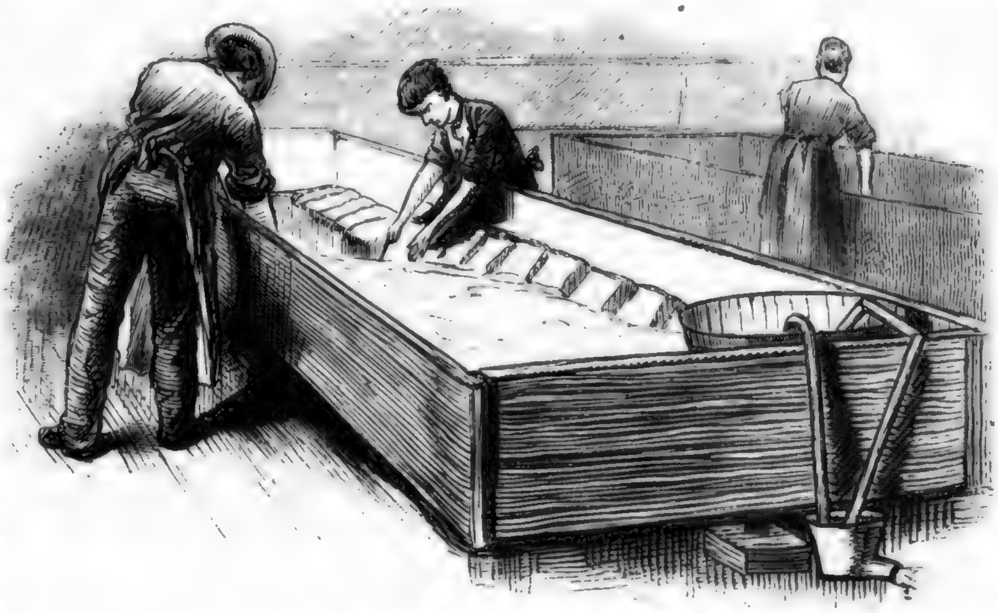
The first cheese-factory in this country was erected by Lewis M. Norton, of Goshen, Conn., in 1844, the milk being coagulated at the farm where produced, and then sent to the factory to be converted into cheese. But what has since been known as the associated system of dairying, originated with Mr. Jesse Williams, of Rome, N. Y., in 1851. The products of Mr. Williams's dairy at the time commanded a better price in the market than those of some of his neighbors—among these his own son—and for the purpose of securing as good a price for his son as for himself, he proposed to take the milk of both farms and work it up together, and, after dividing the cost of manufacturing, share with him *pro rata*, accord-

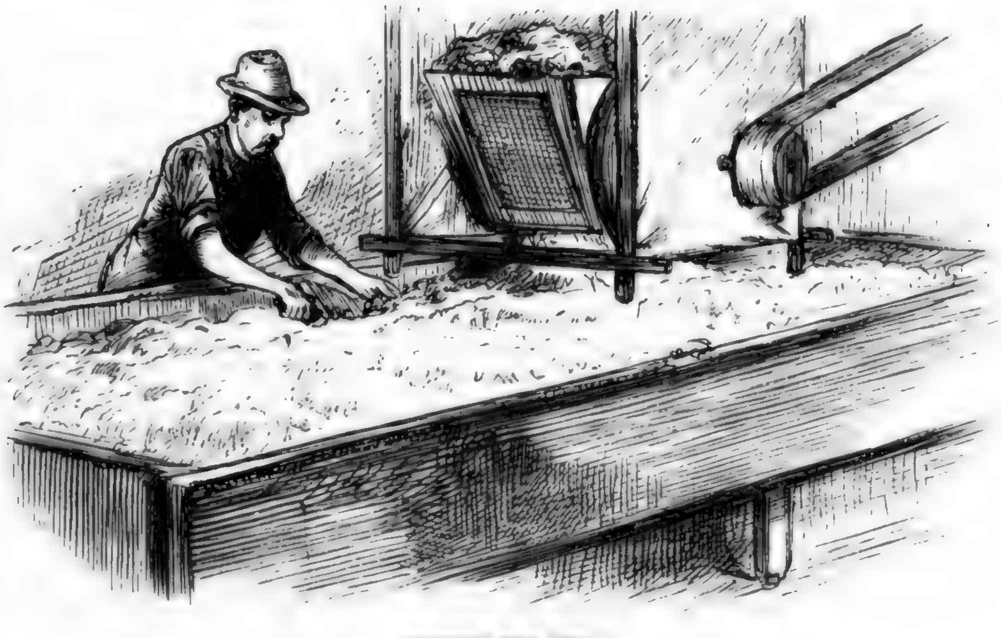


CHEESE-MAKING.—CUTTING THE CURD.

ing to the number of pounds of milk furnished by each party. This proved to be so advantageous to both parties that the offer was extended to other neighbors, who availed themselves of it, until the original manufactory worked up all the milk of the various private dairies within a radius of several miles.

This idea of Mr. Williams, of placing all the milk produced in a neighborhood in the hands of an expert to work up, was a grand one, and the results have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the originator of the system of associated dairying.


CHEESE-MAKING.—CUTTING THE CURD AND DRAINING THE WHEY.

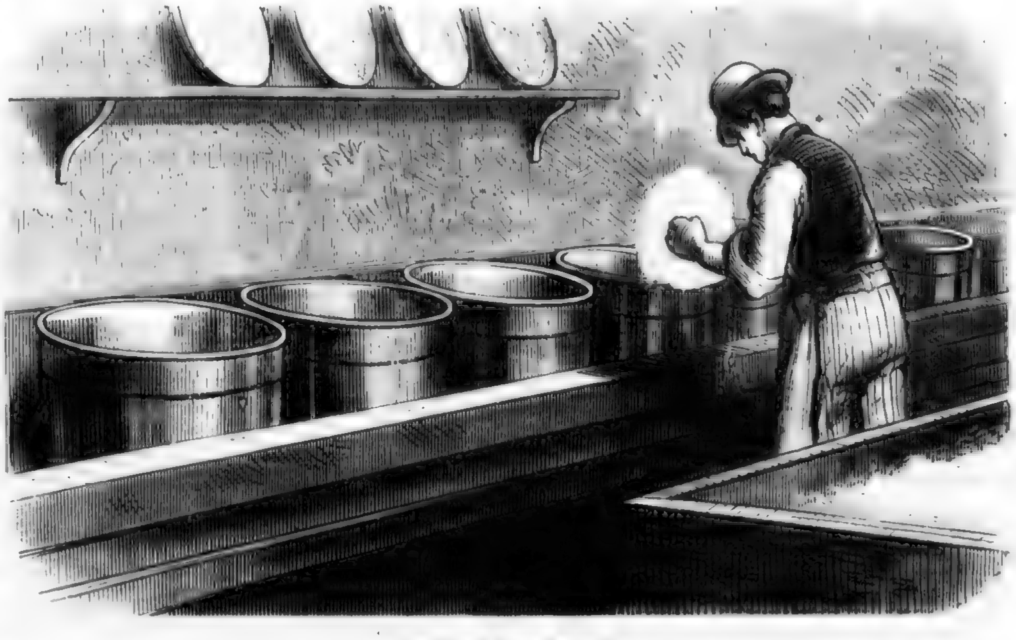

GRINDING THE CURD.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to perceive that, with all the conveniences for handling a large quantity of milk, and under the care of a scientific and experienced butter and cheesemaker, not only the cost of manufacturing must be far less than when divided up among fifty or a hundred individuals, but the results must necessarily be far more uniform, and the product of a higher grade.

From this small beginning in 1851, the factory system has become almost universal throughout the dairy regions of the country, and butter and cheese factories are numbered by the thousand, their products taking a high rank in the markets of the world.

With these aids, it can be readily seen that in a favorable dairy region the farmer has a great advantage over those who cannot avail themselves of the factory system, and are compelled to make cheese at home, and in the old way, where the conveniences are likely to be limited to a few ordinary domestic utensils, a home-made cheese-press and an ill-constructed, unmanageable cheese-room.

The associated system has revolutionized dairying in the United States, and done more than anything else to make a market for our dairy products abroad. In 1851 we exported only about 10,000,000 pounds of cheese, but in 1878 almost 124,000,000 pounds, and some


FILLING THE HOOPS.

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22,000,000 pounds of butter, against less than 4,000,000 pounds in the year first named. The amount exported in the past year will probably considerably exceed that of 1878, and there is no good reason for doubting a further increase in years to come, provided our dairymen continue to improve the quality as well as increase the quantity produced. There is room for both, as only a small portion of the land adapted to dairying has as yet been occupied or appropriated to this industry, and vast quantities of the butter and cheese that finds its way to our markets is of such an inferior quality that it is scarcely worth the freight and cost of handling it after leaving the hands of the producer.

The great want of the day is improvement in quality; and, although the cheese-factory has done much, the individual butter and cheesemakers, as a class, are sadly in need of instruction, or some incentive to turn out a better article.

Cheese-factories are of course erected in the most convenient spot to be reached by the owners of the cows whose milk is to be used in making cheese or butter, as the case may be. The size and capacity of the structure is also varied in accordance with the amount of work to be done, and it may be for making the cheese from the milk of 100 or 1,000 cows; but of late years the tendency has been toward smaller factories, on account of the greater convenience in delivering the milk from the neighboring farms, as hauling milk a long distance, or more than two or three miles, is inconvenient, especially during stormy weather, and when other farm-work has to be attended to; besides, hauling milk over rough country roads to any considerable distance is likely to give it a bad shaking up and make it refractory when it gets into the cheese-vats, if not before. The milk is delivered either once or twice a day at the factory, and always weighed instead of measured when received, and the amount credited on a book kept for the purpose, whether the milk is to be made up on the associated plan, or purchased outright, as practiced in some districts. The milk is then emptied into large manufacturing vats; that received at night is left to cool until morning, and then the cream removed and afterward mixed with the morning's milk, all going back into the cheese-vats.

When the cheese factories were first started, the night's milk was stirred all night with what were called "agitators" to prevent the cream rising, but of late years these agitators have for the most part been dispensed with, and the cream allowed to rise on the night's milk and removed in the morning, as stated. The milk when ready for making cheese is heated to the proper temperature, varying somewhat according to the kind of cheese to be made, and then the rennet added, and enough to give signs of curdling in fifteen or twenty minutes, and the curd is ready for cutting up in the course of a half-hour to an hour. When the curd has reached the proper consistency, which is determined by passing the finger or even a stick through it, and if it breaks with a clean fracture, it is ready for the curd-knife, with which it is finely cut up. The cutting is done lengthwise and crosswise, as shown, after which it is allowed to rest for a few minutes for the lumps of curd to settle. After this process, if for cheddar cheese, more heat is applied and the temperature raised to about one hundred degrees and left a few minutes longer, after which the whey is removed with a syphon, as shown in the illustration, and the cutting up in chunks convenient to handle proceeded with. The chunks are turned over at short intervals until ready for grinding and putting into the hoops. Testing the curd in order to have it of the proper consistency requires experience, and the cheesemaker can usually tell by handling it if all has gone well up to that stage of the operation, and the prospects are good for final success.

The methods of testing the curd are various as the ideas and habits of makers, but it is by the texture and feel that the operator generally determines whether it is right or wrong; and the anxiety often depicted in the face of the tester is well shown in our picture, and his wife and assistant are also watching the operation with evident interest in the decision soon to be given.

After the curd is ground it is salted, two and a half pounds of salt to one thousand pounds of milk being used, and when the curd is cooled to about 70° it is put to press. Of course the above is only a general description of cheese-making, for with each different kind of cheese the process is varied, and each maker has his own peculiar notions in regard to manipulating the curd, some using a little more or less salt than others. Then, again, if the milk or curd is pale and looks poor, a little annotto is added to give the cheese a good rich color. Some persons object to coloring either butter or cheese, but as looks go a good way, not only in affecting the price of these articles but also the appetite of the consumer, we see no harm in it so long as it neither adds nor detracts anything from the flavor, and is in itself perfectly harmless.

The pressing of the cheese is the next operation in the process of manufacture, and this, like others, is varied according to the size, variety and form of cheese made.

The ordinary circular flat cheeses are pressed in hoops, sometimes singly, or in large numbers at a time, in a horizontal press, as shown on page 364. This form of press, known as the Frazer patent, is less cumbersome and more convenient than the old form, and is now being extensively adopted in larger factories. The bandages are usually applied to the cheeses before putting them to press, and left on until ready to go into the curing-room. The time required for pressing varies somewhat according to the size of the cheese; but for those of fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter, eighteen hours is usually sufficient.

When taken to the curing-room the cheese should remain undisturbed until the surface becomes thoroughly dry, then the rubbing and greasing commenced. First, they are usually rubbed with butter to prevent the surface from cracking and the too rapid escape of moisture. Every cheese must be turned over daily and the greasing repeated until the cheese is thoroughly cured and ready for market. The room in which they are kept must also be ventilated if too warm, closed when too cold, and during long-continued wet weather heat may have to be used to dry the room.

To make good cheese requires not only the proper materials and apparatus to start with, but constant care and watching during the entire process until the finished article is boxed and shipped to market. To do all this and make a profit at the low prices at which cheese has been selling for the past two or three years, would seem to be almost impossible; still we are assured that it has been done, although the profits must necessarily be rather light.

The importance of the dairy interests of the United States may be imagined from the following figures, taken from the New York census statistics of 1879:

107,873,361 pounds butter, or	323,620,083	gals. milk.
7,778,413 " cheese, "	9,074,815	" "
Sold in market	41,511,599	" "
Sent to butter and cheese factories	110,182,849	" "
Product of 1,301,879 cows	484,689,346	" "

This is quite a respectable show of figures for one of a dozen States all noted for their dairy products.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The wild waves come tumbling in from the sea,
And whiten the beach with foam;
But when will they whiten my life to me
By bringing my sailor home?
When the tempest roars, and the sea runs fast,
My heart's with my boy away,
And I see him high on the bending mast,
Or low in the drifting spray;
And I wish him safe in my arms, and then
That he never would go to sea again.

Oh, a mother's heart is a constant spring
Of love, with its pain and joy;
And how much of both to her life will bring
The love of her sailor boy!
I have wondered oft if the ocean's strife
Is taking his love from me;
And whether the wish of a loving wife
Would hold him from going to sea.
But I'd give his love—though the gift be sore—
To the wife who'd win him to stay on shore.

IRENE.

"NOW, my son, you know the whole sad story, and it remains for you to decide whether you still desire to make Irene Ensfield your wife."

As Mrs. Haviland spoke, she looked earnestly and wistfully into the handsome, troubled face that was to her the dearest face on earth—that of her only child, Morris Haviland, owner of Roselawn, and master of his father's large estate, that had become very valuable during the heir's long minority.

"Mother," he said, after a long, painful silence of several minutes, "I love Irene, and I hope she loves me. Should two hearts be made miserable for a sin of the past?"

"If it were entirely past, I should say No," was the answer, "but in two years more Jerome Ledyard will be a free man again. It is impossible to estimate the annoyance he may give you. Irene is wonderfully like her mother, my poor cousin Laura. I loved her like a sister, Morris. When I was left an orphan, without any fortune, my uncle brought me up with Laura. We shared all things, as if we were own sisters, until we both married. When, in her heavy trouble, Laura turned to me for comfort, I gave her back the sisterly protection she had given me. When her heart broke, and she died, I promised to be a mother to her child."

"And you have nobly kept your promise," said Morris. "I can well remember, when I was a mere boy, being cautioned to be gentle and tender to my little cousin, because she had no mother. I loved her then, mother, when one of her first baby-words was 'Morris!' I loved her when she would come to me, with her soft brown eyes heavy with tears, to ask my help in the lessons her governess gave her. I loved her when I was in college, and her childish letters were full of her affection for her big cousin. And when the sweet, gentle child developed into the maiden—ah, then, mother, I knew, as I know to-day, that nothing but death can ever conquer the love in my heart for Irene. I will take her away where the sad story I have heard to-day will never cloud her young life. We will let Roselawn, will seek a new home, where Jerome Ledyard will never find us. Perhaps, when we are old people, mother, nearing the grave, I may tell Irene this tale of crime and sorrow, but not till years of happiness have proved that it never conquered my love for her. You will welcome her as my wife, mother?"

Mrs. Haviland's face was sorely troubled as she answered:

"Your happiness is the dearest of all earthly blessings to me, Morris. I have given Irene a mother's love for years. It shall not fail her now."

"God bless you for that promise!" said Morris; and then he passed from the room, grave and resolute, as a man who is about to make an important move in his game of life.

The mother sat where he left her, his kiss warm upon her lips, his blessing ringing in her ears, and in her noble, sweet face an unutterable sadness, as if in the last hours some heavy woe had fallen upon her life.

She was a woman past fifty, beautiful, with the expression of noble goodness upon her broad white brow, and in her clear blue eyes. Her brown hair, thickly strewn with gray, was folded in broad bands against her cheeks, and twisted in a heavy coil behind. She wore a black silk dress, with the finest lace at the throat and wrists. Tall, erect and vigorous, she possessed yet more attractions than many women twenty years younger. Left a widow after two years of happy marriage, she had for twenty-seven long years given the strongest love of her heart to her only son, Morris. She had watched him develop from a studious, well-principled boy to a noble, upright man, who bade fair to make an honorable name in his chosen profession—the law.

When, in her grateful love for her cousin, she had taken her motherless babe to her own warm, tender heart, Mrs. Haviland had thought of Morris only as the adopted brother of the little one. They had grown up together, as if indeed both were her children; and when the man found duties outside his home that took him frequently from his mother's side; when college, the law-school and professional claims separated mother and son for months together, then Mrs. Haviland would turn for comfort to the child of her adoption.

Together they cultivated the noble intellect each possessed—reading, with a strong appreciation few women can claim, the works of the great authors, in German, Italian and their own language. Together they conquered intricacies of music, in which both delighted, and when Irene was found to have great artistic talent, her adopted mother gave her every encouragement and tuition from good masters, watching with delight her wonderful progress.

And yet, though she loved the beautiful girl with a mother's love, Mrs. Haviland bowed her stately head and wept bitter tears when her son left her to seek an answer to his love for Irene Ensfield. She had built such grand castles in the air of her son's future career, and had never thought of this possible blight upon his life. He would be a great lawyer, occupy perhaps the highest position in his profession, and men would point to his wife and whisper the tale of shame that rested upon the fair young head.

True, it was eighteen years ago, when the fair girl was but a few months old, that the stain fell upon her young life, but in the next two years the story would be revived, with perhaps additional horror added to the record.

Morris was no boy, but a man long past his majority, free to act as he thought fitting and right. Mrs. Haviland knew that he had a strong will, and would not waver from any course his own conscience approved, and strife between

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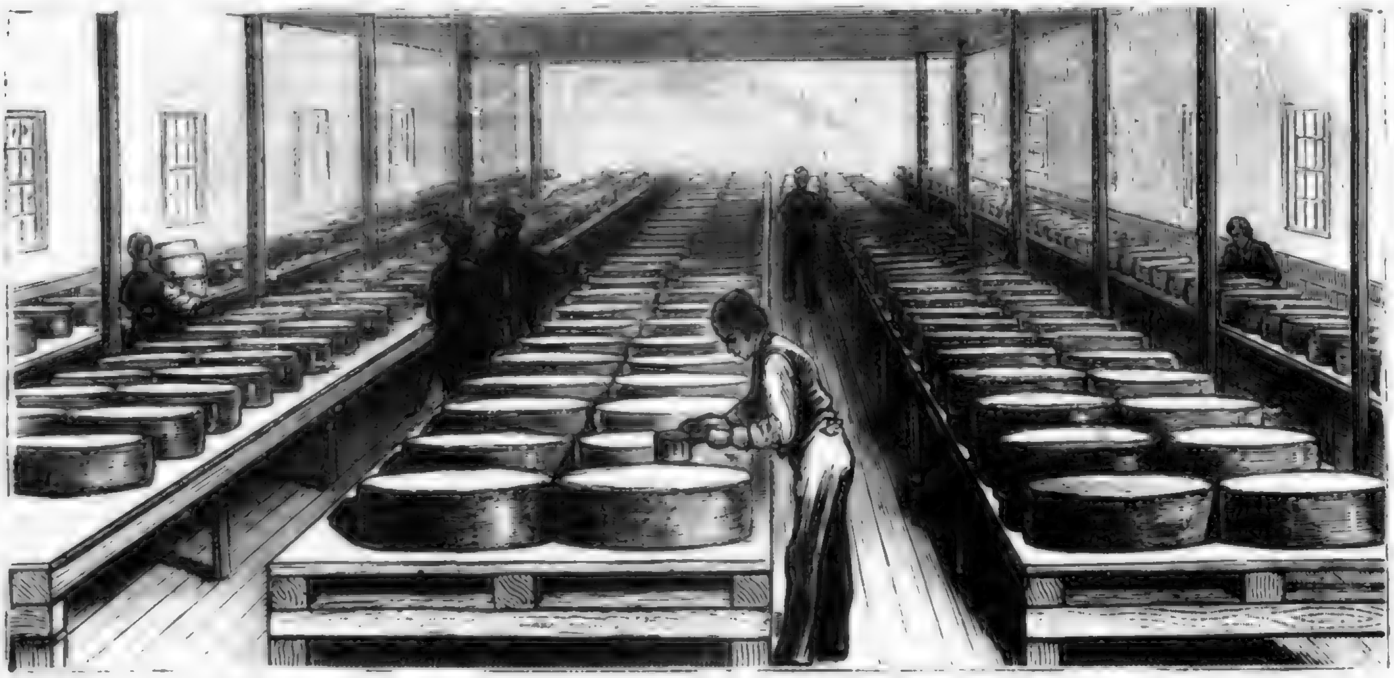


DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.— CHEESE-MAKING—THE INTERIOR OF THE STOCK-ROOM.— SEE PAGE 358.

herself and her only son seemed to her simply impossible to endure. One effort to stay him she had made, when she told him the story of Laura Ensfield's life; that failing to shake his purpose, she could only bow her head and wait for the blow to fall.

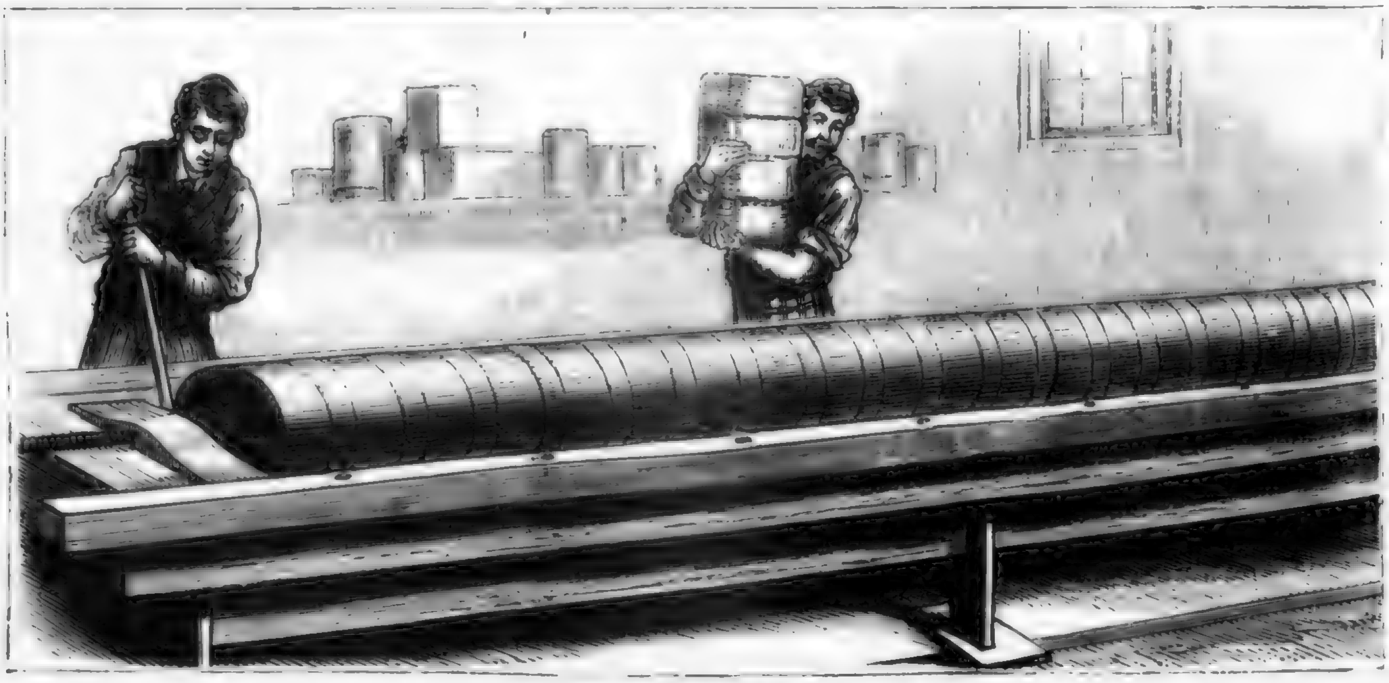
She had no hope that Irene would refuse to listen to her cousin's wooing. Too well she knew that Morris would find answering love to meet the tidings of his own devotion. The maiden herself, in her pure young heart, did not know its secret so well as the mother, who would not till now acknowledge to herself what had been often unconsciously revealed.

Mrs. Haviland knew whose remembered tastes had guided Irene's pencil when she had chosen subjects for her pictures; whose features were drawn when a face was needed for the hero of some romance of knightly valor; whose favorite songs were learned, whose admired authors read and re-read.

Mother and son were to Irene the noblest, purest and truest of all God's creatures, and the life they had guarded from infancy could only be perfected by their love, and in their home. Fearing that the story of her bitter birthright might fall upon the child's ears from some unguarded or malicious tongue, Mrs. Haviland had kept her secluded at Roselawn, seldom visiting the great city thirty miles away, excepting a semi-annual pilgrimage they made together for the feminine purpose of Spring and Fall shopping.

Two or three friends only had Irene in New York, the most beloved of whom was her old drawing-teacher, a man of seventy, who was very proud of his pupil's great talent and love of art. He had given her weekly lessons at her own home, and taken pride in pointing out to her the treasures of art in the city during her brief visits, and some of Irene's happiest hours had been passed in the old man's studio, watching his busy hands striving for the fame he never gained.

The history of Paul Travers's life was a brief, sad, and only too common one. With an artist's soul, and a deep love of art, he had yet lacked the power to convey to canvas the deeper inspirations of his genius. He could not tell, others could not point out, exactly where lay the



PRESSING THE CHEESE.

secret of failure in all his paintings, yet each and every one failed to win praise or money.

Youth passed in the eager race, manhood was spent in devoted study and effort, till old age brought only a sufficient name to secure a living as a teacher of those who would enter the career so fascinating, yet often so cruel, to its votaries.

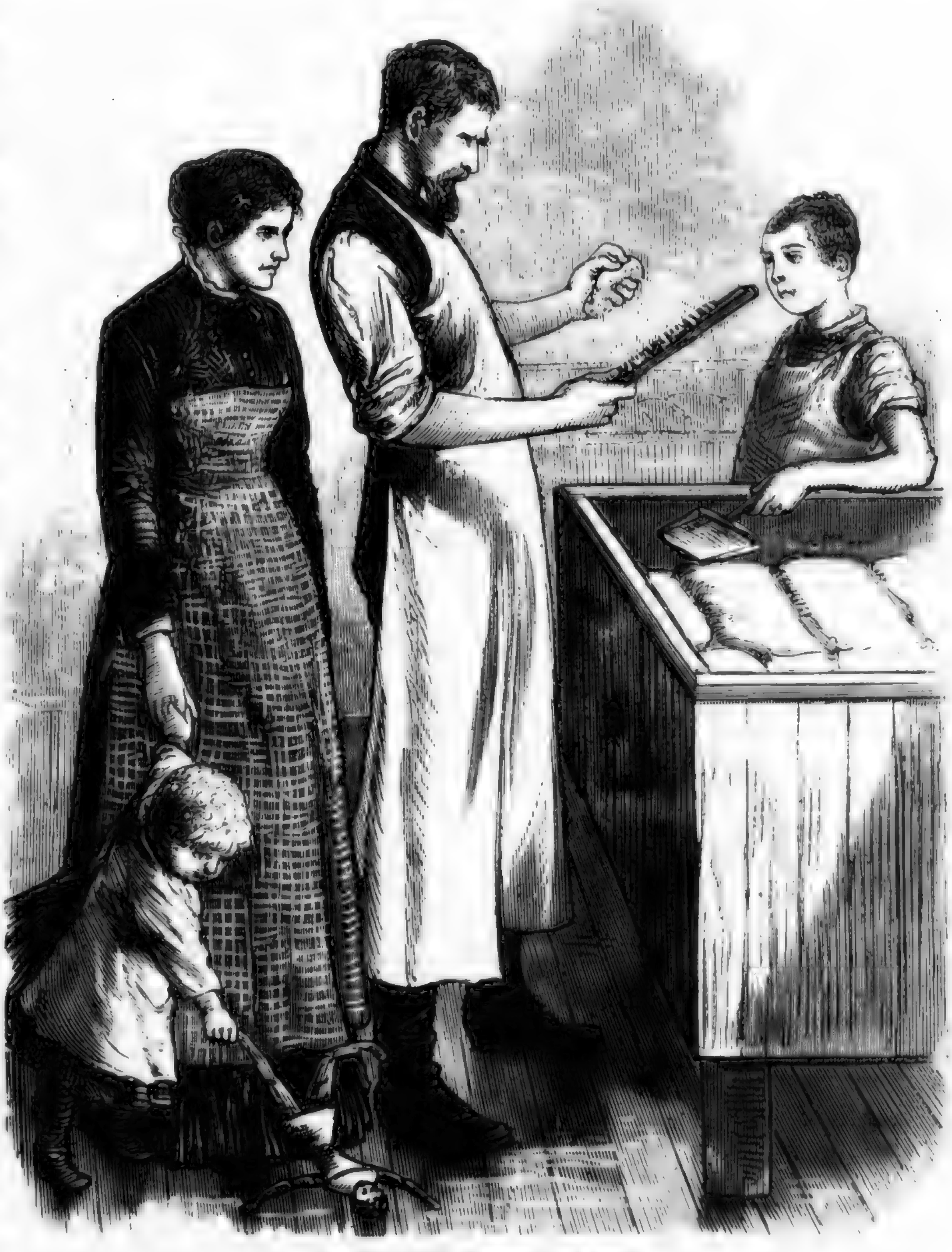
It had been one of the few joys of the old man's life to guide Irene's fingers and train her ardent fancies in her artistic pursuits. Often he had regretted that the wonderful power the girl wielded in her genius for painting should be cramped in the seclusion of Roselawn.

"Had you only the spur of needing daily bread," he would say to her, "you would make a great artist."

"But I am a woman," she would say.

"Genius knows no sex," he would answer her. "You are an artist. It is written on your low, broad brow, in your large brown eyes, that are dreamy and soft as you dwell upon your own artistic imaginings, and kindle with such wondrous fire as your hand springs to obey the promptings of your soul. Ah, child! home, friends, wealth may be earned, may come without effort, but the artist-soul is God-given, and must work out its own career of success or failure. It cannot lie idle."

And encouraged by her teacher and adopted mother, stimulated by Morris's praises when he was at home, happy in her own poetic fancies, Irene drew and painted, dreaming her pure maiden dreams, growing from girlhood to womanhood without one painful memory or fear to darken her life. True, she was motherless, had never known a father's love or care, but she had known no void. Mrs. Haviland, or Aunt Louisa, as she was taught to call her, had so encircled her life with fondest mother-love and tenderest mother-care that she missed nothing her own mother could have given her, and Morris was her knight and hero from infancy. Every school triumph, every college honor the young heir of Roselawn won, called as proud a flush to Irene's cheek, as glad a light to her eyes, as to those of his own mother.



CHEESE-MAKING—TESTING THE CURD.

When she was eighteen, Mrs. Haviland had put into her hands the control of a small income her mother had held from her grandfather's will—only a few hundred a year, a mere trifle in comparison with the sum her wealthy protectress delighted to lavish upon her education, wardrobe and pleasures, and yet enough to place her above actual want, should she ever be thrown upon the mercies of the world.

It would require a pencil as skilled as the one Irene herself wielded to paint the young girl as she sat under a wide oak-tree on the June morning when Morris Haviland stepped from the low window of the library to put the most momentous question of life to the test.

Even her lover, to whom her face was a life-study, stopped a moment before she noticed his approach, struck by the exquisite loveliness of her face, the perfect grace of her slender figure, the delicate oval of outline, the perfect molding of feature, the sweet, sensitive mouth,

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with even pearly teeth, revealed by a dreamy smile, the profusion of hair—chestnut-brown in shade, and flashing back golden lights in the sunshine—the long dark lashes shading the golden-brown eyes, were all perfect in beauty; but above these, throwing its glory over all, was the halo of maiden purity, the glory of genius in the expression of the wondrous eyes, the tender smile on the small mouth. She wore a dress of soft white muslin, without ornament, except a knot of pale-green ribbon at the throat, and her clear, colorless complexion stood bravely the test of the trying color.

As Morris approached she looked up, and upon her fair round cheeks sprang a flush of glad welcome.

"Morris, I did not know you were here!" she said, rising quickly to greet him.

"I came by the nine o'clock train, but I have been with mother," he answered. "I want to get the office-dust blown away in Roselawn breezes. What are you doing out here? Dreaming?"

"Making a face for my Titania. I have nearly completed it, Morris; but I have painted the face out over and over again. I cannot suit myself."

"Sit by a mirror, and paint in the one you see. Then make me a present of your picture."

"Should you really like it?" Irene said, coloring deeply with pleasure. "I meant to paint something for you when I could paint ever, ever so much better than I can now. I should like to give you something, Morris."

"There is a gift I came to crave of you, Irene," Morris said, his voice trembling with deep emotion, "far more valuable than even the work of your hands. Can you guess what it is? I have come to ask your love, Irene—to ask you if you will be my wife."

As he spoke, Morris Haviland drew the unresisting form closely into the clasp of his strong arms, looking down, as she bowed her head upon his breast, with all the love of his noble true heart in his eyes.

"Will you not speak, Irene?" he said, after a moment of deep silence. "Will you not tell me if I may hope to win your heart?"

Then the low, sweet voice answered him as the soft brown eyes were raised to his face:

"Morris, I know now what my heart has waited to hear—I know now why your voice was sweeter to me than any strain of music; why your face was fairer to me than any of the pictures I saw or dreamed of. When you came my life seemed complete, full of deep happiness; when you left me, I felt as if I groped in the dark for some want I could not define. It was your love I needed, Morris—your love to tell me I had given you mine. When? Ah, it must have been when I was a baby, Morris, for I cannot remember one day of my life when it was not all yours."

Frank and fearless, yet so modestly spoken, was this confession, that Morris could only bend to kiss the pure face raised to his own, and thank God for the priceless gift of a good woman's heart.

Under the shadow of the oak-tree they talked till the luncheon-bell sounded, and Mrs. Haviland had conquered every trace of emotion in her face, to greet them with her own sweet dignity.

Irene little guessed the struggle that had won the calmness with which Morris's mother took her hand and spoke the few words that told her she was welcome as a daughter in the heart where she had so long filled a daughter's place.

There was no talk of an immediate marriage. With love's keen instinct Morris read the pain his betrothal gave his mother, and refrained from urging his own desire too soon to secure Irene for his own. He made more frequent journeys from his city boarding-house to Roselawn, and Irene brightened to new beauty under his love and tender care.

The picture of Titania was completed, with the face of the artist smiling from the bank on which the fairy queen held her court. Mrs. Haviland prepared dainty bridal garments, and Irene embroidered her own fanciful designs on snowy linen and cambric, but the day for the wedding was not set.

Summer waned, and September was bringing some nipping winds to wrap the foliage in its death-robes of scarlet and gold, when Irene was called one morning to an errand of mercy.

In a small cottage belonging to Mrs. Haviland, and situated upon the Roselawn estate, lived an old woman who had been nurse to Louisa and Laura Ensfield when they were babies, had fondled Morris when an infant, and guided Irene's first tottering footsteps. She had lived with Mr. Ensfield until he died, and followed Louisa to Roselawn, when she married Mr. Haviland.

When her nurselings grew beyond her care, she performed duties in the household suited to her advanced years, till she felt the weight of age bearing too heavily upon her, and by her own request was allowed to live in the little cottage upon the savings of years of faithful service. But although no longer an inmate of the great house, Hester Martin was a daily visitor there, and delighted to receive any of "the family" in her own cottage. Especially was she fond of Irene, who read to her, brought her dainty dishes, and was never tired of hearing the old woman's stories.

In the September winds, Hester had contracted a severe cold, which had taken strong hold on her aged frame, so that for many days she had not left her bed. Mrs. Haviland had sent one of her own servants to take constant care of her old nurse, and both Irene and herself spent many hours each day at the old woman's bedside, each knowing that it was the last work of affection they could ever give to her.

Gradually, and with but little suffering, the aged woman was loosening her hold on earth, knowing herself that she would see but few times more the faces of those she loved. It was, therefore, without surprise that Irene received a summons, one morning, to go to Hester's cottage.

Mrs. Haviland was dressed to go to New York with Morris when the messenger arrived from the cottage.

"Is Hester worse?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, not as I see. But she is fidgety, and wants Miss Irene to read to her."

"I will be back at five o'clock, Irene," Mrs. Haviland said, "and come to the cottage on my way home from the train. I really must go to the city to-day, and Morris is waiting for me now."

"He's whistling 'We won't go home till morning,' now," laughed Irene, "to hurry you. I will stay with Hester till you come."

She followed Mrs. Haviland to the porch, and watched her as Morris wrapped her in the carriage-rug, returning himself for a last caress, for he was to be gone a week.

"I won't undertake another long case till we are married," he whispered, and then left her to spring into his place beside his mother.

Both turned to see the lovely face smiling farewell from the porch, and it was many a long day before either mother or son forgot that last look at the beautiful white-robed figure. It was the last time the face, unclouded by sorrow, serene and happy, ever met their eyes. When again they saw it, sorrow and suffering, the martyrdom of duty unlighted by love, had set their seal upon the features, elevating the expression and casting a shade of new, high beauty upon the face so bright in girlish loveliness on that September day.

With a light, buoyant step that would have been pitiful to witness, had any one seeing her guessed the end of her errand, Irene went to Hester's cottage. In her hand she carried a basket of jelly, soup and choice grapes, with a bunch of late garden-flowers. As she entered the small bedroom, where her old nurse lay anxiously waiting for her, even her inexperienced eyes read in the face of the invalid the foreshadowing of the great change that was drawing near.

"Come close, Miss Irene," the old woman said; "I have much to say to you to-day, and only a little time to say it in. God forgive me if I am doing wrong in telling you at all; but in the day when death stares one in the face, secrets kept for years look black and ugly to carry to the grave. I made your mother a promise when she died, Miss Irene, and, for love of Mrs. Haviland, I broke it. But I cannot die and meet your mother with the promise unkept."

"What was the promise, Hester?"

"When she was dying, and I held her head on my bosom, she said to me, 'Hester, when my baby is a woman, if her father is not dead, bid her comfort him for my sake. Tell her I loved him to the last, and my last breath was a blessing for him.' Those were the very words."

"My father! I thought he died years ago."

"They kept it from you, dear. They are proud, the Havilands and the Ensfields, and when your mother died they tried to hush up the disgrace that had fallen on them. They gave you your mother's name, and they kept you here at Roselawn for fear, seeing you, folks would always remember your father's shame."

"What was my father's shame, Hester?"

"Eighteen years ago, come October, he was sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years for manslaughter. Folks said if he had not been a gentleman he would have been hung; but he was spared that."

The face upon which Hester's eyes were fastened grew white as snow, the lips trembled, but Irene neither screamed nor fainted.

"Tell me all, Hester," she whispered, sinking into a chair close beside the bed.

"They were only three years married—your father and Miss Laura—and they were as happy a couple as one could wish to see. He was the very picture of a man—tall, strong and handsome—and if you'll look in the glass you'll see what your mother was. But there was one curse in their home, Miss Irene—the curse of many another household. Your father loved good company and good liquor. He was not a drunkard, but he would drink when his friends were around him; and one day, when he was under the influence of liquor, in a quarrel, he struck one of his own chosen friends, who dropped dead at his feet. You see, your father was a powerful man, and did not realize the force of the blow he gave till he saw the man fall. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to twenty years' confinement at hard labor in the State's Prison. It killed your mother. She faded away in a few months, and died, after making me promise to tell you this story when the time came for your father's release. Mrs. Haviland never wanted you to know, and I was persuaded to wait until the time came for your father to come out. But, Miss Irene, I shall not live to see that day, and I cannot die without telling you. Deary, will you forgive me that my tongue puts the sad cross upon your heart?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Hester. I wish I had known it before. What was my father's name, and when does his sentence expire?"

"His name is Jerome Ledyard, and his sentence expires on the third of October, 1870."

There was no word uttered for a long time after Hester thus spoke. The young girl upon whose innocent head had fallen such a weight of disgrace and misery sat quietly holding the wasted hand of the dying woman in her own, speaking no word of the agony, doubt and pain in her heart. Silently she performed all the usual duties of the sick-room with strange, mechanical precision, trying to see her own duty in the hard, cruel future before her.

One necessity of all others seemed most urgent—to face this duty alone. Morris must never share the shame, must never wait with sickening dread the day when the condemned felon would be again at large. Morris had loved her, had generously wished to shield her from all knowledge of her father's sin; but he should never have to clasp hands with one stained in blood because the guilty hand was that of his wife's father. Her mother had left her a sacred charge, and she would fulfill it, if God spared her life; but there was no such obligation upon Morris.

In his career, the public life open for such talents as his, Morris might strive for the highest honors of the land; but not if his wife was a felon's child—not if a felon could come and go in his house, holding a parent's right there.

But, while this resolve to leave Roselawn and the happy promised future gained force every moment in Irene's heart, she shrank from the thought of a parting scene. She felt that the same love that had given her the past happiness of Morris's wooing would still prompt him to attempt to make her give up her resolution, to deny her mother's dying prayer, or else to burden Morris also with the weight of its obligations. She saw now in a new light the shadow that her betrothal had cast upon the face of her adopted mother.

Before the noon train was due, she had bidden farewell to her old nurse, and was in her own room hastily packing a small satchel with a few plain garments and donning a quiet traveling-dress. In her purse were nearly two hundred dollars—her last half-yearly instalment of her own small income having come to her but a few days previous. The simple preparations for her journey completed, there was the harder task of writing the words of farewell.

Several times she tried, and finally, with a white, set face and trembling fingers, she wrote:

> "Hester has given me my mother's dying message, and told me my father's story. I cannot blight another life as mine has been by this revelation, and Morris must try to forget me. I cannot write the gratitude, the love I feel for the years of happiness I have been allowed to enjoy. God will bless and reward you both. Do not seek me; but, if you can, forget IRENE."

When Mrs. Haviland returned, in the five o'clock train, the little note was handed to her in Hester's cottage, and the woman who gave it told her Hester had been dead two hours.

In a moment there rushed over Mrs. Haviland's heart the full, tender mother-love that overpowered all other considerations. Irene was her child, her darling, her pet and companion from infancy; Morris was the son, suddenly bereft of his promised wife, the chosen love of his life. All prudent considerations, all worldly prospects faded into insignificance as she thought of Irene wandering away alone, bearing the heavy burden of her sorrow—of Morris mourning for the lost girl.

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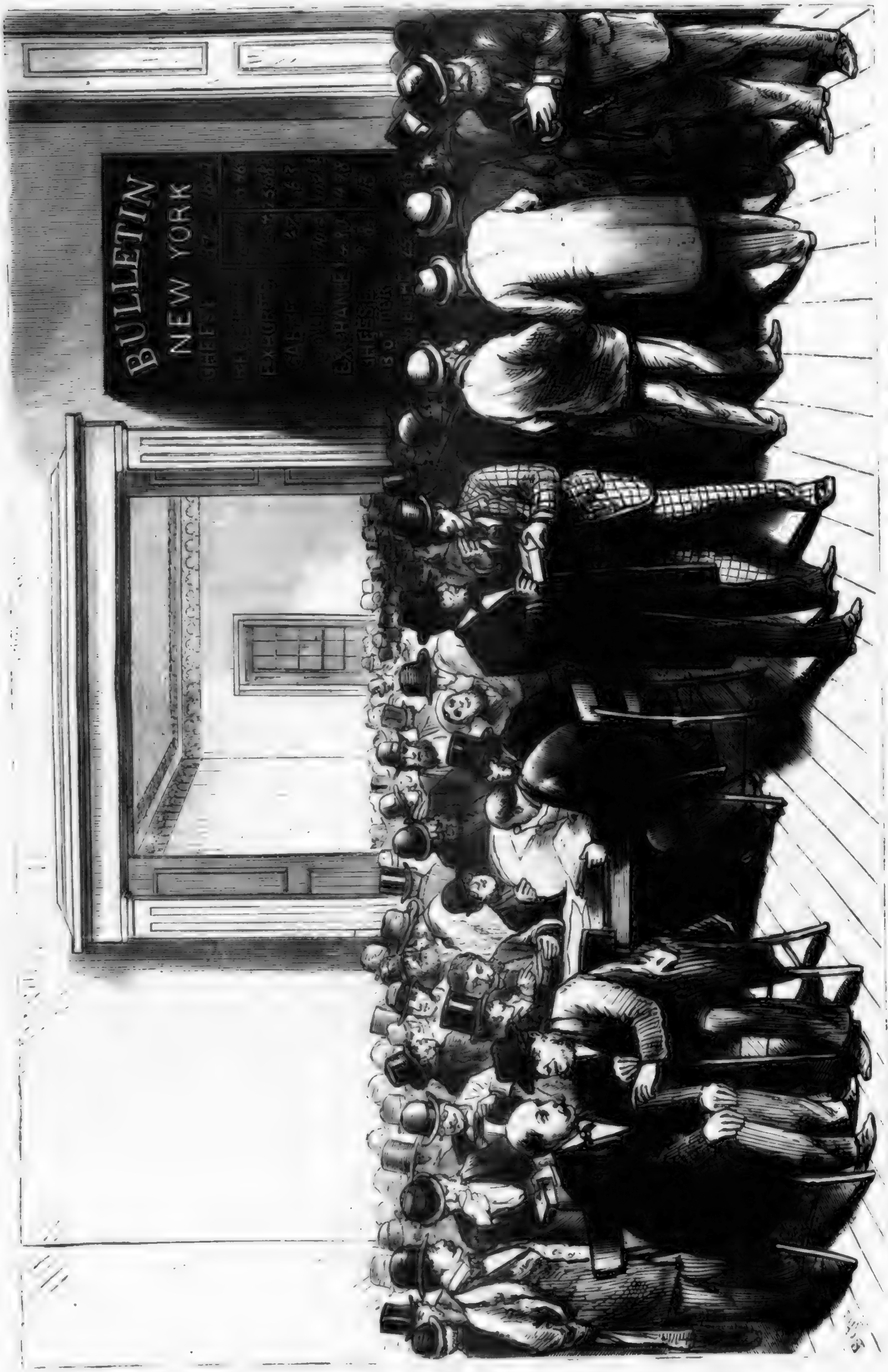
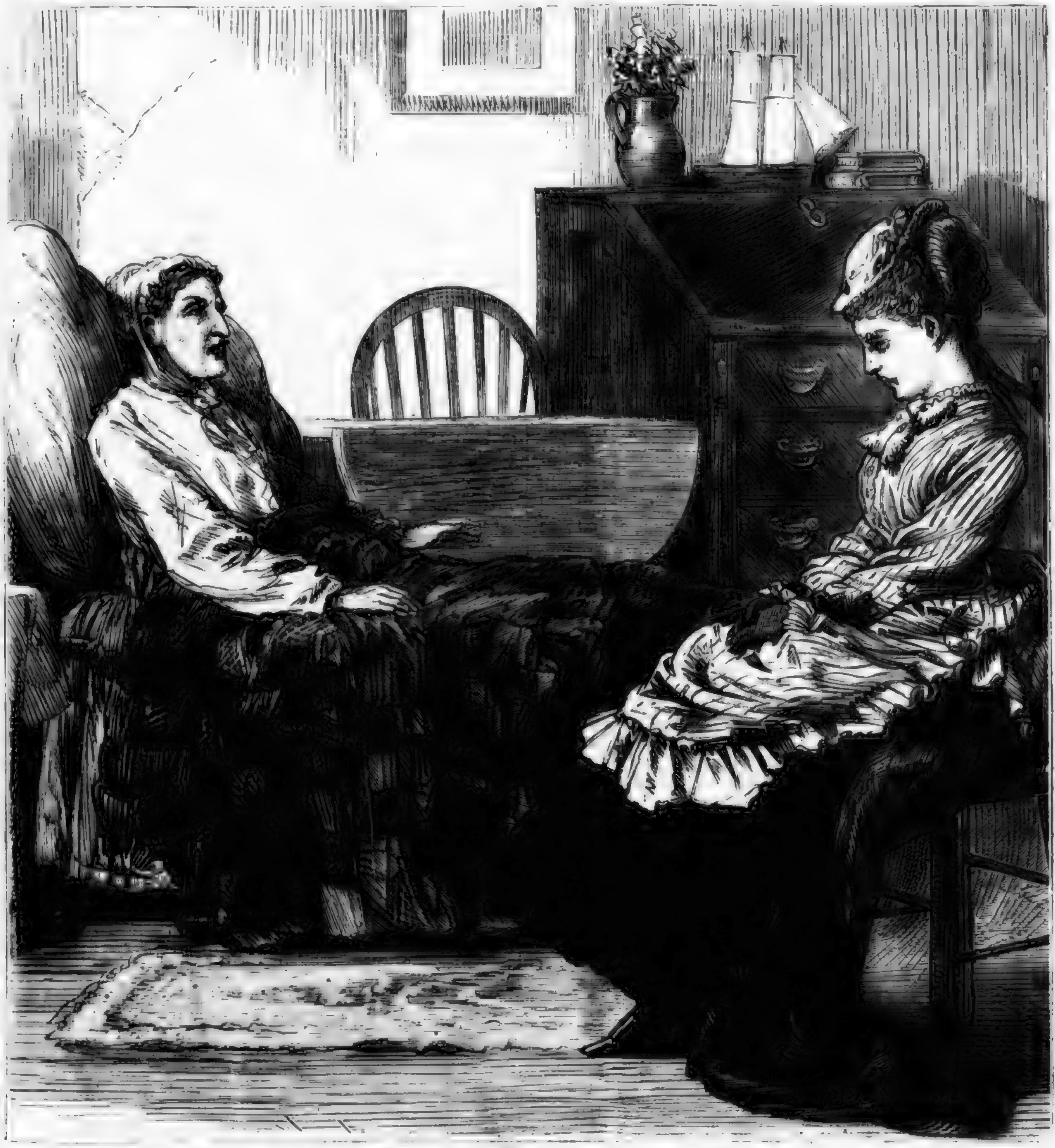

BULLETIN
NEW YORK
CHEESE
EXPORTS
CABLE
EXCHANGE
CHEESE
BOSTON

DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—INTERIOR OF THE CHEESE EXCHANGE, UTICA.—SEE PAGE 358.

The tongue that had wrought all this bitter sorrow was still for ever, or Mrs. Haviland felt she could not have kept back her bitter reproaches. Yet there was but little time lost—perhaps even yet Irene could be found and convinced that this sad record of crime, hidden from her for eighteen years, did not affect the love she had won from mother and son.

"Drive to the station," she said, getting again into the carriage; and, tearing a leaf from her memorandum-book, she wrote her son's address, and under it the words:



IRENE.—"'TELL ME ALL, HESTER,' SHE WHISPERED, SINKING INTO A CHAIR CLOSE BESIDE THE BED. . . . 'WHAT WAS MY FATHER'S NAME, AND WHEN DOES HIS SENTENCE EXPIRE?'"—SEE PAGE 363.

"Come at once to me. LOUISA HAVILAND."

"Take this to the telegraph office, and wait for an answer," she said to the driver, as the carriage drew up beside the station. It seemed hours before the answer came:

"Will come on 6:30 train. M. HAVILAND."

Then home to the desolate house, to question the servants, to try to get some clew to Irene's movements. No one had seen her leave the house. Only the servant at Hester's cottage could tell that Miss Irene had a satchel, and wore her gray hat and dress and a thick vail, and took the road to the station.

It was dark when Morris arrived, and it was evident no search could be made that night. One comfort only was in the knowledge that the wanderer had the money paid her a few days before, and could draw the interest of her mother's small fortune half-yearly at the bank. But this was poor consolation to those who loved the delicate, lovely girl, and realized how her inexperience of life, her shy, sensitive nature, unfitted her for fighting the battle of life.

"What was this dying message, mother?" Morris asked.

"I do not know. I bound Hester to secrecy when Irene was a mere child, and I never asked her what Laura said. Hester was alone with her a great deal during her last illness. I had my household duties, my care of you and of the baby, to call me away from the sick-room a great deal, and I knew I could thoroughly trust Hester. Why did I go to town to-day? It was about some of Irene's wedding sewing that seemed important; but how trivial compared with the misery wrought during my absence! Oh, Morris! find her, and I will never murmur if you take her father home to Roselawn."

"If it be possible, I will find her!"

Only a few words, briefly spoken; but in Morris Haviland's face could be read how faithfully the promise would be kept. Till a late hour that night he wrote advertisements and descriptions of Irene's dress and appearance for the detectives he intended to put upon her track.

There was no sleep for either mother or son that night, and the first morning train found Morris on his way to New York. Here he put all the machinery of search at work, giving himself no rest, trying every method his experience or love could suggest to find the wanderer. All his efforts were in vain.

Winter passed, and Spring opened. The bank was watched, that Irene might be found if she applied for her money, and she never came. This was the sorest blow of all, for it seemed to point to death as the lost girl's hiding-place. Was she suffering for the little pittance, when the wealth of her lover and his mother was being lavished in the hope of once more seeing her face? Or was she dead? Mrs. Haviland feared the worst. Morris still clung to hope.

The third of October, 1870, found a number of men and women waiting for noon, outside the prison walls of Sing Sing. As the strokes of the clock fell slowly upon the chilly air the gates opened, and four men passed out—four men whose sentences expired on that day and hour, and who were free once more to breathe God's air outside of the prison walls.

Waiting near for the gates to close once more, a slender figure in a dark dress, wrapped in a large shawl and heavily vailed, watched these four men as they stood, as if dazed, just at the gates. She was looking for a tall, handsome man, of middle age, erect and powerful. She saw two men, young, with hard, evil faces; one mere boy, and one old, old man, bent nearly double, with white hair and deeply-wrinkled face. This last carried a rough stick, fashioned into a cane, upon which he leaned heavily, walking very feebly, as if ill, as well as burdened by the weight of years.

As the woman watched the group the old man stumbled, and would have fallen but for the arm of the boy, who said with a hard laugh:

"Here's Ledyard drunk with a little free air."

Ledyard! Irene's heart stood still with horror. Was this the wreck twenty years' imprisonment had made of her father? Could this aged, feeble man be the one she was seeking? She waited until the young men, with a merry farewell, had left their companion, and he stood alone in the road, shading his eyes, as if the full light of noonday was dazzling them.

Then she went forward, and, lifting her vail, said in a low, clear voice:

"I have come to take you home, father!"

The old man looked up, dazed, and evidently not understanding her.

"They have turned me out!" he said, plaintively.

"But you will come with me?" she answered, gently leading him.

"They won't let me into my room!" he repeated. "I've slept there years and years—I've forgotten how many—and now they turn me out."

It was heart-breaking to see him turn his eyes with longing grief to the prison that had been his only home for twenty years. It required gentle force to lead him to the carriage Irene had waiting for him very near, and he wept as a turn in the road hid the gloomy walls from his eyes.

The journey to New York was one Irene could never forget. The childish, bewildered man, who seemed eighty years old, broken and feeble, was bewildered by the sights and sounds, the confusion and light, from which he had been so long excluded.

When at last the rooms in a tenement-house that Irene called home were reached, the father she had brought to share them sank down upon the bed exhausted, and seemingly almost dying.

A long, deep sleep, during which Irene learned the wasting history of long imprisonment in the sunken, wrinkled features, the corpse-like pallor of the poor face, seemed to restore something of physical strength. He roused up once or twice to drink a little soup his daughter placed at his lips, and again sank into deep sleep.

So the long night passed, and morning found Irene still watching. It was still early when a gentle knock upon the door was followed by the entrance of Paul Traver. In strange contrast to his yet vigorous frame, and in spite of seventy and more years of life, was that wasted, feeble one so much younger—yet, oh! so many, many years older in appearance!

"I would not disturb you last night, dear child," he said, coming softly to Irene's side. "I saw you come in, and I judged you would rather be alone. Oh, Irene, I fear this has been too much for you!"

For the face of the young girl bore upon it heavy traces of that night of watching. Pale it had been for many long months, but not with such deadly pallor as it wore now. The large eyes were heavy with a weight of sorrow they had borne uncomplainingly for two long years, but a keener, sharper pain shone in them now.

She had looked forward to the time when she could keep her mother's dying charge as the reward for all the sacrifice she had made, and in place of the penitent she hoped to comfort, the father to whom she brought a tender daughter's love, she found an aged imbecile, with a mind darkened by years of confinement, a body feeble, and seemingly sinking into the grave. The disappointment was hard to bear, and her old friend read something of it in her sad eyes, as she whispered:

"He has slept so all night. He seems utterly exhausted."

"That is natural. But you look ill—worn out. Leave him in my care till you get some rest."

But, even as he spoke, Jerome Ledyard stirred, and lifted himself feebly from the bed.

"I am coming," he said, moving as if to walk. "I was tired. I am coming!"

"Friend," Paul Traver said, touching his hand, "where would you go?"

"You are not in our gang," was the reply. "Are you a newcomer? What are you in for?"

Irene knelt down, and took the withered hand in her own.

"Father," she said, "those days are over. You are at home now."

"Father!" he repeated — "father! Who calls me father?"

"Your daughter Irene—the little baby you left twenty years ago," she said, struggling to keep back her tears.

"My baby! I remember"—and he put his shaking hand to his head—"there was once a baby—a little baby. That was Laura's child."

"Yes, yes; I am Laura's child," Irene said, eagerly. "You remember Laura, father?"

"Poor Laura!" he said. "I am hungry, sir," he added, looking at Paul Traver.

"I will get some breakfast," Irene said, glad to escape to hide the sobs that would no longer be repressed.

The weeks that followed were the hardest to bear of all the time since Irene had quitted Roselawn.

Reason and memory came to the weakened mind in such brief flashes that they were gone again before Irene could gather any comfort from the few broken words that seemed to point a hope of the restoration of the crushed, dazed intellect.

The released prisoner missed his companions, missed his daily toil, and, though always patient and uncomplaining, wandered about the small rooms in a dazed, purposeless way that was piteous to see.

When Irene found him employment in a simple routine of domestic duties, he seemed happier, but he grew weaker day by day, till the warm Summer days prostrated him entirely. From the first, the effort to coax him out caused him such positive suffering of terror, that Irene and her constant friend, Paul Traver, gave up the attempt.

During July, Jerome Ledyard sank slowly, baffling the skill of the physician Irene called in, and seeming to experience no pain as he neared the confines of the grave. A clergyman visited him, and he would repeat the words of prayer, as he would obey any command given him, with a mechanical obedience.

At the very last, he seemed to realize something of his child's devotion and unceasing care, for he spoke broken words of thanks, bidding God bless and reward her. So he died peacefully and happy.

"An old gentleman to see you, ma'am," was the message that preceded Paul Traver as he entered the drawing-room at Roselawn one Summer morning.

"Mr. Traver," Mrs. Haviland cried, "you bring me news of Irene!"

"I have come to take you to her," he replied.

"Where is she?"

"Where she has been since she left Roselawn—in a small tenement-house in New York. I see in your face that you blame me bitterly that I denied all knowledge of her when you came to me for tidings, but I was bound to her by a sacred promise of secrecy, and I kept it, knowing she was safer in my protection than she could be if she left it. She has earned a comfortable support by her pencil, and has been under the care of a thoroughly respectable landlady. But the sacred duty that took her from home is over. Her father was buried yesterday, and Irene is prostrated with fatigue and sorrow. She needs you now—will you go to her?"

"Does she expect me?"

"No; she knows nothing of my coming. I will tell you all you wish to know as we ride to New York."

"I will go as soon as I speak to my son."

All alone in the room where her father had died, Irene, lying pale and still upon a low couch, tried in vain to find rest after the painful weariness and excitement of the past. Her face, lovely as it had been in her happy girlhood, was more beautiful now, in the sanctified beauty of high, noble purpose and patiently borne sorrow and duty. The woman's face, purified by the baptism of sorrow, wore a higher, nobler loveliness than had ever rested in the girl's sweet features.

Her eyes were closed when the door opened softly, but they were lighted with a rapture of joy as Mrs. Haviland bent over her to fold her in a loving embrace, to weep glad tears, and caress her with a mother's tenderness.

Morris came next, and the old drawing-master withdrew softly, satisfied with his morning's work; glad that the weary trial was over, and his pupil restored to home and friends.

The protestations Irene made were silenced at once and for ever. The cloud that had overshadowed her was dissipated by her father's death; the secret so long kept was easily kept still.

In her old home, health and happiness came again to Irene, and before Winter snows covered Roselawn, Morris Haviland claimed his wife.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

THE train stopped for a moment at the little country town of C——, in Georgia, and a young man sprang lightly upon the platform of the small depot. He was of medium height, with a fine open countenance, and strongly marked features, denoting both firmness and intellect. He was an old traveler, not a novice in the *art* (traveling in these modern days has become a branch of science), and in five minutes he had seen his large, heavy trunk wheeled off by a stout darkey to the only hotel in the place, and was himself leisurely following, examining as he went, with critical eye, each store he passed, and viewing with evident interest the owners of some of these shops, who, for want of something better to do, were lounging before their doors, waiting for a stray customer to rouse them from their doze over the C—— *Weekly Gazette*.

The street looked deserted, and when the gentleman reached his destination he was surprised to hear the landlord assert that he had but one empty room; his house was full.

"How is that?" asked Charley Hayes. "You've a large building here, and I see no one moving about. I had heard your town was quite a thrifty place, with a considerable amount of trade; but there seems to be nothing doing here at all. My information could not have been correct."

"Oh, sir, the town is crowded to-day; but everybody is out at the fair-grounds at the other end of the street. There is a race this evening between the two finest horses in the State, and lots of the country people have come in to see it; that's the reason I'm so hard pushed for room."

"Bah! I'd forgotten the fair. I heard some one mention it on the train. Well, my good fellow, you must manage it so as to accommodate me. I want a large chamber on the first floor, and you must put a good-sized table into it for me. I shall be here a day or two, and have specimens of hardware which I wish to show your merchants, and get some orders for our house in Baltimore. We have the best goods at the lowest prices, and I want your people to see what I have; that is all that is necessary to convince them that it is better to send to us than to New York or elsewhere. I shall expect to find my room ready for me when I return."

There was a pleasant tone, yet one of decided command, in Mr. Hayes's voice, and he quietly deposited his overcoat in the bar beside his trunk, and walked out with

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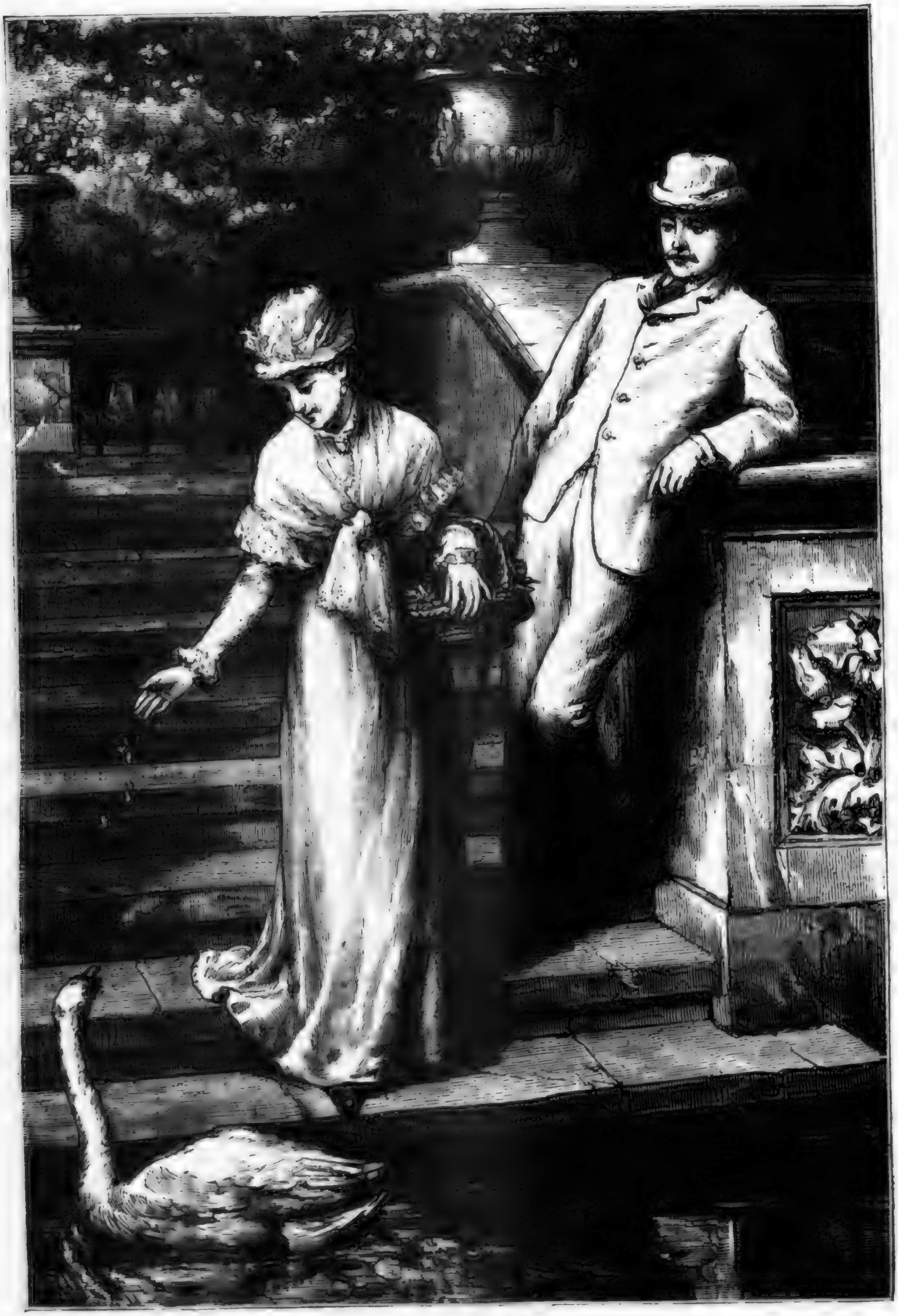
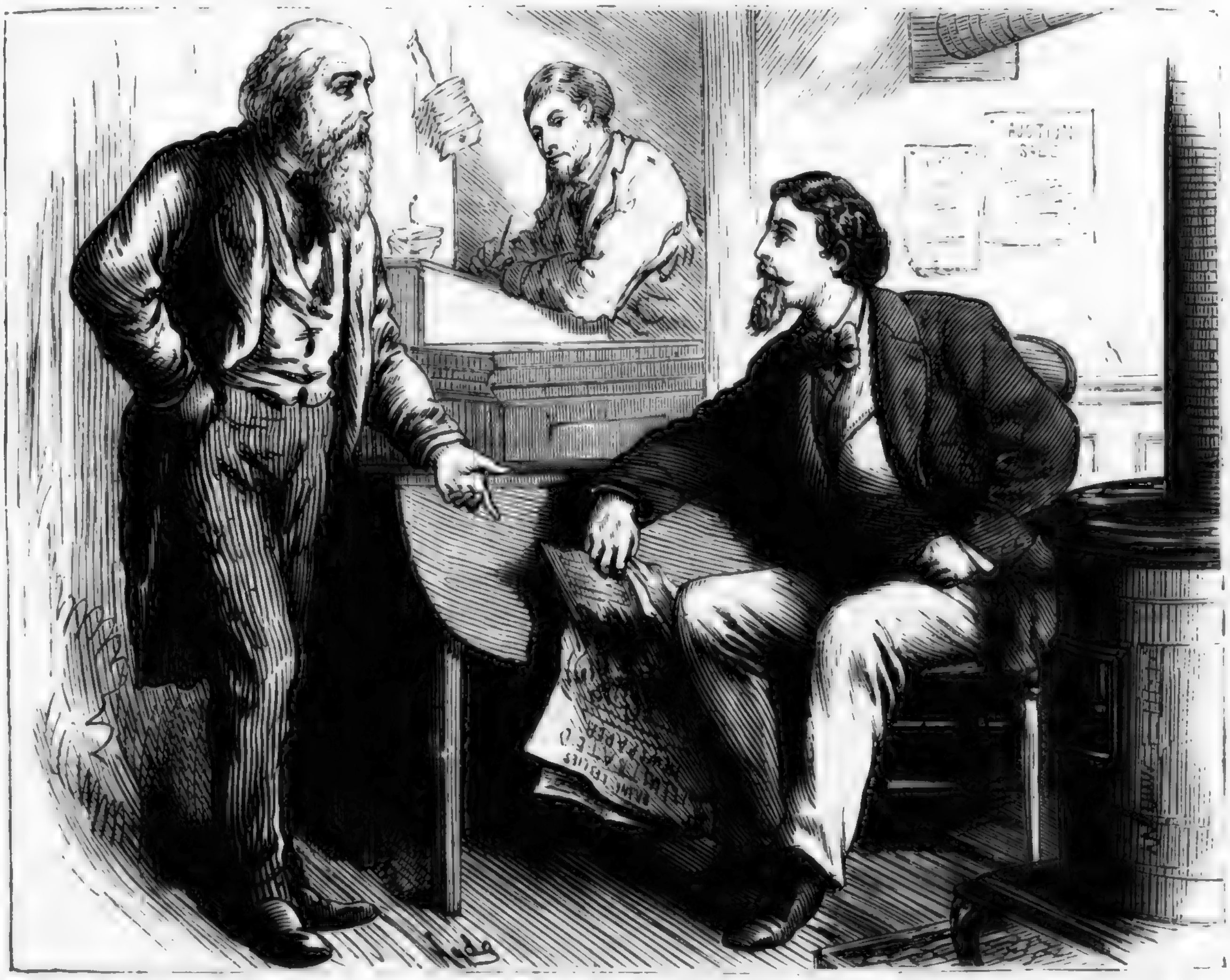


FEEDING THE SWANS.

the conscious air of one who knows that his orders will be obeyed.

In a half-hour he returned and found, as he expected, every arrangement made for his comfort. The apartment assigned him was large and airy; a long, broad table stood in one corner, ready for the contemplated display of his goods, and two beds occupied the space on either side of the door between it and the front and rear windows. He mentally selected the most comfortable-looking of the two for his place of repose that night, and then went into the dining-room, with an excellent appetite for the savory meal already being rapidly consumed by a number of guests, whom curiosity had brought to town.

The evening was cool, and Charley drew his chair close to the fire, and picked up *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* to entertain himself with while awaiting the arrival of the hour for the concert he meant to patronize by attending.



A NIGHT OF HORROR.—"AS CHARLEY LOOKED UP, HE COULD NOT BUT BE IMPRESSED BY THE HANDSOME FACE AND VENERABLE FORM OF THE AGED PHYSICIAN, WHOSE HAIR AND BEARD WERE SNOWY WHITE."—SEE PAGE 371.

He was deeply interested in an article, when he heard his name mentioned, and looking up, perceived that another traveler had made his appearance upon the scene, who was earnestly requesting a night's lodging.

"I would like very much to accommodate you, sir; but there is only one vacant bed in the house, and that is in the room prepared for the gentleman sitting by the fire. If he is willing, you can take that. It seems hard to turn an old man like you out of the house, when you seem to have had such a long walk and must be greatly fatigued by your journey. Perhaps Mr. Hayes will consent, if you do not intend remaining over to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes frowned, and took no notice of this indirect appeal. He had always been opposed to having a stranger in the same chamber with himself, and though he glanced furtively from behind the shadow of his paper at the new-comer, he said nothing.

"Mr. Hayes, I believe? Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sayles—*Dr.* Sayles, sir, of Mobile. Perhaps you've heard of me, if you were ever in this part of the country before. Our host throws me upon your mercy for the night. You're a fine-sized fellow, but *one* bed ought to be sufficient for your comfort, I should think. You'll not object to my taking possession of the other which happens to be in your room?"

The gentleman spoke in a low, soft voice, and as Charley looked up, he could not but be impressed by the handsome face, the venerable form of the aged physician, whose hair and beard were snowy white. Though his clothes were of coarse cloth, and his shoes covered with mud, his refined manner bespoke the cultivated gentleman; and it seemed a mere matter of politeness to yield gracefully where a refusal might have been vetoed by a money-making landlord, while it wounded the feelings of a courteous fellow-traveler.

"Well, doctor, I suppose you must have the bed; but my business compels me to have entire possession of the apartment to-morrow."

Dr. Sayles bowed, expressed his thanks, and said he would be off early for home.

As Charley left the room to go to the concert, he heard him remark, in quite an earnest, almost excited, manner:

"What a splendid figure! fine development of muscle! a perfect study for an anatomist!"

The evident sincerity of these compliments, uttered in a low tone to his host, did not at all prejudice young

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Hayes against his venerable companion for the night, nor lessen the pleasant impression made by his polished manners and striking appearance.

The concert was a failure, and Charley returned to the hotel tired and sleepy. He felt slightly inclined to grumble at finding the couch he had chosen for himself already occupied; but the gray curls falling over the pillow softened his resentment, and, locking the door, he prepared himself quickly for repose.

Taking a pocket-pistol from his valise, he placed it, as was his custom when on a journey, under the bolster with his watch and purse, then composed himself for slumber.

A shutter of the window was open, he found, when the candle was extinguished, but the faint moonlight was not objectionable, and the twenty feet between him and the ground prevented any uneasiness in regard to possible burglars in this quiet little town, already as still as a churchyard.

"Only five hours for rest! Half-past one! Well, I'll not need rocking to-night," he muttered, as he drowsily closed his eyes, almost envying the old doctor, whose regular, heavy breathing showed he had already several hours the start of him.

In a little while Charley Hayes slept—the quiet, dreamless sleep of one who works faithfully during the day, and takes an easy conscience as his bedfellow at night. The moon rose higher and higher in the sky, and at length threw a broad band of light across the floor. Like a pure white spirit the moonbeams glide silently down the shining planks, and steal closer and closer to the snowy coverlid that hides the tall figure of the old man so peacefully slumbering; they reach it at last, and nestle childlike on its downy surface; they creep within the folds about his shoulders; they play with his curls until they glitter and gleam as if formed of silver threads, and then gently drift upward and onward until his head is encircled with a pale halo of lovely fairy lunar rays. A frown contracts the arched black eyebrows of the handsome sleeper; he moves his head restlessly, as if the fair, fleeting crown pressed heavily upon his massive forehead; he tosses his arms, as if he would rid himself of some oppressive weight, and moans plaintively.

The halo of moonbeams drifts on; it sparkles on the linen case of the pillow, and seems reflected upon the quivering lids, with their singular jetty fringe, of the uneasy physician, disturbed by its weird light. He started up with a shudder, and sat erect on the side of his couch, while the wan, snowy wreath of silvery rays floated noiselessly on, unconscious of the evil it had evoked.

* * * * * * *

We are all conscious of the power of the human eye. We know that, reading or meditating, asleep or awake, if any one looks intently at us, we *feel* the glance, and turn at once toward the object from whence it comes; we have heard of the influence of this human eye over the wild beast, and perhaps have seen a lion cower before his keeper, who made our childish hearts flutter by entering the cage filled with fierce animals at a circus and menagerie show, delightfully combined. What this influence is, exactly, it would be hard to explain. Modern writers call it magnetism—the innate power of mind over matter animated only by instinct, or of a superior intellect over an inferior one, even as the comet is turned from its course by the attraction of a star. An electrical current certainly passes sometimes from one brain to another, conveying its thoughts as plainly as if expressed in words; and Charley Hayes, wrapped in utter oblivion, was roused from the deep sleep by a consciousness of imminent danger.

A cold chill passed over him from head to foot, as if his veins were suddenly flooded with an icy fluid, and in an instant he was as wide awake as if he had not slept for hours. His senses in a moment were alive and active—more intensely active than usual, from the very fact of their having been absorbed by such perfect rest—and he opened his eyes without a doubt as to his present position—a stranger in a strange place, the occupant of a room shared by another, and the owner of a valuable watch and purse lying beneath his pillow, guarded by a six-shooter.

Conscious of imminent danger, he awoke, but all unprepared was he for the *kind* of evil by which he was threatened. His fears were not alone for himself, for selfishness had not entered into his composition; he thought also of the danger of the genial old gentleman, with the snow-white curls and long beard, and the peculiar soft, low voice.

The broad band of moonlight was still lying on the floor and on the bed, faintly illuminating the strangest, most startling tableau.

The aged man, with gray hair wildly disheveled, was standing close to Charley's side, bending over him, his eyes fixed upon his broad chest, from which the covering had been thrown back; his hand was raised, and in it he held a knife with long, sharp, keen blade of singular shape—such a knife as surgeons use in amputating limbs. He was muttering to himself, using unintelligible medical terms, and evidently calculating the exact position of the heart.

In a second he discovered that his subject was gazing at him with fearfully dilated eyes, and with a queer laugh he said, hurriedly:

"Keep perfectly still. I'm only going to *dissect* you! You've an uncommonly large heart. I think it must be diseased; indeed, I'm sure it is, for heart-disease was always a specialty of mine—*angina pectoris* we call it. It's some time since I had the opportunity of dissecting a body where I was so sure of being gratified by finding what I want—a perfect specimen of an enlarged heart. I'm bothered by this dim light, or I could have stuck my knife in an instant in the right spot. I think I can manage it. Just lie still now, and I'll show you how quickly and beautifully I can take it out. Turn yourself a little more to this side."

One look at the fierce, glaring, animal eye of the speaker had told Charley his story, even before he spoke; and frightfully vivid was his immediate conviction that he was locked in a room with an *insane* surgeon—a powerful, tall, sinewy man, who meant to dissect him.

Like an electric current these thoughts flashed through his mind, and, as the crazy doctor was speaking, he was meditating every possible means by which he might hope to escape. A scream would bring instant death; the movement of a limb, with that knife so close to his breast might produce the same result. Mother, sisters, pray that guardian angels may shield your loved one from death, for it is awfully near! What *can* he do? Ah, he has heard, he has read, somewhere, of the power of the eye, through which a fearless, determined spirit shines, and of what may be accomplished by appearing to agree with one who is not accountable to reason.

Charley Hayes is cool and brave, though his heart has never throbbed before as it throbs now; that coolness and bravery rid him for a moment of his terrible foe, and the knife is removed from its horrible proximity to his chest.

Dr. Sayles had not ceased speaking before a cheerful voice interrupted him, saying, pleasantly:

"You're quite right, doctor. I admire your wonderful powers of penetration. There's no doubt about my heart being enlarged, and that it ought to be examined by one who thoroughly understands his business; but this light, as you say, is very bad for a surgical operation. Suppose you open the window-shutters, or strike a match and light the candle, then you can see better. While you do that, I can put myself in the proper position."

Charley kept his eyes intently fixed upon those of the old man while he spoke. Had he moved a muscle of that upraised arm he would have been startled by a shriek, and would have met with all the resistance a living subject could offer to so horrible a martyrdom.

With sternly composed terror, Charley watched the effect of his words. He saw the restless red eyes lose something of their cunning expression, and then beam with fierce joy as the idea of a better and easier mode of accomplishing his object was suggested.

"Yes, yes, I need more light; I'll open those other shutters. That'll do!"

He rubbed his hands gleefully together, and waved the knife over his head with a loud "hurrah!" Then a shadow passed over his face, and the cunning of insanity induced him to suspect the honesty of his subject's purpose. He might not be disinterested in his proposal. Perhaps this impression was created by the motion of Charley's hand, which had buried itself beneath the pillow the moment the knife was raised and the madman's eye removed from his face. The aged lunatic shook the sharp blade over his head, as he said:

"Death to you if you move while I open the window! Beware how you try to deceive me! I know your tricks!"

"My dear doctor, I've not moved an inch; but I'd be obliged to you if you'd hurry up. I'm tired of lying on my back."

Again the red light faded from the bloodshot eyes, as he hurried across the room to throw back the blinds.

"I'll not keep you waiting a minute; I'll have that heart of yours out before you can say Jack Robinson; then it won't trouble you any more."

Poor Charley only waited for his back to be turned. He scarcely heeded his rapidly spoken words, for with one bound he was at the door, pistol in hand. At the door! Another second, and he is safe! Alas, alas! how deceitful is human hope! He had locked the door himself before retiring, but had left the key in its usual place. Where was it now? It was *gone*, and his frantic efforts to escape were in vain!

A loud laugh echoed his despairing cry for help, and the furious maniac rushed wildly toward him.

"So you thought you'd run away from my knife! Ha, ha! young man, I'm too smart for you. Here's the key. Catch it, if you can!"

And with furious gesture he threw it at the window. The glass crashed and broke into fragments, and the key was heard to strike with a heavy thud against the bricks of the pavement below.

Charley was almost in despair. He knew not what to do, for he did not wish to kill the wretched being now chasing him around and around the room. He was fleet of foot, and managed to keep a considerable distance between them. His first effort during the race was to gain the bell-rope, and by its aid to alarm the house; but the wire was broken, as is too often the case in small hotels and boarding-houses, and this hope of speedy assistance proved abortive.

He now cried aloud again and again for assistance, while he still held his pistol ready cocked in his hand, hating the thought that dire necessity might compel him to use it. The bedstead was no protection, for the old man would spring like a tiger upon it, and be at his side in a second.

His strength is almost exhausted, when he thinks of the long, broad table as a shield. He rushes to it, and draws it as close as possible to the corner of the room, and there he stands at bay. He has managed to impress the maniac with the belief that he will shoot if he jumps upon the table, and so he only darts from one end to the other, trying to catch him with his long arms, to wound him with his knife; and the unfortunate young man flies like a weaver's shuttle from one end to the other of his barricade.

The whole house has been roused by his cries for help, and a throng of half-dressed men and women fill the passages, and so loudly demand, "What is the matter? what is the matter? Why don't you open the door?" that his reply can scarcely be heard.

"Break down the door, or I'll have to kill this madman!" he shrieks, in his effort to drown the hoarse laughter of the lunatic, and be heard above the clamor of the crowd.

The landlord catches his reply, and at once a dozen of men are hammering away at the door. The wood is oak, and yields slowly to the shower of blows falling upon it; but the mad doctor perceives that it *is* breaking, and, like a panther, moves off from the table, and prepares himself to spring upon young Hayes, regardless of the pistol pointed at his breast. He meets the calm, steadfast gaze fixed upon him, and hesitates; then his eyes glare, and he evidently determines to make a last effort to plunge his knife into the heart of his adversary.

"Make haste, or I *must* shoot!" Charley cries once more, as he sees the desperate resolve written upon the distorted features opposite him. Too late! He must perish by the knife if he waits another second.

"Die, then, wretched man!" and he pulled the trigger.

Fortunately, the pistol, long loaded, did not go off. The door falls in with a tremendous crash, and the miserable doctor, already on the table, and about to carry into execution his murderous intent, is caught and pinioned by half-a-dozen strong-armed men. He made vigorous efforts to free himself from their grasp and use his knife, but all in vain; and soon he lay bound hand and foot.

The next morning, an officer from a distant insane asylum arrived in C——, inquiring for a patient, a "fine-looking old man," who had escaped two days before from his keeper.

"He is perfectly sane upon all except one subject, and that is surgery. He lost his mind while attending a field hospital during the war, after a long spell of illness, from which he had not entirely recovered before a battle called for his services in the terrible emergency following a night attack upon the enemy. The shock to his already shattered nerves proved too much for a mind enfeebled by disease and age, and it became necessary to place him in confinement. No one would ever suspect him of insanity in ordinary conversation, and it is only at long intervals that he becomes violent, and wishes to operate upon or dissect any subject he happens to fancy. Where he obtained his knife, I cannot tell."

Such was the story of the unhappy Dr. Sayles, as related by his keeper.

From that day forward, Charley Hayes vowed nothing would ever induce him to share his chamber with any stranger.

XUM

WHY THE WIND BLOWS.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., etc.,

Vice-President of the Meteorological Society.

It is a very intelligible fact, as well as an inexorable law of nature, that two distinct bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. When two different bodies are pressed against each other, each resists the other as soon as they come into contact; and if the two are pressed against each other with unequal force, then the one which is most strongly pressed drives the other out of its way, and takes its place. In such cases the familiar adage is certainly true—"The weaker goes to the wall."

WHY THE WIND BLOWS.—A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

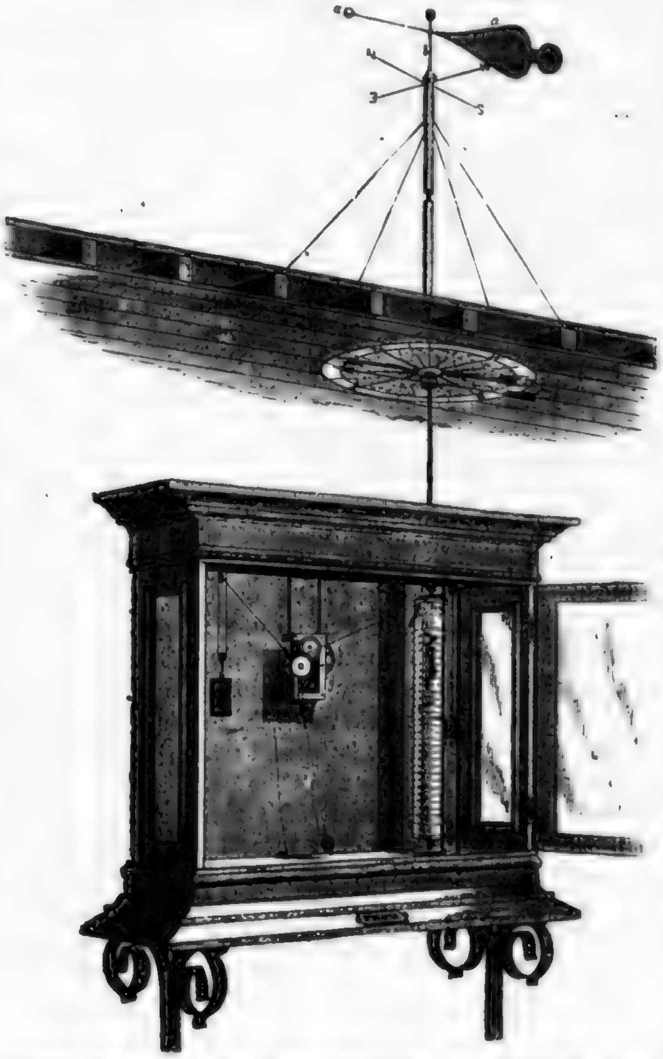
A notable instance of this natural operation is seen when a lump of lead is dropped into a pail half-full of water. The lump of lead falls to the bottom of the pail; but, in doing so, it has to drive a bulk of water as large as itself out of its way, or it would never be able to get there. In this instance, however, as the lead *goes down*, the water is *driven up*. It cannot get through the wooden sides or bottom of the pail; and it is therefore driven in the only direction in which it can go—that is, up toward the open mouth above. If in the sketch (Fig. 1) *a a* represent the height at which the water stood before the lump of lead (L) was dropped into the vessel, *b b* would represent the height at which the water would have to stand after the lead had been placed in the pail. To produce this change, portions of water which are in the first instance at *c*, are *lifted* in the pail as high as *d*.

There is, however, something else to be remarked concerning this enforced upward movement of the water that is of still greater consequence on account of the bearing it has upon the subject of this paper. It is really caused by the downward pull of the earth, although the movement of the particles is the opposite way, or up from the earth.

It could not with any propriety be said, in the circumstance which has been described, that the water moves up from the bottom of the pail to make way for the lead. That would not be a true representation of what had occurred, as it has been already shown that the water has moved up because it was pushed out of the way by the descending lead. The real and full statement of the case is that both the water and the lead are drawn to the earth in virtue of their weight. But the lead is eleven times heavier than the same bulk of water. It consequently is drawn to the earth eleven times more forcibly than the water; and the water resists the downward pressure of the lead with a strength that is eleven times too small to enable it to do so with efficiency and retain its place. The water accordingly yields to the superior downward pressure of the lead, and goes up out of its way; and thus it is the strong downward pull of the earth upon the heavy lead which lifts the water up toward the top of the pail. It is of the utmost practical importance that this should be clearly understood, because it is a great all-embracing natural truth that objects never move upon the earth from one place to another unless they are driven to do so by the exertion of some active force that impresses them with the movement. The question therefore arises, since the water does move from the lower to the higher position in the pail, what is the force which drives it to do so? The answer to that question plainly is, The downward attraction of the earth upon the heavier mass, which, by its downward movement, pushes the lighter mass of the water out of its way. If a block of wood of exactly the same size as the lump of lead were dropped into the pail, it would not sink to the bottom of the water, like the lead. It would float upon the surface of the water with its own mass only a little way plunged in; and the reason of that would be that, whilst both the wood and the water were drawn toward the earth, the wood was less forcibly drawn than a quantity of the water which had equal bulk with itself, and therefore could not push the water out of its way to get down to the bottom of the pail. All this happens because wood is lighter than water, bulk for bulk.

The invisible air, which floats everywhere about the solid bodies standing upon the earth, and which rests upon the water and the ground, is made of substance that has weight, and that is therefore drawn by terrestrial attraction after the same manner as water or lead, although its substance cannot be seen. A pint bottle, which seems to be empty, in reality contains 11 grains of air. The same bottle would hold something more than 9,000 grains of water, if water were poured into it in the place of air. Air is therefore 840 times lighter than water. Water can be poured into a bottle that was previously filled with air, because the water is heavier than the air. The water goes down into the bottle in consequence of its greater weight, and drives the lighter air up out of its way, just as in the experiment recently described the heavy block of lead drives the lighter water up out of its way when it sinks to the bottom in the pail.

The particles of which the invisible air is made, like that air itself, are incapable of being seen. One notable reason for this is that they are individually of very minute size. Very small specks of material substance can in some circumstances be seen by the human eye. Little shining particles of gold can still be perceived when they are so small that something more than one million and a quarter of them could be placed side by side within a square inch. And when the exceedingly powerful microscopes which are now at the command of science are employed in looking at them, objects that are exceedingly much smaller than this can be discerned. Such microscopes are capable of magnifying objects five thousand times in diameter. The surface of the speck of gold already spoken of might therefore be sub-divided into twenty-five million parts, and each one of those parts would still be within reach of the powers of the microscope.



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

A HEAVY GALE.

One very small thing that has been seen by the human eye when aided by the microscope is the fine lashing tail of a minute living organism, called the *Bacterium termo*, which after long watching has recently been discovered by a very skillful observer, the Rev. W. H. Dallinger. The form which this pigmy of living creatures assumes when it is contemplated in Mr. Dallinger's microscope, with a power that magnifies its diameter 5,000 times, is something like that which is sketched in Fig. 2. From the mean of 200 observations, Mr. Dallinger estimated the breadth of that fine moving streak as being certainly less than the twenty-thousandth part of an inch. But as the particles of the air cannot be seen by even this splendid instrument, they *must* at any rate be of smaller diameter than the twenty-thousandth of an inch, at which size four hundred millions of them could be packed in a square inch side by side, like the tiles of a mosaic pavement. How much smaller they may be it is not yet possible to say. But scientific men, such as Sir William Thomson, who concern themselves very much about the molecular composition of matter, and who therefore have the best right of all people to express an opinion on the subject, conceive that a molecule which was not more than the twenty-thousandth part of an inch would have to be again sub-divided, even into *many millions* of parts, before a size like that of the ultimate atom which is concerned in fabricating such substance as the invisible air is reached.

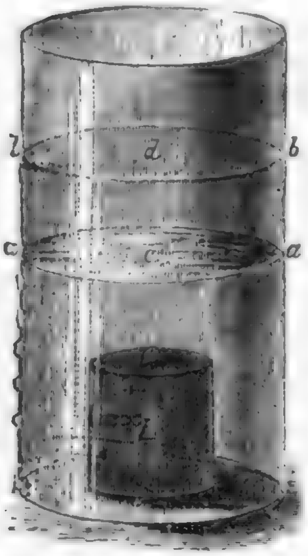


FIG. 1.—SHOWING DISPLACEMENT OF WATER BY DROPPING A PIECE OF LEAD INTO A VESSEL.

Another familiar proof of the ponderous substantiality of this unseen and unseeable air is that which everybody experiences every day without taking any notice of it, until the attention is specially drawn to the matter. Like all other substances which possess weight, the invisible air *pushes* against bodies which stand in its way, when it is moving. It rushes against the face so that it can be felt. It turns the sloping mill-sails round when it drives against them, if traveling itself with sufficiently impetuous speed. It forces the ship, with its burden of a thousand tons, to glide along over the sea when it strikes upon the broad canvas sails that are spread to catch the impulse.

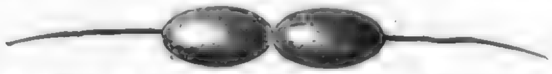


FIG. 2.—FORM OF BACTERIUM, AS SEEN WHEN MAGNIFIED WITH 5,000 DIAMETERS.

But the minute particles of the invisible air, which are substantial enough to produce these very obvious mechanical effects, do not touch each other, as they exist in their natural condition in space. They float, in their inscrutable minuteness, certainly many times their own diameters apart. They may be driven to approach a little nearer together by the exertion of external compressing force, but they cannot be squeezed into contact by any power that man can bring into play for the purpose. They are not forced into contact by any of the incalculably greater powers that Nature herself deals with in her own majestic and mighty operations. They constantly stream and roll about amongst each other in all conceivable directions. Science, indeed, teaches that in all probability they are in perpetual unrest and unintermittingly rushing about amongst themselves, and that when eleven grains of air-particles are corked up in a glass bottle, notwithstanding their apparent stillness, they occupy themselves with a never-ending dance during their forced imprisonment, each particle dashing from side to side, and to and fro, and never pausing an instant in its headlong and mad career, although it has all the time to wheel itself out and in and round its companion particles, to avoid coming into collision with them. Such is what science has, up to this time, been able to ascertain and to conceive in reference to the molecular constitution of air.

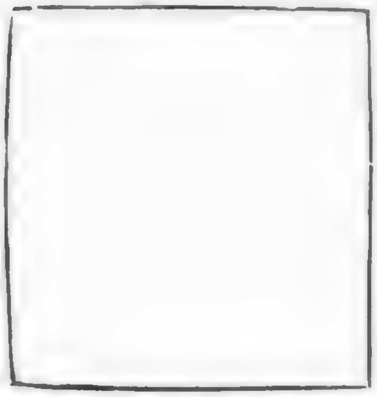


FIG. 3.—PIECE OF CARD, TO INDICATE WEIGHT OF AIR OCCUPYING THIRTY-FIVE CUBIC INCHES.

But although air is so light that the quantity which fills a pint bottle, and which occupies 35 cubic inches of space, does not weigh more than a piece of card of the size of the figure which is here sketched (Fig. 3), its weight nevertheless becomes a very important affair when large quantities have to be taken into account. The air stretches everywhere about the earth, and folds it all round, and extends out into space a very considerable distance away from the surface of the ground. No one yet knows exactly how far it reaches, because no one has yet been able to get far enough out to ascertain where it ends. But it certainly spreads more than fifty miles from the solid surface of the earth and from the liquid surface of the sea. The quantity, therefore, that rests upon an acre of ground, in consequence of this, presses down upon that space with a weight of no less than 22,000 tons! Fifteen pounds of it are sustained upon each square inch of the land that is near the level of the sea.

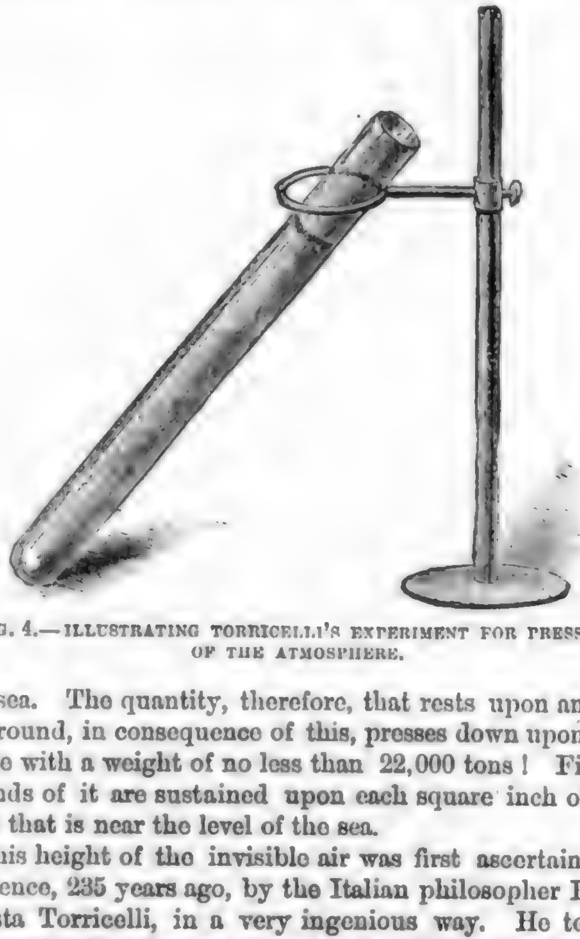


FIG. 4.—ILLUSTRATING TORRICELLI'S EXPERIMENT FOR PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

This height of the invisible air was first ascertained at Florence, 235 years ago, by the Italian philosopher Evangelista Torricelli, in a very ingenious way. He took a glass tube, like the one sketched in Fig. 4, which was a little more than 30 inches long and which was open only at one end. Then, holding the tube perpendicularly, with the mouth upward, he filled it with mercury, and placing his finger over the open end, turned it upside down, so that he could plunge the mouth into another quantity of mercury held in a broad basin or cistern (Fig. 5). He then found that the mercury contained in the tube fell a little way until it rested about 30 inches above the level of the cistern, and there stopped, leaving a small altogether empty space in the tube above its top.

It was shortly afterward shown, either by Torricelli or by Pascal, that the 30 inches of mercury were kept up in the tube by the weight of the air which pressed down upon the surface of the mercury in the cistern outside of the tube. The air was pressing down upon the mercury outside the tube at A, and the mercury, without any air, was pressing down upon the same liquid mass at the bottom of the tube at B, and the two exactly balanced each other by their opposing pressures when the column of mercury in the tube came to rest at T, leaving the entirely empty space V above it. The column of air, which went up more than 50 *miles* on the one side, was exactly of the same weight as the column of mercury which went up, on the other, 30 *inches* into the tube. By repeating the experiment with a tube that contained a cross area, or section, equal to a square inch, he afterward found that it required just 15 lbs. of mercury in the tube to resist or balance the antagonistic column of air, and he was thus able to show that a square column of air of the same size, or 1 inch across, and extending to the utmost limit of the atmosphere, weighed 15 lbs. It was this experiment, first contrived by Torricelli, which led to the construction of the instrument called the "barometer," or "measurer of weight" — that is, measurer of the weight of the atmosphere.

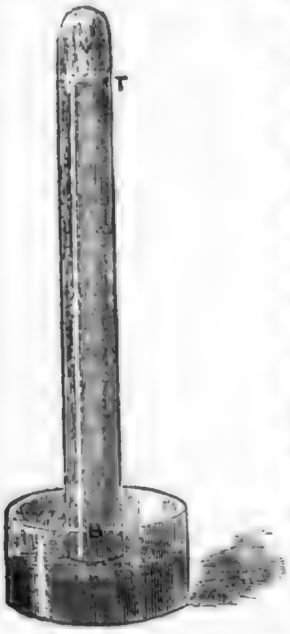


FIG. 5.—IN FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF TORRICELLI'S EXPERIMENT.

But any given bulk of air is not always of the same weight. An inch-square column of the atmosphere sometimes weighs more than it does at others. This, therefore, is why the mercurial column of the barometer, which is the counterpoise of the equivalent column of the air, goes up and down from day to day within the glass tube of the instrument. The cause of this change of weight, however, is quite understood, and can be very easily explained. It is due to the fact that the little invisible particles of the air sometimes lie more closely together than they do at others—or, in other words, that any given bulk of air—such as a cubic foot—sometimes contains a greater number of air-particles in it than it does at others.

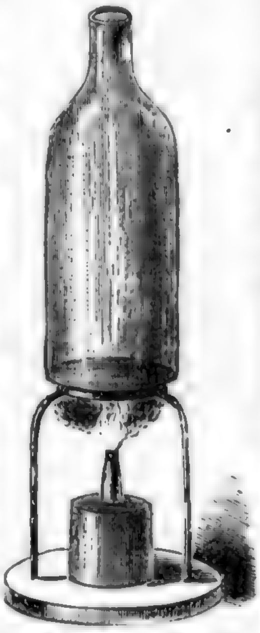


FIG. 6.—ILLUSTRATING EXPERIMENT OF AIR TREATED BY HEAT.

This effect can be produced by mechanical pressure. Air, under particular management, can be actually squeezed in, so as to be made to occupy less space. The operation would, of course, make the air specifically denser than it was before. That is to say, a cubic foot would weigh more after the compression than it did before. There are, however, other means by which the same result can be brought about. Cold, for instance, will do the same thing as compression. Imagine the case of 11 grains of air, possessing the ordinary Summer temperature of 70°, being poured into a pint bottle, and the bottle being then surrounded outside by ice, while it is still left uncorked at the neck. This is what would then happen: The air inside the bottle would be made cold by the ice, and as it gradually became more and more cold, its little particles would be drawn more closely together, and so its entire mass or bulk would contract. But as it did this, more air-particles would necessarily flow in through the open neck of the bottle, until at last it would be found that the bottle contained more than 11 grains of air, although its size had not been materially changed. In other words, the pint of air would have become heavier. If, then, the bottle were taken away from the ice, and placed over the flame of a spirit-lamp, as represented in the annexed sketch (Fig. 6), the air would become hotter and hotter minute by minute, and, as it did so, its little particles would be driven further and further asunder, so that many of them would be forced to rush away out of the neck of the bottle, until finally the bottle would have less, instead of more, than the original 11 grains of air in its inside—or, in other words, the pint of air would to that extent have become lighter.

There is another very simple way in which the same effect may be, and is very commonly, shown. A bladder is tightly tied up at its neck, after it has been only half-expanded by blowing into it. Then, if it be held before a clear fire, it very soon swells up until it becomes smooth and tight. This is caused by the expansion of the air in its inside, when the particles are driven more widely asunder by the heat. The bladder would weigh exactly the same before and after its expansion, if it were put into a pair of delicately poised scales. There would be the same *quantity* of air in it in each case. But if any given fixed *bulk*, such as a cubic inch, were taken out of it both before and after the expansion, it would be found that that cubic inch weighed more in the first case than in the last—just as the pint of cold air is heavier than the pint of warm. This it is which is meant by air being rendered heavier by cold and lighter by heat.

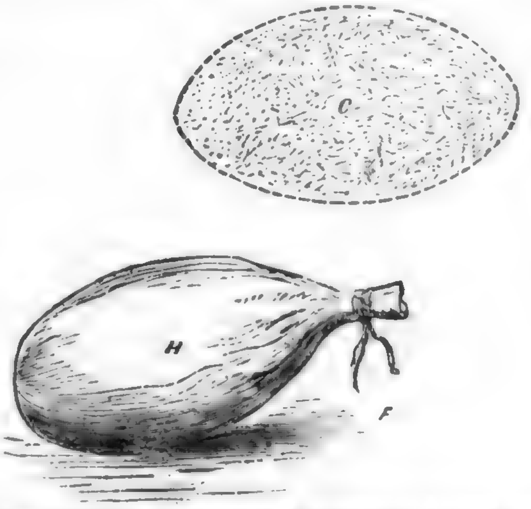
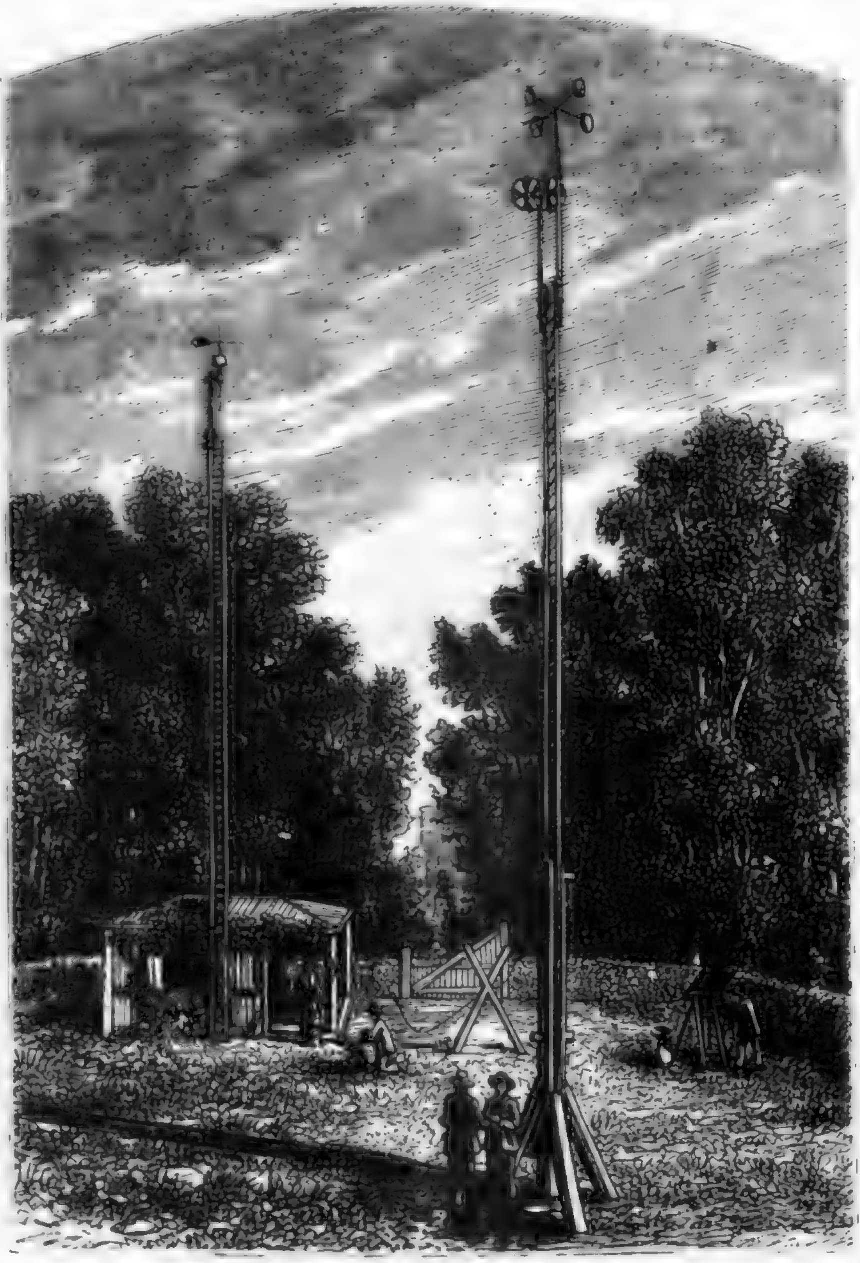


FIG. 7.—ILLUSTRATING BLADDER EXPERIMENTS WITH HOT AND COLD AIR.

A very remarkable consequence, however, follows from this change in the density of air from differences of heat. Suppose that an exceedingly thin bladder of gold-beaters' skin, so fine and thin that it is almost without weight in itself, be filled with very hot air, and be laid upon the floor in a moderately cold room, then all the equal bulks of cold air around and above will be drawn down toward the ground with greater energy or force than the bladder of hot air is. In the annexed sketch (Fig. 7), let H be conceived to represent the bladder of hot, light air, and C an equal bulk of cold air just above; then the cold air, C, would be circumstanced just like the lump of lead which was described a few pages back as being put into a pail of water. It would be drawn much more forcibly down toward the ground at F than H, the bladder of lighter air, and consequently it would fall to the ground under the stronger pull, just as the lump of lead fell to the bottom of the pail, and as it did so would drive the light bladder, H, up out of its way. The light bladder, H, would actually mount *up* toward the ceiling of the room, because the surrounding cold air was drawn more forcibly *down*. This, indeed, is exactly what the balloon is seen to do when it is filled with hydrogen gas, which is lighter, bulk for bulk, than even the hot air itself. The balloon mounts up into the open air for the same reason that some of the water in a pail ascends when a lump of lead is thrown in to drive that portion of the liquid up out of its place. The balloon mounts in the air, in real truth, under the impulse of the same force that makes a stone fall through the air to the ground—that is, the attraction of the earth for ponderable matter. It merely goes up under the impulse, instead of going down, because, at the same time that it is drawn down, there is other ponderable matter by its side which is more strong to descend than it is, in consequence of superior weight; and which, therefore, does descend, in spite of such inadequate resistance as is offered by the lighter mass, and in doing so drives the lighter mass up out of the place into which it forces itself.



VIEW OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT SAINT-MARIE-DU-MONT, FRANCE.

It should now be a quite easy thing to understand why it is that the wind blows, and must blow, in the open spaces of the earth. In different parts of the world the sun shines with different degrees of heating power upon the ground and sea. Where it falls with most heating power, it warms, expands and makes lighter the air. Where it falls with least heating power, the air remains unwarmed, unexpanded and heavy, with its little particles squeezed more closely together. Both kinds of air, the heavy and light, are drawn toward the earth, because both have weight. But the heavy air is more forcibly and energetically drawn down than the light, and on that account gets nearer to the ground. But, in doing so, as two different bodies cannot occupy the same portion of space at the same time, it drives the light air, which is less forcibly drawn, out of its way. Suppose that, in the annexed sketch (Fig. 8), A and B are two places on the earth which are fifty miles apart, and that at B each cubic foot of air weighs 1,700 grains, whilst at A, on account of stronger sunshine and greater warmth, each cubic foot weighs only 1,675 grains; then, as the air at B presses down with more strength than the air at A, and as both, with all the intermediate air along *c*, and *c* and *c* are, in consequence of the disconnected state of their particles, free to stream and flow in whatever direction they are impelled, the light air at A will certainly give way before the stronger pressure of the heavy air at B, and the air from B will rush along the ground toward A. But rushing or moving air is *wind*. There will consequently be a wind blowing from B to A. The air always thus moves from the place where its weight or pressure is most, toward the place where its weight or pressure is least. And in every case it moves with a velocity and strength which are greater in proportion as the difference of weight at the two places is greater, and which are less as that difference is less. Thus, if the wind were blowing from B to A with a velocity of 30 miles an an hour, when the air weighed 1,700 grains to the cubic foot at B, and 1,675 grains at A—if suddenly the weight of the air at A were changed to 1,650 grains per cubic foot, without any analogous change in the weight at B, the wind would then certainly blow from B to A with a velocity of 60 instead of 30 miles per hour.

It is now well understood that the wind is, in the main, at all times blowing from places where the air-pressure is great, toward places where the air-pressure is small; and the way in which it does this, under the circumstance of continually altering pressures, and of continually shifting situations of greatest and least pressure, has been reduced to a methodical explanation and expression, which is known as Buys Ballot's law, because a distinguished Dutch meteorologist of that name has carefully and closely studied the subject.

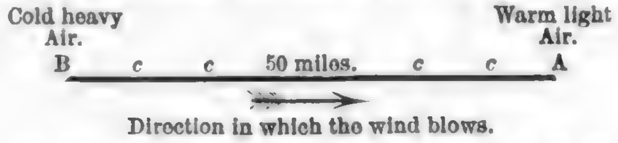
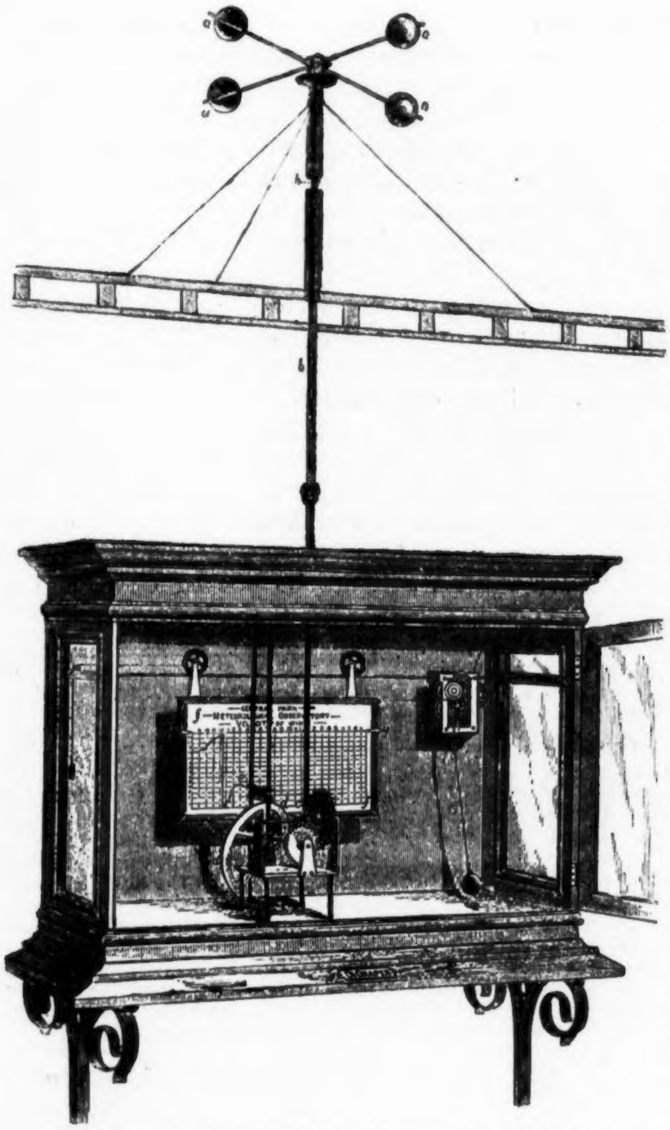


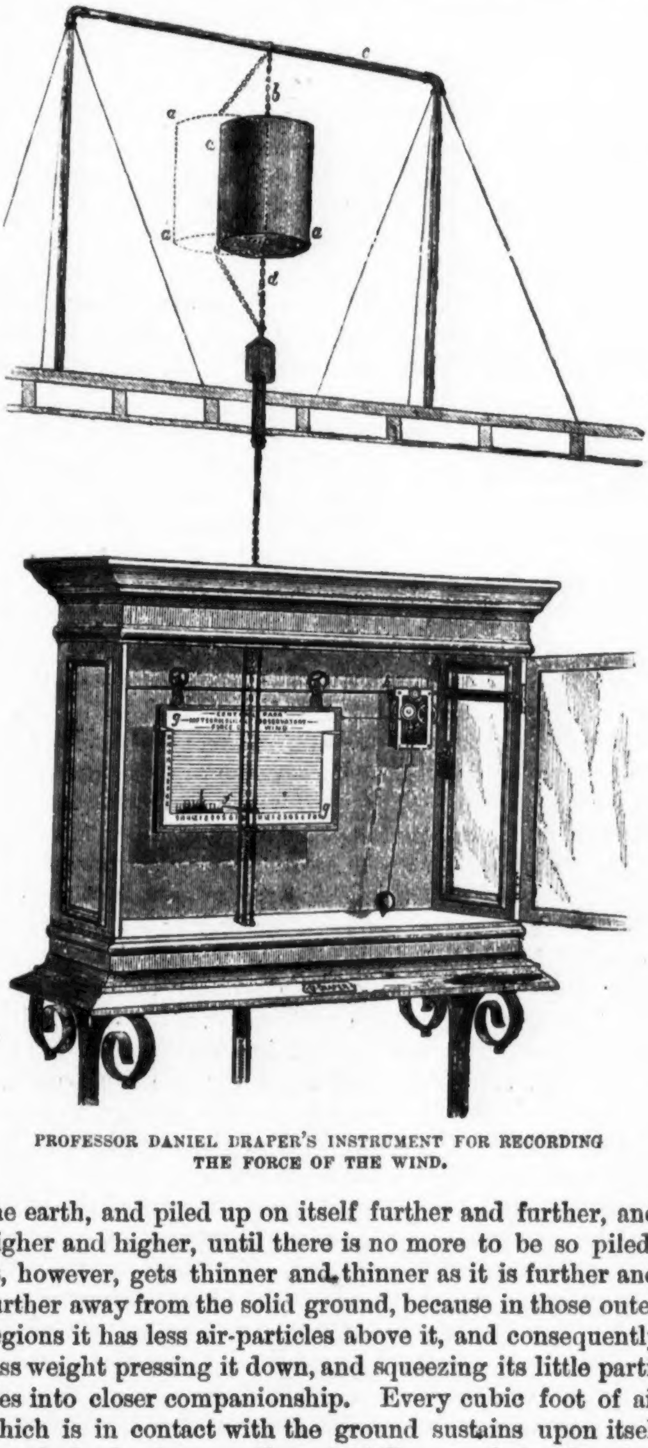
FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING PRESSURE OF HOT AND COLD AIR ON THE EARTH.

The ventilating power of an open fire-place in dwelling-rooms depends upon precisely the same influence. In establishing ventilation in the interior of a house, men simply create an artificial wind to take the place of the natural wind which is shut out by walls and doors. When there is an open grate and chimney in a room, without a fire, the air presses down through the chimney-shaft, and in through the crevices of the windows and doors, with equal force, and is supported, as it does so, in a sort of even balance, by the air which fills the room. If, in such circumstances, however, a fire is lit in the grate, the column of air in the chimney becomes very hot, expands and gets lighter. The even balance is then, in consequence, disturbed. Heavy air presses in through the chinks of the doors and windows, and light air presses down through the chimney; but the light air has not resistance enough to withstand the strong pressure of the heavy air, and gives way before it, escaping in a continuous stream up the chimney, as the heavy air squeezes in upon it through the room below. The artificial ventilation of a room by a fire is thus again simply the movement of a wind from the place where the air-pressure is greatest, toward or to the place where it is least. As in the case of the external wind, the velocity of the air-current is in proportion to the difference of the air-pressure in the two places. With a very large fire, and with very hot air over it, the draught up the chimney becomes proportionally rapid and strong.



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE VELOCITY OF THE WIND.

The air is kept in its place all round the denser substances of the earth by its weight. It is driven out of the way when bodies which are heavier than itself come into competition with it; but when there are no more such heavier bodies to be brought into play, it is held fast by the earth, and piled up on itself further and further, and higher and higher, until there is no more to be so piled. It, however, gets thinner and thinner as it is further and further away from the solid ground, because in those outer regions it has less air-particles above it, and consequently less weight pressing it down, and squeezing its little particles into closer companionship. Every cubic foot of air which is in contact with the ground sustains upon itself an air-load of more than 2,000lbs., and is therefore squeezed in and compressed by that weight. But at the top of Mont Blanc, which is a trifle more than three miles high, each cubic foot of air would have to bear a load of 1,000lbs. of the higher part of the atmosphere, and, in consequence, would expand into two cubic feet, of which each one would then contain 850 grains of air-particles, instead of the original 1,700. If a pint bottle, with an open mouth, containing 11 grains of air, were carried up to the top of Mont Blanc, it would be found there to contain only 5½ grains of air-particles. The other 5½ grains would have been forced out through the neck as the air within expanded with the removal of the superincumbent weight. One-half of the actual substance of the atmosphere in reality lies within the limits of the height of this lofty mountain; the other half stretches out to a very much larger distance, because the thinning away of the air, under the removal of the superincumbent weight, goes on at a more



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE FORCE OF THE WIND.

rapid rate than the removal of the pressure. With increasing distance, the specific density is halved for each successive 3½ miles of ascent. If a cubic foot of air weighed 850 grains at a height of 3½ miles, it would weigh 425 grains at 7 miles, and 106 grains at 14 miles, and it would still weigh 2 grains at a height of 35 miles. The highest point in the atmosphere that has ever been reached by living men in a balloon is 7 miles. It is almost certain that at a height of 8 miles no animal could continue to live. The atmosphere, in all probability, terminates externally where the natural expansion of its own thin and incoherent substance is balanced by the force with which the outermost range of particles is drawn in by the earth's attractive pull. As has been already stated, it is not yet ascertained at what distance that outer limit of the atmosphere is placed, but it is generally conceded by scientific men that the limit must lie somewhere between 50 and 200 miles above the level of the sea.

Instruments for measuring the velocity and force of wind and making a record of them, as well as of changes of direction, have been adopted in various observatories. We give diagrams of three, invented and perfected after many years' trial by Professor Daniel Draper, of the New York Meteorological Observatory, Central Park, New York, which have attracted no little attention from their simplicity and efficiency. He kindly permits us to use them, with his description of their construction and working:

Draper's Direction of Wind—(Page 377). From the wind-vane placed several feet above the roof descends a vertical shaft, to the lower end of which is fastened a brass cylinder, which carries a register sheet of paper to receive the oscillations of the wind. A pencil bearing lightly against the paper descends from the top to the bottom of the cylinder in the course of twenty-four hours; its movements are regulated by a clock. When the wind shifts, the paper register therefore correspondingly turns, and the pencil makes a trace of the movement; if the wind is lulling, the pencil makes a straight line downward. On the sheet of paper are printed lines for the four cardinal points, N., E., S., W., and the hours of the day, the trace thus showing the direction and all the variations of the wind, and the time of their occurrence.

The wind-vane, *a a*, 15 feet above the roof of the building; the vertical shaft, *b b*, which is fastened to, and turns with, the vane, and gives corresponding movements to the brass cylinder, *c c*, round which the register paper is fastened. At *d* is a pencil tube attached to the top of the weight, *e*, and the pencil bears lightly against the paper by an india-rubber elastic spring. A clock, *g*, permits this weight to descend to the bottom of the cylinder in twenty-four hours, when the cylinder is taken out and the register slipped off. Another one is put on by pasting one of the edges of the paper, and letting it overlap the other edge round the cylinder.

Draper's Velocity of Wind—(Page 381). On the ends of a cross, supported by a vertical shaft several feet above the roof of the building, are four hemispherical copper cups. These, whatever may be the direction of the wind, are caused to turn round with a speed, as has been determined by experiment, of about one-third the velocity of the wind. This portion of the contrivance was the invention of Dr. Robinson, of Ireland. It is used in the foreign observatories, and is known as Robinson's cups.

To the lower end of the shaft, thus made to revolve by the cups, is attached an endless screw, connecting with a train of wheels, which move a cam. The wheels are so arranged that one turn of the cam answers to 15 miles in the movement of the wind. A pencil, which rests on the edge of the cam, and bears lightly against a surface, is carried from the bottom to the top of the paper by each revolution of the cam. It should be understood that the paper is attached to a board drawn aside by a clock at the rate of half an inch an hour. The number of times that the pencil moves from the bottom to the top of the paper, multiplied by 15, gives the number of miles that the wind has moved in an hour or day.

The four hemispherical cups, *a a a a*, turned round by the wind, impart their motion to a vertical shaft, *b b*, at the bottom of which is the endless screw, *c*, its lower end resting in a small agate cup filled with oil, connected with the train of wheelwork turning the cam, *d d*. At *e* is the pencil resting on the edge of the cam; *f f* is a sheet of ruled paper attached to the board, *g g*, by means of small brass clamps, which is drawn aside at the above-mentioned rate by the clock, *h*.

Draper's Force of Wind—(Page 381). This instrument consists essentially of a cylindrical metal drum, suspended by a chain from an unyielding frame or support, and exposed to the action of the wind, the lower end of the drum being connected by another chain and guide-rod with a spiral steel spring, on the top of which a pencil is placed, bearing lightly on a sheet of paper fastened to a board, which is drawn aside by a clock at the rate of half an inch an hour. When the drum is pressed upon by the wind, it is pushed in the direction toward which the wind is blowing, and pulling upon the spring, causes the pencil to make an upward trace upon the paper. The force necessary to draw the pencil upward to a given point is determined by direct experiment, and expressed in pounds weight upon a square foot. The direction from which the wind blows makes no difference, as it always has the same surface to press upon.

The metal drum, *a a*, is made of tin plate; it is two feet in height, and one foot in diameter, suspended by a chain, *b*, to a strong support, *c c*, on the roof of the observatory; its lower end is connected by a chain and guide-rod, *d d*, with the spiral spring, *e*, at the bottom of the case. On the top of this spring, at *f*, is a pencil; it bears against a sheet of paper, *g g*, fastened to a board drawn aside by a clock, *h*, at the above-mentioned rate. When the wind blows, the tin cylinder is forced into some other position, as is shown in the dotted figure, *á á*, and the pencil is drawn upward. The more violent the wind the further will the tin cylinder be pushed aside, and the higher the pencil drawn.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A Remarkable Walking-stick.—A walking-stick for tourists and botanists, recently patented in Germany by Herr Herb, of Pulsnitz, is furnished with the following articles: One side of the handle is a signal-call, and on the other side can be fixed a knife (which is above the ferrule). In the middle of the handle is a compass. The handle itself can be screwed off, and within is a small microscope with six object-glasses. In the stick, under the handle, is a vessel containing ether or chloroform. Outside the stick there is inserted on one side a thermometer, and on the other a sand or minute-glass. Above the ferrule is the knife already referred to, and to the ferrule can be screwed a botanist's spatula, or an ice-point for glacier-parties. Lastly, a metre measure is adapted to the stick. A small hammer and a blowpipe are needed to make it suitable for geologists as well as naturalists.

Ice in the Sick-room.—Mention is made in a foreign paper of a plan pursued by an ingenious physician for insuring a supply of ice for use in sick-rooms during the hottest night, and without disturbing the patient. This plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by a string round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours—all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup. Cheap flannel, with comparatively open meshes, is preferable, as the water easily drains through it, and the ice is thus kept quite dry.

XUM

The Inventor of Balloons.—Mlle. Adelaide Montgolfier, a daughter of the inventor of balloons, is still alive, aged eighty-seven years. She is possessed of a large fortune, and recently presented the Museum of the Aeronautic Society with a copy of the large medal executed by Houdon, and representing her father and uncle engaged in inventing balloons. This medal was executed to commemorate that event. A movement has been started in France for celebrating the centennary of that memorable event, which took place in June, 1783, in the vicinity of Lyons. Montgolfier had heard of the great discoveries of Priestley and Lavoisier in reference to gases, and, being unsuccessful as an artist, conceived the idea of filling balloons with hydrogen and selling them as toys. These little affairs were called after the inventor, *montgolfiers*, and have since afforded an unending source of amusement to children in all countries. The size was subsequently greatly increased, and, with Arago's advice and assistance, was brought to considerable perfection.

Comparative Anthropology.—Dr. Wiesbach, the head of the Austro-Hungarian hospital at Constantinople, has accurately measured more than 200 individuals belonging to nineteen different races, from countries situated at points of the globe vastly distant one from the other. He finds that the number of pulsations varies considerably in different races. In the negroes of Congo, the average is 62 to the minute, while it is 79 for the Chinese. As to stature, the shortest of all the peoples measured were the Hottentots—4 feet 2¾ inches; the tallest are the natives of the Sandwich Islands—5 feet 6¾ inches. Dr. Wiesbach gives the stature of the European races as follows: English, 5 feet 6½ inches; Norwegians, 5 feet 7½ inches; French and Italians, 5 feet 6 inches; Spanish and Portuguese, 5 feet 5⅜ inches; Germans, 5 feet 6½ inches. The Patagonians have the greatest circumference of head—25⅛ inches, and the North American Indians the largest development of chest.

Canton Phosphorus.—Canton phosphorus is the name given to a combination of sulphur with lime, barium or strontium—that is to say, it is a sulphide of calcium, barium or strontium, made by fusing the sulphates of those bases with some reducing agent, so as to expel the oxygen. If these substances are exposed to the light for a short time, they immediately become luminous in the dark. This property is called phosphorescence, and may last several hours, or a whole night. When the power of emission is exhausted, the sulphide has only to be exposed to the light again to recover all its luminous properties, and this process may go on indefinitely, especially if it be kept hermetically sealed. These are the chemical compounds with which phosphorescent artificial flowers were made some time ago, and they are now used on clock-faces, on which the hour can be seen in the dark. In default of sunshine, they can be revived by burning magnesium wire close to them for a few moments.

The Drainage of Lake Fucino.—Lake Fucino is, or, rather, was, situated in the centre of the Apennines, about fifty miles southeast of Rome, and some 2,200 feet above the sea. It received the rainfall of a large district, and was constantly varying in extent, frequently destroying the labors of the humble tillers of the soil, while at the same time it was a source of disease and death. Even in the time of Julius Cæsar attempts were made to drain it, but of no avail. It has been left to Prince Torlonia to bring the project to a successful issue. An expenditure of $10,000,000, and a labor which has extended over twenty-four years, have, however, sufficed for the making of a tunnel and the erection of other works, and the lake is now only a small catchment basin which effectually drains the surrounding districts, leaving about 35,000 acres of the richest arable land, on which the finest crops can be raised, without fear of inundation or devastating fever.

The Navisphere.—This instrument, the invention of M. de Magnac, is intended to facilitate the determination of the course of a vessel and its position. It is of very simple construction, and shows, without calculations and in a few moments, the names of the stars which are above the horizon at a given moment. Moreover, it enables the observer to determine within about one degree the heights and the azimuths of the same stars. In addition, it will give the angle of route from one point to another, and the distance between these two points to within about fifteen miles. The invention has already been tested on board the Transatlantic Company's steamer *Washington*, and with such satisfactory results that M. de Magnac has no doubt its use will soon be generally adopted, not only in the French, but in foreign navies.

Fossil Shells in Algeria.—M. Cotteau has been making some extensive geological observations in Algeria, from which he comes to the conclusion that many of the rocks in that province are contemporaneous with parts of France. In Algeria, the deposit of Neocomian (lower cretaceous) fossils is sometimes 1,500 feet in thickness, and contributes to the formation of nearly all the great mountain ranges, except, perhaps, those on the seacoast. The deposits are extremely rich in *echinoderms* (sea-urchins), which are remarkable for the variety of their genera and species, the number of individual specimens and their excellent state of preservation. Twenty-five species suffice to establish a close connection between the deposits formed at the same geological epoch in Europe and Algeria.

Defects of Telescopes.—It has been found that opera-glasses are preferable to telescopes in some classes of astronomical observations. The reason is, that in the opera-glasses the lenses are hermetically sealed up in the tube, and do not become dimmed by moisture. By pursuing a similar arrangement with telescopes, the evil complained of can be remedied.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Biting Wind.—A gnaw-easter.

A Lay Sermon.—A "curtain lecture."

The Way of the World.—The railway.

Things that must be Pushed.—Barrows.

A Man of Standing.—An omnibus conductor.

"Never dispair," is the motto for married people.

"Stirring times!" as a Scotch lass said when she was making porridge.

How to turn people's heads.—Come to a concert late in a pair of squeaking boots.

A girl said of her bow-legged beau that she "didn't like to waltz in brackets!"

Wonder if it screamed? A sporting paper says, "The yacht came down on a tack."

"A man can't help what's done behind his back," as the tramp said when he was kicked out-of-doors.

A young man described a taxidermist to a bevy of young girls as one who sort o' upholstered animals.

"That's a poser!" replied the photographer's assistant, when questioned as to whom he had in the chair.

"Is there any clove or cinnamon," asks a despairing moralist, "that will sweeten the breath of scandal?"

There's many a girl called a "daisy" before marriage, who, after a few years, looks like a faded old "buttercup."

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa; but this is a yellow one!"

Business Life.—*Effie:* "Oh, my dear husband, I can't consent to your going across the ocean until—until your life is fully covered by insurance!"

A student said, in response to a reproof for the lowness of his position in the class, "Well, professor, never mind; I presume I am as much to blame as you are."

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman. "Yes," replied the other one; "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

"Vill you take sumding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us take a valk!"

Lottery Official: "Sir, is this your ticket? If so, you gain——" "Hooray! Tell me quick! What is it?" "Three months' imprisonment; your ticket is a forgery!"

"Ah, Augustus, how soothing is Nature! See how beautiful those birds look upon the wing!" "Yes; just so, Angelina. But, excuse me, I—I think the wings are on the birds!"

On being deserted by her adorer, a young lady in the millinery line broke forth in this way: "Such a wretch ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox!"

A Vermonter has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

An old maid has a cat and a canary. The cat dies first. She has him stuffed, and places him in the cage of the canary, saying, "I have put the dear creature where he always desired to be."

"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

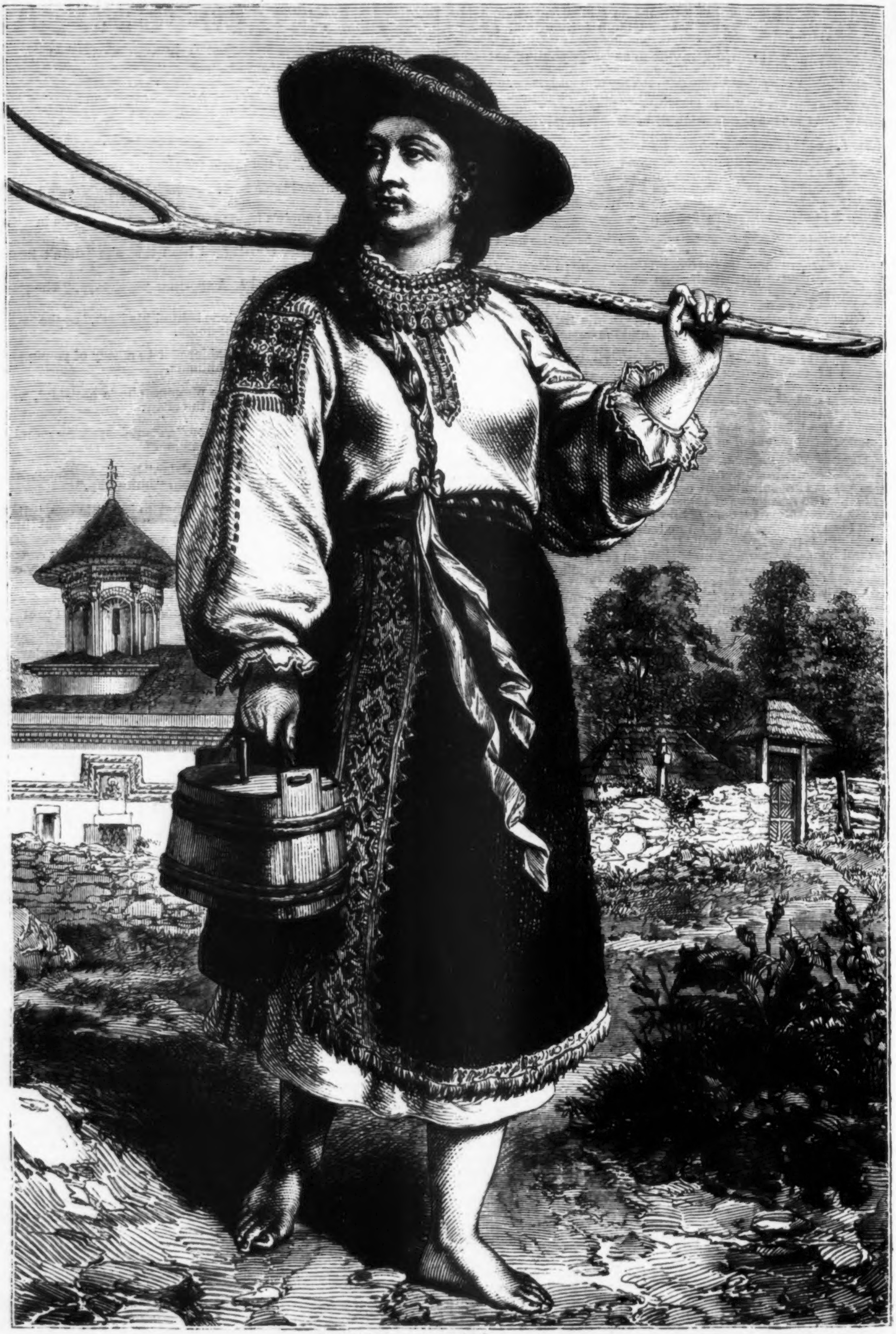
"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a despairing lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way," was the quick reply.

A lady, who edits a newspaper in one of the Western States, says that "the popularity of her journal is due to the fact that people are always expecting her to say something she ought not to."

"It's strange that you should have grown so fickle of late, my dear," said Mrs. Mic to her husband, "for in earlier years you were as staid as could be—you never came to see me but you staid till twelve or one o'clock."

The art of printing will never be complete till Prof. Edison, or some one else, invents a means of conveying to readers' ears the shrill whistle that escapes a young husband's lips when he first learns that his wife has twins.

XUM



THE BAVARIAN DAIRYMAID'S RETURN HOME.